

★ SPORT

JUNE

CASEY'S LAST YEAR

By DAN DANIEL

**BILLY CANNON AND
THE FOOTBALL WAR**

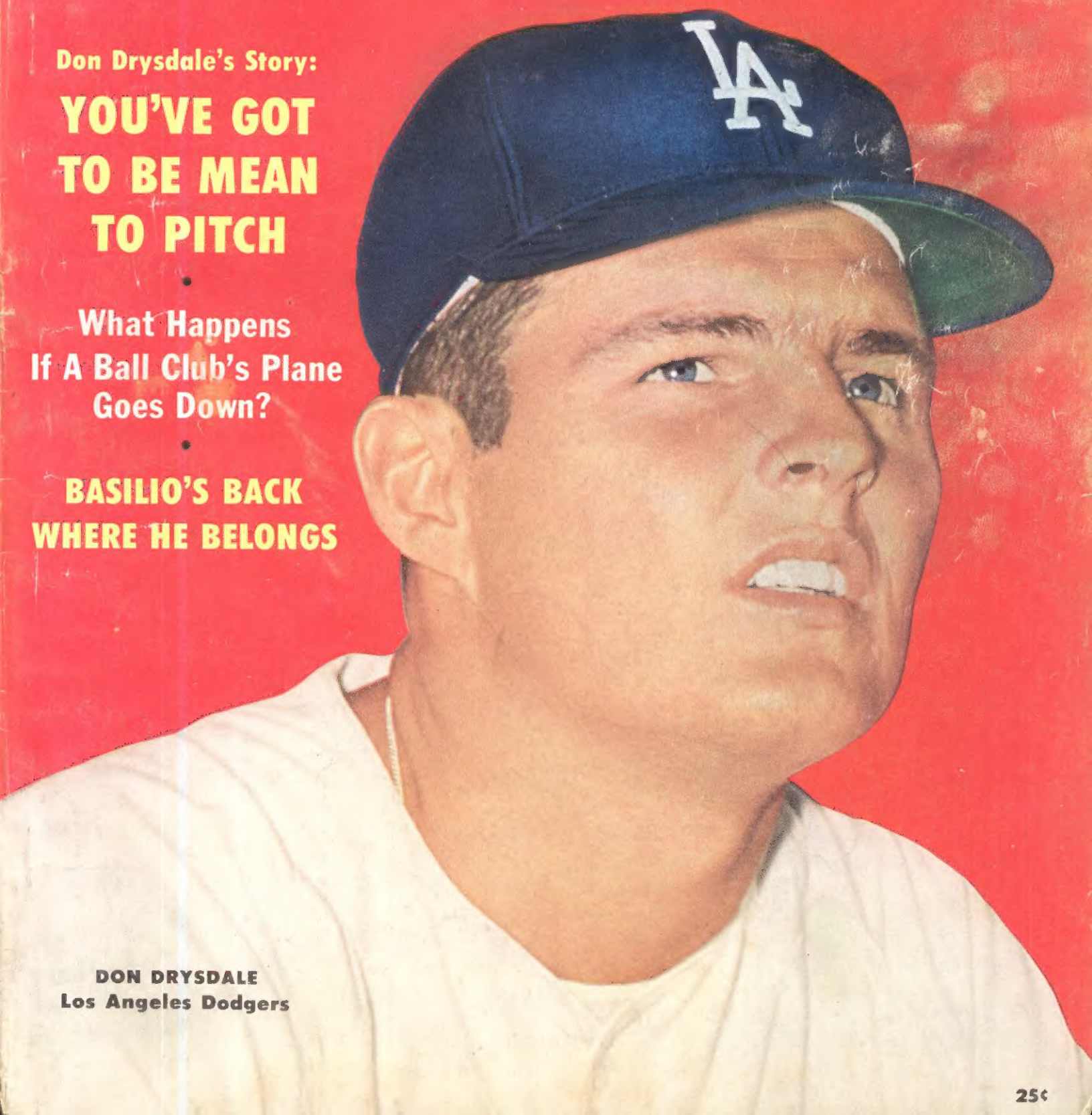
Don Drysdale's Story:

**YOU'VE GOT
TO BE MEAN
TO PITCH**

What Happens
If A Ball Club's Plane
Goes Down?

**BASILIO'S BACK
WHERE HE BELONGS**

DON DRYSDALE
Los Angeles Dodgers





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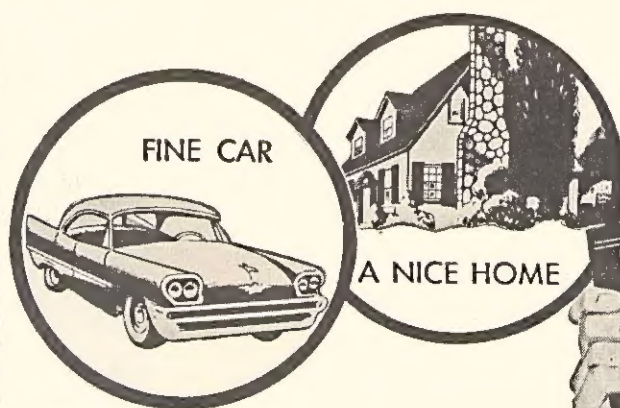
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JUNE, 1960

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The girl (and the gun) we left behind!

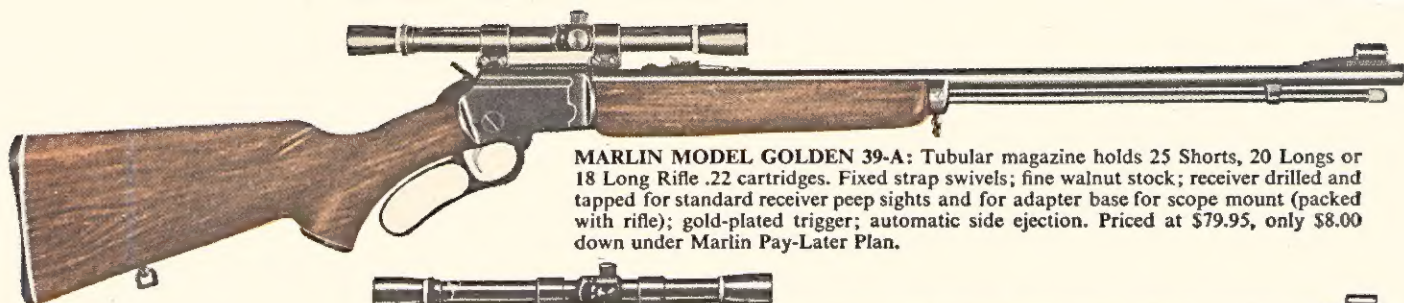
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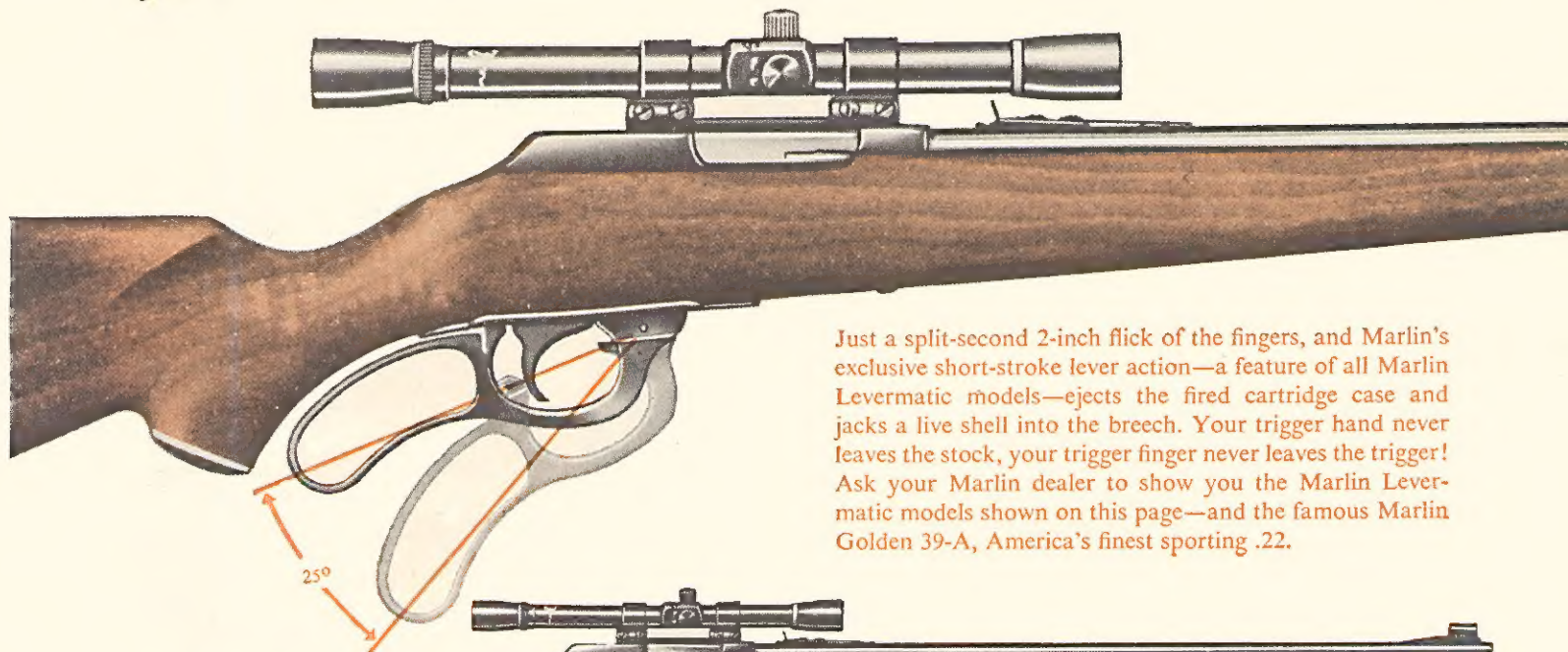




MARLIN MODEL GOLDEN 39-A: Tubular magazine holds 25 Shorts, 20 Longs or 18 Long Rifle .22 cartridges. Fixed strap swivels; fine walnut stock; receiver drilled and tapped for standard receiver peep sights and for adapter base for scope mount (packed with rifle); gold-plated trigger; automatic side ejection. Priced at \$79.95, only \$8.00 down under Marlin Pay-Later Plan.



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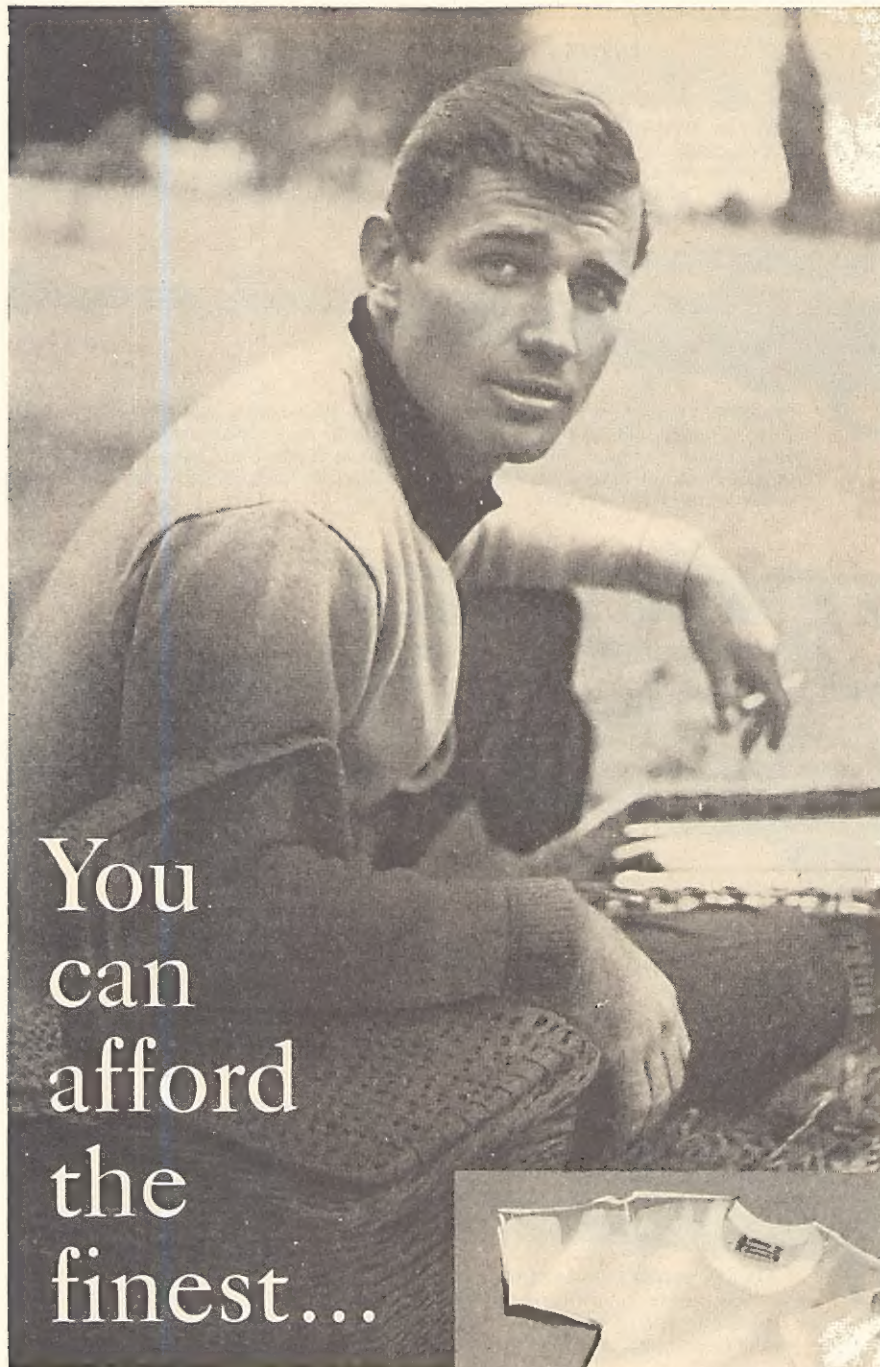
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NEXT MONTH IN SPORT

It took some long and hard talking to convince the managers to let us in on their confidential ratings of the ballplayers, but we're glad we were able to do it. They've supplied us with an exclusive position-by-position analysis of all your favorites. A critical, surprising report, "The American League Managers' Private Player Ratings" in July **SPORT** is must reading.

Frank Howard may not break down all the fences right away, but there's not a fellow around who doubts that the towering slugger will soon become the game's big hero. "Diary Of The Next Super-Star" tells you exactly what the pressure and glamour have been like for Frank up to now . . . Ingemar Johansson gets the detailed **SPORT** Special treatment in July, and author Roger Kahn has put together a story that people will be talking about for a long time. Like Ingo's right hand, it packs a wallop.

A special report in July **SPORT** examines "Ten Years of Baseball's Bonus Babies." It is a conclusive rundown of all the stars and busts. . . . Ryne Duren's nightmare is the age-old problem that continues to plague the fellows in the bullpen. Ace baseball writer Dick Young chronicles the past and introduces you at length to Duren next month in the story, "Can A Relief Pitcher Last?" Also next month, full profiles on track star Harold Connolly, tennis champ Maria Bueno, Hall of Fame swimmer Johnny "Tarzan" Weissmuller, and baseball heroes Vada Pinson, Bob Shaw and Joe Cunningham. All of this, and a lot more, in **SPORT** for July. On your newsstands May 26.

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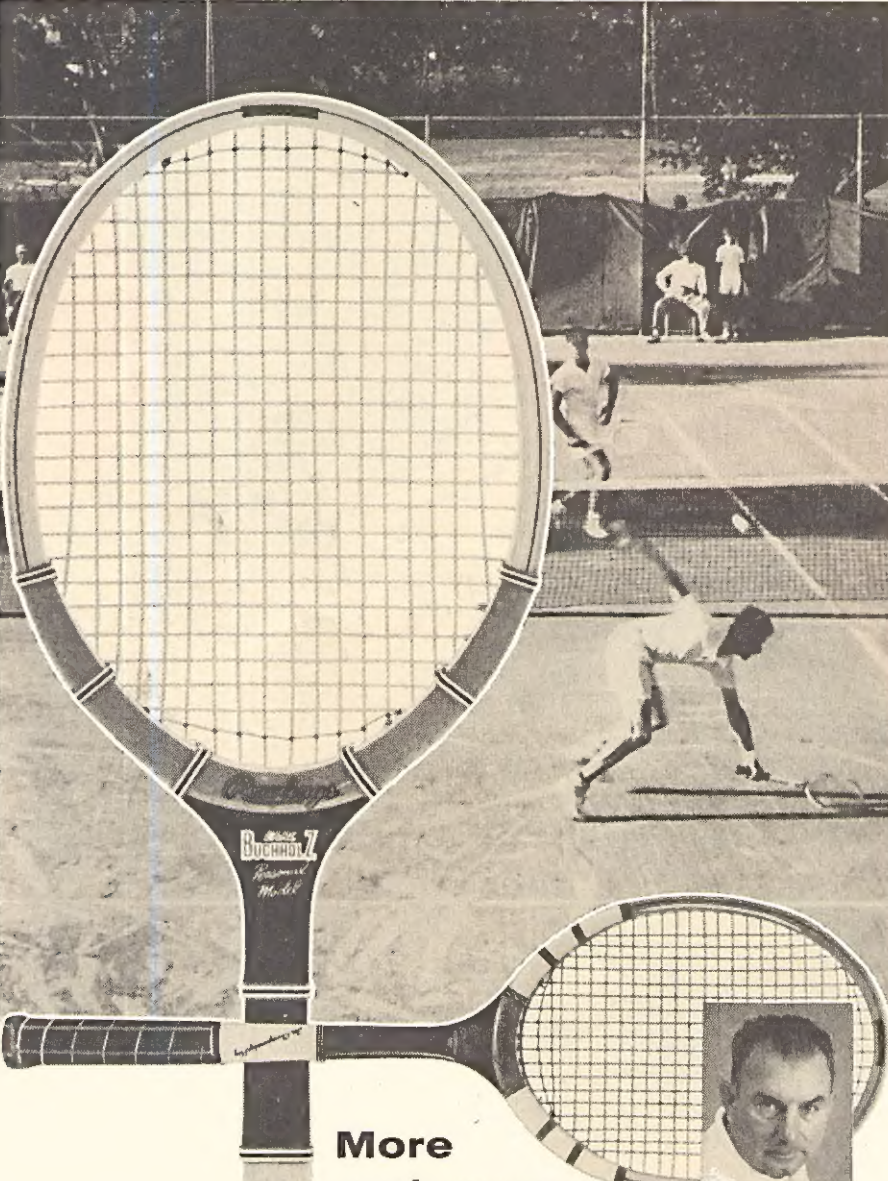
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Notes and Quotes



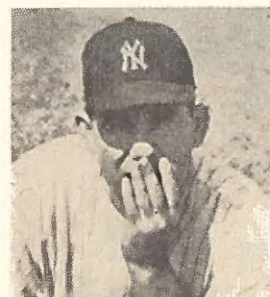
● Bill Veeck's Quote: "Progress brings complaints. Years ago, players squawked because numbers were put on their uniforms. Now, they're unhappy because I've put their names on, too." Our note: If you put their names on, what do you need the numbers for?



● Welter champ Don Jordan was criticized for not fighting, then showed up suddenly at a training camp and said: "This shows 'em I'm alive anyway."



● Fans still talk about Billy Martin's game-saving catch in the 1952 World Series. Billy hasn't forgotten it either. Asked about his recent marriage, he said: "My wife Gretchen is the best catch I've made since '52."



● When Casey Stengel decided to try Yogi Berra at third base last spring, the catcher was game. "Third ain't so bad," he said, "if nothin' is hit to you."

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SPORT TALK

BASEBALL REACTIONS

Each spring, when the fanfare of opening day fades, we spend some time thinking about the problems and considerable tensions of baseball, and the interesting reactions that they trigger. There is, of course, the staple emotional release, the argument with the umpire. Usually, it features a measure of violence—booing from the stands, vocal eruptions and angry arm-waving on the field. Sometimes, though, a fellow carries on his small vendetta in an easy-going manner.

There was, for instance, the time when Rip Sewell, the old cephus-ball pitcher, was having a particularly bad day. His pitches were getting belted

around pretty good, and as if that wasn't enough, umpire Jocko Conlan was harassing him. Jocko kept walking to the mound to warn Rip about wiping the perspiration off his forehead. It seemed to Conlan that Sewell might be preparing to throw a spitter. "That isn't legal, you know," Jocko said. "What ain't legal?" Rip said. "Sweatin'?"

Bill Posedel, now a Giant pitching coach, was less of a mild man. Bill pitched well one day, but lost the ball game by one run when Babe Herman, the good-hit, no-field outfielder, messed up a fly ball. After the game, Posedel, the victim, and Herman, the villain, drove home in the pitcher's car. Babe, a cheerful fel-

low, was disturbed by the gloomy auto ride. "Hey, it ain't so bad," Herman said. "I got three for four today." Posedel stopped the car and threw the Babe into the street.

Just this past spring, Jimmie Dykes, the Detroit Tigers' manager, was a man with a problem. The exhibition season was to begin in a couple of days and half of Jimmie's pitchers were injured. Dykes is a veteran, who has known his share of baseball frustrations. He has learned not to get flustered, but to go along. This time, as is his custom, Jimmie went along.

"I was going to have an intrasquad game," he said, "but I have to call it off. I don't have enough healthy pitchers."

"Why call it off, Jimmie?" a fellow said. "Why don't you do what Paul Richards did last week?"

"What was that?" Dykes said.

"The Orioles used Iron Mike (the automatic pitching machine) in an intrasquad game. He pitched for both teams."

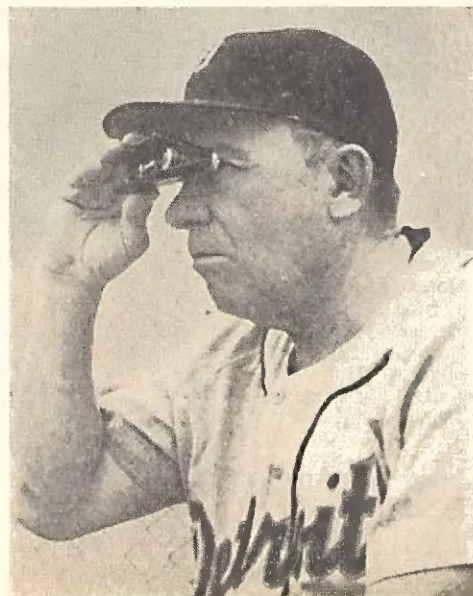
Jimmie thought a moment, then shook his head.

"Can't do it," Dykes said. "Iron Mike's been wild and high all week. Anyway, we have an exhibition game against the Senators in a couple of days, and I may need him then."



Big and tough, USC's popular McKeever twins, Marlin, right, and Mike, are All-America football stars. Impressed with their size and coordination, an enthusiastic New York boxing manager thinks it might be a good idea for the boys to become fighters.

Jimmie Dykes, the colorful manager of the Detroit Tigers, looks over his team with opera-glasses here. "Wish they were rose-colored," he said. Dykes has had a long career as a manager, and he has learned not to let player problems get him down.



THE MCKEEVER TWINS AND THE FIGHT MANAGER

There was ample optimism in the fight manager's voice. "From now on," said Ernie Braca, talking about one of boxing's age-old problems, "I'm going to manage my fighters and stop letting my fighters manage me."

Braca leaned on a table and discussed the troubles he has had managing such name fighters as Sugar Ray Robinson and Tony Anthony. When you work with a fellow who knows his way around the boxing business, Ernie implied, there has to be conflict. Both the manager and the fighter want to run the show. A "grow your own" policy, he insisted, would be a solution.

"I'm going with college kids from now on," Ernie said. "Guys who have boxing ability, but no real experience. I'll develop them myself and they'll have enough sense to let me handle the business end."

For a start, Braca has been working with a 22-year-old heavyweight, Irwin Schiss, just a few months out of the Army, and a couple of years out of New York University. But developing Schiss, Ernie said, was only a start. The really big show was coming later. In a year, he told us, Marlin and Mike McKeever, the All-America football twins of USC, were coming into the Braca boxing camp.

Ernie said that a Los Angeles writer had learned that the McKeevers were interested in boxing careers and had advised them to get in touch with him. A New York newspaperman, by the way, had sent Schiss to Ernie. Along boxing's press row, the word is that Braca gives his fighters a fair shake.

"I saw Marlin in New York last winter," Ernie said, "and I recommended a training program for him and his brother. They're supposed to be working out in Los Angeles now, with a friend of mine, Al Silvani. They don't want to play pro football. They want to become fighters."

Interesting, we thought, and we put our long-distance operator to work. Our gal worked fast. In a couple of minutes, she reported: "I have Mr. Martin McKeever in Los Angeles."

"Marlin?" we said.

"Wait a minute, please," she said. "I'll check."

She checked. "No, Martin," she said. We took a chance, and it was Marlin. We introduced ourselves to the All-America end, and asked him to please send our regards to brother Mike, the All-America guard. "We hear that you don't want to play pro football," we said after a while. "Anything to it?"

"Comes as news to me," Marlin said. We repeated our conversation with Braca. "He said," we said, "that you said, 'We'd rather fight than play pro football. We can fight well enough to lick the guys that are around now.'"

"I'll have to tell that to Mike," Marlin said. "He'll get a laugh out of it. We've never done any serious boxing. Just a little gym work."

"How about Al Silvani?" we said. "You ever train with him?"

"Name sounds familiar," Marlin said. "I think I've heard it somewhere, but I can't remember where."

"Any chance of your boxing later on?" we said.

"Here are our plans for the future," Marlin said. "We're in shape now, be-

cause we're shot-putters on the USC track team, and we're going to stay in shape over the summer by lifting weights. Then, we'll play football in the fall, and after that we want to graduate and go into finance work, possibly the stock market. We'll play pro football, too. We've had feelers from teams in both leagues.

"I doubt if we'll fight. You know, I did speak to Ernie Braca when I was in New York last winter, but all I did was listen while he explained how Mike and I could become fighters. I never said we would, and I haven't spoken to him since."

We thanked Marlin and hung up. Maybe, we thought, we should have asked him to call Braca and tell him that the fight plans weren't going to happen. We didn't have the heart to tell the fight manager ourselves. He had it all figured, Ernie did, right down to the marquee details. "Gotta change Marlin's name," he had told us. "With a name like that, the other guys would kid him to death. We'll call him Spike. What great billing, huh? Mike and Spike McKeever."

YOGI'S GREEN SHEET

The undisputed champion greyhound-racing fan of the baseball colony on Florida's west coast every spring is Lawrence Peter Berra of the New York Yankees. Yogi has been devoted to the sleek racing dogs ever since he made his first Yankee camp at St. Petersburg in 1947. In those days, he used to get most of his tips from Grantland Rice, who appeared at Derby Lane every night and set about trying to get back the money he had lost betting on the horses at Sunshine Park in the afternoon. In fact, the first night Berra met Granny at the track he got a lot more than a tip.

Yogi had gone broke and Granny, who always bought a fistful of tickets on every race, gave him a \$2 quiniella ticket (you bet on two dogs and if they finish 1-2, either way, you collect a bundle), and said, "Maybe this will win you a new bankroll." The two dogs sped home one-two, and Yogi picked up a fast \$108.

Now, though, he does his own handicapping, prudently soliciting the advice of a few dog owners he has come to know. His habit is to talk with these professional advisers as soon as he arrives at the track, write down the numbers of the dogs they fancy in each race, and then stick with them all night, come what may. "I used to go off on my own every once in a while," he says, "but every time I did, that's when the owners' numbers would come in. So I gave it up. They know more about this racket than I do."

Yogi usually meets a few other ballplayers at the track every night, and in the fifteen-minute wait between events on the ten-race card, they talk baseball and insult each other in the good-natured way ballplayers have. But the one big baseball name Yogi likes most to visit at the track is the old St. Louis Cardinal and New York Giant pitcher, Max Lanier. Max is one of the two cashiers in the clubhouse lounge who pay off on winning tickets.

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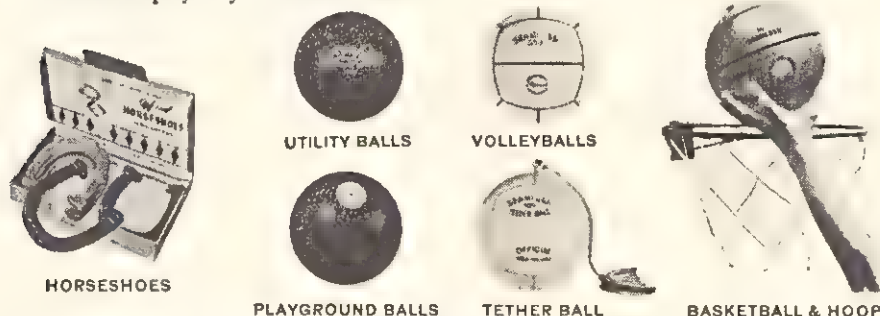
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SPORT TALK

gests that he is, in a sense, reliving an exciting sports cycle. "Here I am, a rookie all over again," he said, talking with us about his new career as a touring golf professional.

"I've been playing golf since 1938," he said, "but I was just a Sunday golfer until I quit my last baseball job (coach with the San Francisco Seals) in 1956. Then, I began doing public relations work in Los Angeles, and I began to get out to the golf course three or four times a week. My game was going real good last fall, and I figured I was wasting my time playing as an amateur. So I decided it was time to join the pro tour."

At the beginning, many professional golfers find it hard to make financial ends balance, but Gerry is still draw-



Gerry Priddy

ing a weekly pay check from his Los Angeles employer, Bob McCulloch Motors. The stake has been important. So far, Gerry hasn't been winning much golf money. He has been learning, though, and his game has been improving.

"Golf is like going up to the plate with the bases loaded," he said. "You're on your own and nobody can help you. I get the same feeling studying a tough putt that I used to get when I walked up with the bat when the winning runs were on base. Golf's a lot tougher, though. At times, the tension is unbearable."

Priddy continually compares his old sport with his new one. Baseball is firmly planted in him; so much so that it almost disrupted his golf ambitions. "I wasn't hitting the ball well off the tees," he explained, "and I didn't know what was wrong. But Walt Burkemo, one of the regulars on the tour, spotted my mistake. He showed me what I had been doing wrong. I had been holding the club too low and swinging it like a baseball bat. Now, I've straightened out my swing, and I think I'm ready to win a few tournaments. Life on the circuit is a lot of fun and the fellows are all great. Once I begin breaking into the money, I guess I'll really be sitting pretty."

ANATOMY OF A GRUDGE GAME

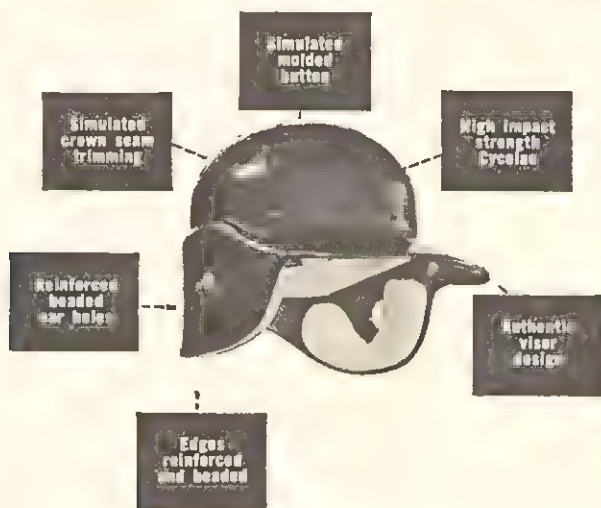
Our man with his ear to the ground came up with an idea one day last winter. "You hear a lot about grudge games in sports," he said, "and I think

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SPORT TALK

it would be interesting to find out how a fellow reacts before he goes out to play in one." We agreed. "Okay," we said. "Let's find a grudge game."

"Got one," he said. "It's a hockey game on March 5, between the New York Rangers and the Chicago Black Hawks. The fellow with the grudge is the Rangers' new goalie, Al Rollins. I hear he's sore at the Hawks for sending him down to the minors three years ago."

"Go get the story," we said, and our man did. Here is his report:

"It was a cold Saturday morning, and those Chicago winds were really blowing. I pretty much flew into the lobby of the LaSalle Hotel, where Rollins was waiting for me. We said hello and sat down in one of those overstuffed lobby couches. I explained my mission to Al. 'So, they're calling this a grudge game,' he said. 'You know, I guess it is. I've been trying not to be bitter, but I have to admit that the raw deal the Black Hawks gave me has been on my mind for three years. I played with them for five seasons, and one year I was the Most Valuable Player in the whole league, and all of a sudden, they sent me down to the minors.'

"They had a right to send me down. I grant you that. But they had no right to keep me down when other clubs wanted me, and that's exactly what they did. When I was playing with Calgary, a couple of National Hockey League teams were interested in bringing me up, but the Calgary owners told me I couldn't deal with any NHL clubs. The Hawks own your contract, they told me. I even took my case to the courts, but I still didn't get back to the big league. Finally, a couple of weeks ago, the Rangers brought me up. But I understand that even after all these years, Chicago still tried to block the move. They wanted to keep the rights to me, in case of an emergency, and they

ruined my career.'

"A couple of Ranger players walked past us. 'Big game, Al,' one of them said. 'We'll be with you all the way.' Rollins nodded and squirmed a little. He stood up and motioned for me to follow him. We walked slowly around the lobby. 'Guess I'm a little anxious,' he said. 'All the time I was in the minors, I never doubted that I could play in the big time, and here I am, finally getting another chance. I've played in a couple of games, and I've done pretty well. I think I've proved that I deserved to play in the NHL, and today I want to prove it to Chicago. May be the last chance I'll ever have to prove it to the Hawks. I'm 33 years old, and I don't think I'll be back next season. I have to devote a lot of time to my own business—it's a hotel supply firm in Calgary. And even though we have one more game scheduled against Chicago, I won't be playing in it. Jack McCartan, the Olympic goalie, is going to play that night. I have to get the Hawks today.'

"We had circled the lobby. Rollins rubbed his balding head, a determined look on his angular, scarred face. 'We'd better head for the Stadium,' he said. Then his face relaxed and he laughed. 'Hawks still play their games in the Stadium, don't they?' he said. 'I've been away a while.'

"We walked outside and scrambled into a cab. The cab rolled past the Chicago River, and Al stared at the familiar scenery. 'We just got into town a few minutes before I met you,' he said. 'There was a lot of snow and we spent 22 hours in the train. I had kind of hoped to get in last night, so I could see some of my old friends. I'm not angry with the Chicago players. They're my friends. They didn't send me down. In fact, they sort of helped bring me back. I got my chance after the Hawks' Bobby Hull collided with Gump Worsley, the Rangers' goalie, and put him out for the year.'

"The cab stopped (→ TO PAGE 93)



Time: 1954. Place: Chicago. These were the glory days for Black Hawk goalie Al Rollins. He won the National Hockey League's Most Valuable Player award, and was extremely unhappy when Chicago later discarded him.

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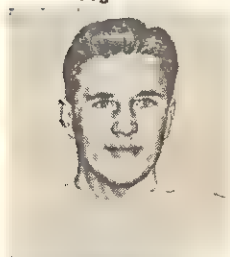
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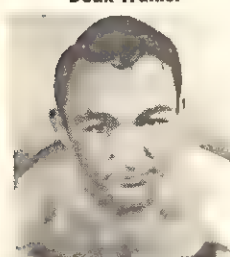
Instructor:
Mickey Mantle



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TROUBLES OF HIS OWN

You can tell that Washington fan who wrote to you in March that he isn't the only one stuck with a bush-league team. I'm a Phillies' fan, and I've got problems of my own. They trade away their best ballplayers and then fire their poor managers. The club's so bad that all you can do is watch and laugh.
Wilmington, Del. **PAUL THOMPSON**

Eddie Sawyer watches, but he doesn't laugh.

A HOLIDAY FOR BALLPLAYERS



I was thinking about all the talk of major-league baseball expansion, and I think I've found a solution. Why don't they expand to Hawaii? I'm sure the ballplayers wouldn't mind the traveling if they knew that beautiful beaches and pretty dancing girls would be there waiting for them.
Akron, Ohio **BRUCE HESLOP**

Sounds great, but who'd have any time for baseball?

A JOB WELL DONE

Your special issue, "The Negro in American Sport," was just great. It's another step in the right direction in busting up this segregation nonsense. Holy Cross College **PAUL ROBBINS**
Worcester, Mass. **Sports Editor**

Your special issue is undoubtedly the best set of sports stories I've ever seen.
Philadelphia, Pa. **PAUL FRANK**

Thanks for a splendid issue. You deserve bouquets for having the guts to print these stories. Your courage will do a great service to our nation as it attempts to sell democracy abroad. Little Rock, Ark. **REV. CHARLES WALKER**

Viva SPORT and its frank and open-minded viewpoint.
Baltimore, Md. **PAT THOMAS**

"The Negro in American Sport" is something this country needs. Through your efforts and people like you, we can do away with the color barrier. Cincinnati, Ohio **BOB DEAN**

Congratulations for enlightening your readers on the rapid advances made by the Negro athlete. Michigan Chronicle **LARRY CASEY**
Detroit, Mich. **Sports Editor**

LETTERS TO SPORT

205 EAST 42 STREET, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.



THE ANGRY MEN

You're supposed to be a sports magazine, not a striver for civil rights. Your blow at the South was not appreciated. Falls Church, Va. **J.H.**

Your March issue is a prime example of the literary efforts of Northerners, who will inevitably cause a rift between the colored and white races. Tyler, Texas **SHIRLEY SIMONS, JR.**

I see no reason for your magazine trying to destroy the customs and necessary fundamentals of the greatest section of the United States—the South. Evergreen, Ala. **BILLY MELTON**

Favorable comment on the special issue outnumbered the unfavorable, 25-1.

HELP FOR THE BIG BOY

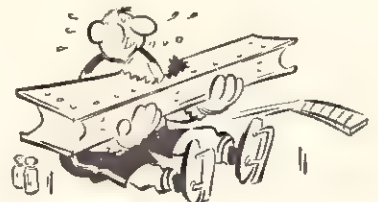
Why don't you defend Wilt Chamberlain? It just isn't fair how he's been getting belted around by the other players of lesser ability. Can't you do something so they'll leave him alone? New York, N. Y. **DAN COHEN**

Okay, you ruffians. Leave that little guy alone!

HIS GAME'S STILL BASEBALL

Your article "Football's Taking Over" was crummy. Out here, baseball's still No. 1. The people go to Chicago and Milwaukee for the baseball games, but you don't find many going to see football. Marshall, Minn. **DON MOLTER, JR.**

STRONG-STOMACHED SKATER



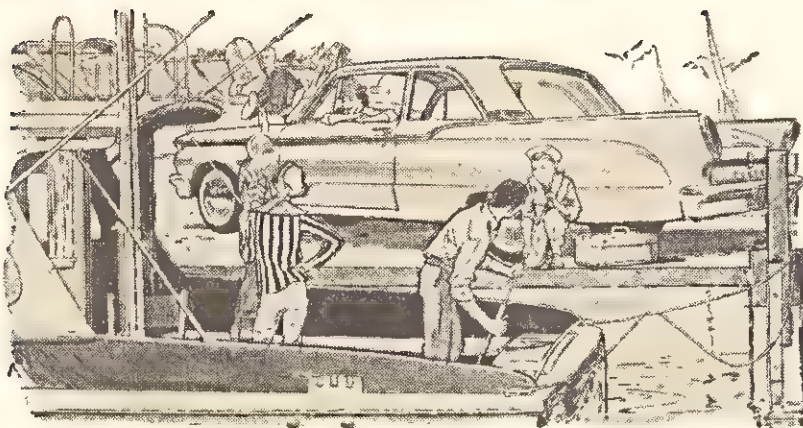
I read your story on Dickie Moore of the Montreal Canadiens, and you make it sound as if he could eat steel. Why don't you give a little credit to the goalies and defensemen? They're the guys who make the Dickie Moores into big stars. Manheim, Pa. **TIM MATEER**

But can they eat steel?

A STRIKEOUT

Your story on Belmont Abbey College contained several inaccuracies. Especially annoying was the report that there is only hot water one day in five. It seems to me that you offend the basketball players at our school by calling them a gang (—→ TO PAGE 95)

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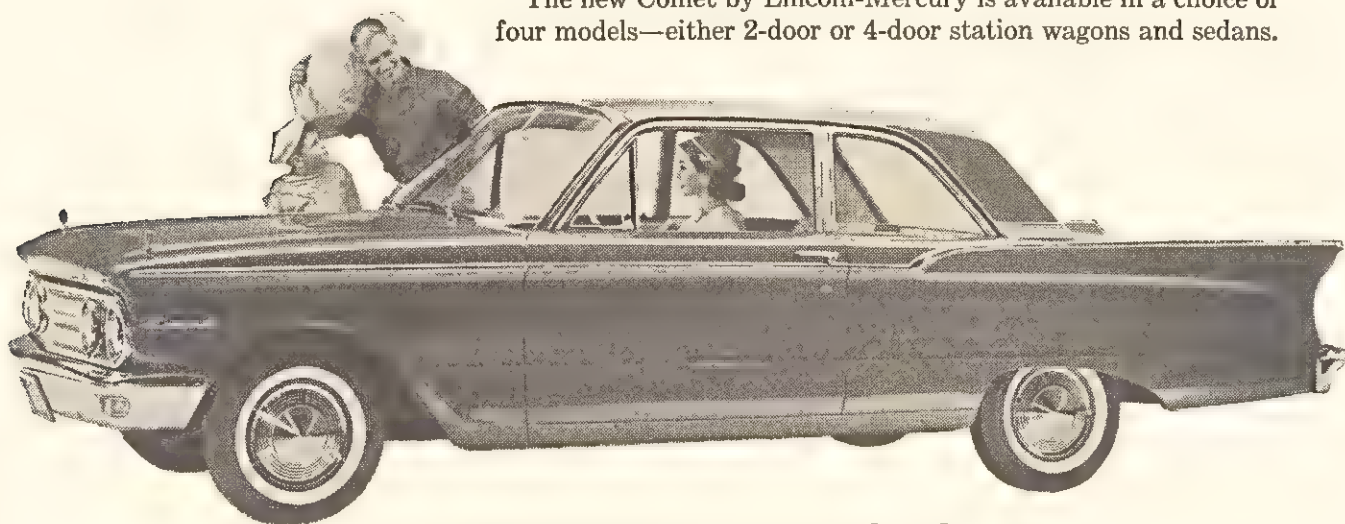
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Casey's Last Year

By Dan Daniel

*The Yankee manager, a man
of original color and unsurpassed
performance, has already
insured his lasting fame. But now,
nearing his 70th birthday,
Stengel is battling as hard as ever.
He wants to go out on top*

ON JULY 30, Charles Dillon Stengel, the man they call Casey, will be 70 years old. He will celebrate his birthday in the thick of the American League pennant fight, his 12th such battle since taking over as manager of the New York Yankees.

It was suggested when Casey took the job in 1949 that he had been hired to provide comic relief while the Yankees rebuilt their decaying dynasty. Stengel had the reputation of being somewhat of a clown in his earlier baseball days. But Casey fooled them. He pulled together the pieces, helped with the rebuilding, and prodded the Yankees to nine pennants and seven world championships. He became, like the Babe Ruth memorial in center field, a Yankee Stadium fixture.

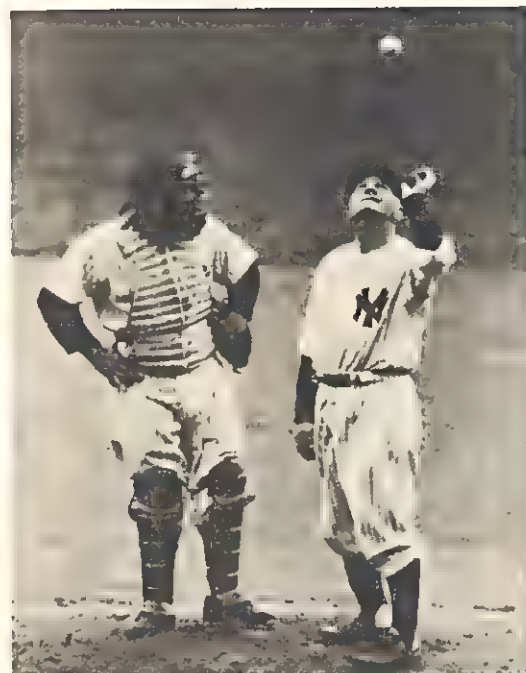
"I will manage for 22 more years," Stengel said last summer, "and then I will buy the ball club." With a bow to Casey's tongue-in-cheek way of getting it across, the message was clear. Casey was coming back in 1960.

"Baseball is my life," he said. "If I quit, what would I do? Sit by my swimming pool and watch games on television, and pick flaws in the way the other guys run their games? Baseball is excitement. It's drama. It's contest and struggle, and a battle of wits and power. Sure, there comes a time when you retire. But you don't like to see it approach."

When a man is 70, though, the time approaches. Managing a baseball team is nerve-wracking, strength-draining work. It would not have been in keeping with Casey's fierce pride for him to have retired last year, after a bad season, but indications that the time might be coming soon began to crop up last winter. It was significant, first of all, that Al Lopez passed up a three-year contract from the Chicago White Sox and decided instead to sign for only one year. In past speculation, Lopez and Yankee coach Ralph Houk have been far ahead of the teeming field of possible Stengel successors.

The writer, for one, is certain that Lopez is keeping his eyes on the Yankees, and that the New York owners, Dan Topping and Del Webb, are keeping their eyes on Al. "I regard Al as a very capable manager," Topping told me recently.

Reportedly, Topping and Webb, while (→ TO PAGE 81)



A panorama of baseball's man of a thousand faces catches Casey on stage—thinking, maneuvering, teaching and clowning—each an ingredient that has helped make him one of baseball's most successful managers. The frown was on Stengel's face often in 1959 as, deeply disappointed, he tried to figure out what was causing the Yankees to slump. His famous man-in-motion strategy, which features constant pitcher-juggling and impatient moments of waiting at the mound with "Mr. Berra," wasn't working. But Casey is hopeful of success this season as he goes through his familiar show for what probably is the last time—teaching the rookies, cheer-leading from the dugout, and winking with the same old confidence.



BASILIO'S BACK WHERE HE BELONGS

When Carmen announced that he wanted a crack at his old welterweight title, boxing experts agreed that it was a wise decision. This small man, with the big heart, has been giving away too much weight and size against middleweights

By **BARNEY NAGLER**



Badly beaten in this fight with middleweight champion Gene Fullmer, *right*, Carmen first said he was retiring, then decided to go after Don Jordan's welterweight title. Don agreed to fight Basilio in Syracuse, but later the National Boxing Association refused to approve the bout, irritating both men.

In his enormously successful days as a young welterweight, Carmen pretty much dominated the division. One of his many victims was champion Johnny Saxton, flat on his back here.



ONE NIGHT last winter, Carmen Basilio sat in the living room of his gray clapboard house at 100 Anderson Place, Chittenango, N. Y., and watched the snow blanket his front lawn. Accompanied by howling winds, the snow had been falling for hours, and had forced Carmen to call off a hunting trip. He was unhappy, but not surprised. It had been happening like that all winter. Whenever Basilio made plans, it seemed, something fouled them up.

A few weeks earlier, Carmen had looked forward to another hunting trip. But he caught the flu and never went. Before that, a carpenter had been hired to do some quick and important renovation work on a house Carmen had bought. But the carpenter caught the flu and the work was delayed.

Just about that time, too, the National Boxing Association temporarily blocked Basilio's return to the welterweight division. That setback, of course, hurt most of all.

When Carmen announced early last winter that he wanted to fight Don Jordan for the welterweight title, it had been looked upon as a wise decision. Basilio first punched his way to boxing fame as a welter. He relinquished his 147-pound title in 1957 to go after bigger pay days as a middleweight, and he fought heavier opponents with ample success. He won the title. Right along, though, people had been saying that Carmen had a better chance for long-term success as a welterweight. Nobody in that division can come close to him, they said. He can hang on a lot longer there, because, for one, he won't get hurt.

It wasn't that way in the middleweight division. Carmen was hurt fighting Sugar Ray Robinson, and he was hurt, most of all, in his last fight—the championship bout with Gene Fullmer. Returning to the welterweights to close out his brilliant career was a smart move, but going back where he belongs wasn't easy.

First of all, his managers, John DeJohn and Joe Netro, were barred for life by the New York State Athletic Commission for cutting in an undercover man, Gabe Genovese, on the money they made as Basilio's agents. Then, the National Boxing Association ruled, arbitrarily, that Basilio could not fight

Jordan for the title. This surprised both Carmen and Don. They had agreed to fight in Syracuse for the championship.

Patience had always been one of Carmen's virtues, but he began to show signs of wear. He had set his heart on another shot at the 147-pound championship, which he had held twice before and which he had given up after winning the middleweight crown from Sugar Ray Robinson in September, 1957.

Some months before the NBA ruling, you see, Basilio had endured the frightful lacing by Fullmer. Carmen had wept in the dressing room at the Cow Palace in San Francisco and he had talked about retiring. His wife and family agreed. Hang up your gloves, they said. But Carmen reneged. In his mind, he had come up with a sensible compromise. He asked for a chance to fight Jordan, and Norman Rothschild, Carmen's Syracuse promoter, arranged the match.

Without warning, the NBA came out against the fight, even though precedent was on Basilio's side. In recent years, two other former champions who had given up their titles—Joe Louis among the heavyweights and Robinson among the middleweights—had been allowed to fight for their championships upon their return to the ring. Basilio was not granted the same privilege, and he was angry. He described the NBA as a politically-motivated group without sanction by any governmental body, Federal or state.

Basilio talked about the NBA as the snow fell in Chittenango.

"Boy, I was mad," he said. "I wanted to go over to Providence and punch that Tony Maceroni (president of the NBA) in the nose. But I cooled off. I was thinking of fighting Jordan and having a couple more fights and hanging them up. Now I don't know."

Basilio thought a while, and then he mentioned that he might like to fight Fullmer again. "I said once," he said, "that there was no difference fighting middleweights; that condition could make up for the loss in weight. I still think so."

Basilio had said that in this magazine—back in 1957, after he won the middleweight title from Robinson. But now, new elements have been added. Can Carmen, at the age of 33, work himself into (→ TO PAGE 85)

You've Got To Be Mean To Pitch



Tall, handsome, and polite off the field, young Don casts an image of the All-American boy. It fades on the mound where he scowls with a dedicated defiance.

Color by Martin Blumenthal

*As tough with his words as he is with
his inside fast ball, the Dodger ace speaks out here
on one of baseball's touchiest subjects*

By Don Drysdale

as told to Steve Gelman

WHEN A BATTER takes a toehold and crowds the plate, he leaves me two basic choices. I can groove a pitch straight down the middle and risk seeing him belt it out of the park, or I can whip the ball inside, forcing him to back away. The mound is no place for charity, so I move the hitters back. A lot of fellows squawk when I do it, but I'm going to keep right on doing it. It is, I insist, strictly a matter of pitcher's rights.

Defending these rights, I have seen my share of combat. In the heat of a game, a fellow can easily lose his head. He is liable to threaten a guy on the other team, holler at an umpire, or even throw a punch. Afterward, cooled by a shower, he apologizes. "I was all keyed up," he says. "I lost my head."

In a game against St. Louis last season, I clipped Joe Cunningham's arm with a fast ball. Solly Hemus, the Cardinal manager, charged the mound. Solly and I almost had a fight. The fellows on my team, the Dodgers, pulled me away. Then, Stan Landes, the umpire, ran over. "Watch where you throw that ball," he said. I blew my top. "If you're accusing me of deliberately trying to hit Cunningham," I said, "I'm going to get a lawyer and sue you and the National League."

Afterward, cooled by a shower, I apologized for nothing. I went to the Cardinal clubhouse to see if Cunningham was badly hurt. He wasn't. "Forget it, Don," he said. "It's part of the game." Later, I spoke with some lawyer friends. "I threatened to sue the league," I said. "Do I have a reasonable case?" They said I had a helluva good case.

Like Cunningham said, getting hit by a pitch is part of the game. Joe and I have been friends since 1955, when we both played in the International League. I know him well, and I know his hitting techniques even better. He hits with the most power when he stands close to the plate. Since Joe's job is to hit, he leans in. Since my job is not to let him hit, I move him back. Sometimes a pitch is a little too tight, but I can't worry about that. If I could control every pitch perfectly, I would belong in a super league. I would win every time out.

My control is good enough, though, to hit Cunningham with eight out of ten pitches if I wanted. He freezes in the batter's box—a lot of ball-players do. But hitting him on purpose makes no sense. All I want to do is get him out. Joe understands this. When I brush him back, he doesn't complain. He takes the professional's attitude.

I realize that the "professional's attitude" is, (—→ TO PAGE 22)





"My baseball salary," Don says, "buys the food for my baby, and I'll defend my right to earn it."

You've Got To Be Mean To Pitch

Continued

at times, an ambiguous term. Basically, it means that a fellow respects another's rights to battle hard in order to make a living. My success as a pitcher determines the size of my bank account. My salary buys the food for my wife and baby daughter. Ball-players like Cunningham and Gil McDougald realize this. "I don't complain when I'm knocked down," McDougald has said. "Pitchers are entitled to make a living, the same as hitters."

Certainly a pitcher is entitled to make a living—the same as a hitter, and the same as a fruit peddler. Suppose some inspectors decide, arbitrarily, that they want to close up a fruit stand. With his livelihood threatened, the owner goes into court and sues. It is a way of protecting his rights.

There is a baseball rule that threatens my livelihood. For deliberately hitting a batter, it says, a pitcher must automatically be fined \$50. Certainly, a fellow who tries to hurt another player on purpose should be penalized—a lot more than \$50. In theory, the rule makes sense. In application, it is nonsense.

It is up to the umpire, you see, to decide if a pitcher deliberately hit a batter. The ump then gives the pitcher what is known as an "official warning," and the \$50 fine is levied. I was fined \$50 last year for hitting Willie Mays with a fast ball. Earlier in the game,



a pitch thrown by the Giants' pitcher, Sam Jones, hit my teammate Norm Larker. No umpire even raised an eyebrow. Still later, I threw Mays exactly the same pitch as the one that hit him—an inside fast ball. Willie jumped back, the pitch sailed past him and nobody said a word.

What made my first fast ball to Mays a deliberate bean ball? What made my second simply a bad pitch? Why was I fined for hitting Willie? Why wasn't Jones fined for hitting Larker? I certainly didn't know and I was disturbed. I thought a lot about the rule, and that's why I blew my top when Landes came out to speak with me in the game against St. Louis. The lawyers helped put my mind at ease. "Among other things," they told me, "that automatic fine amounts to character assassination. The ump is accusing you of deliberately trying to injure someone, and he would have to prove it in court. How is he going to do that? Is he going to say he read your mind?"

The point of all this isn't a legal one. I don't want to go to court, but I have to explore every way of protecting my livelihood. The brush-back pitch is important to my success. No silly rule is going to make me change my style.

I learned the importance of having some meanness

in you on the mound when I first came up to the majors. The fellow who explained it best was The Barber, Sal Maglie. I was 19 years old when I joined the Dodgers in 1956, and I was lucky to have a fellow like Sal to show me the ropes. Maglie, as you know, was a tough pitcher. I watched the way he worked and saw that he left nothing to chance. One of his favorite tricks was to keep an eye on the batter's feet. When the fellow inched up on the plate, one of Sal's inside pitches would move him back quickly enough.

"You have to set up the batters," Sal would tell me. "You have to out-think them, and one of the best ways to get an edge is to take charge. Show them you're the boss." We would stand in the outfield during batting practice and Sal would talk. I listened. I learned.

The brush-back pitch is an excellent weapon in the battle to out-think a batter. Let's say I throw two strikes on the outside corner. The hitter leans in, expecting another one, so I go inside on him. Now maybe he figures I'm going to stop fooling around and throw for the outside corner again. So, he inches up a second time, and I fire inside again. Now he's thinking. Maybe he's even a little afraid. I come around with my sweeping, side-arm motion and his tail starts jutting toward the dugout. He's off stride when the pitch hooks the outside corner and I've got him.

Suppose I give up that brush-back pitch. Then my equipment becomes pretty limited. The quickest way to pitch yourself back to the minors is to put every ball over the plate. The major-league hitters will murder you.

I'm amazed at all the people who seem to think that only the hitters need help. They move in the fences, they juice up the baseball and they pass rules, all benefiting the hitters. Well, there are three ways of making a living as a ballplayer—as a hitter, as a fielder and as a pitcher. How about doing something to help the pitchers earn their daily bread? They've gone so far in the other direction, that they would probably have to shorten the bats to even things up.

I'm not really complaining, but just explaining why you have to be mean to pitch. The psychological edge you get when you're taking charge on the mound is important. Let a fellow know you're mean and he's going to be a little leary. A lot of batters step away when I'm working, anticipating a close pitch. That's okay with me. Let them think whatever they want to think. Believe me, if a fellow is bothered by a close pitch, I'm going to keep reminding him that I know how to throw them.

One fellow who was really bothered by one of my close pitches was Milwaukee's Johnny Logan. It happened three years ago in Ebbets Field. Billy Bruton had just hit a home run and Johnny came up to the plate and dug in real good. I jammed him (threw a pitch at his wrists). Johnny couldn't jump back in time and the ball hit him. He was boiling.

"I'll get you when you come into second base," he hollered.

"Forget second base," I said. "If you've got a beef, come and get it over with right now."

Johnny came over and the battle was on. Pretty soon, the fellows from both teams (→ TO PAGE 90)



Don insists that the brush-back pitch is part of the game, and he is willing to fight for his right to throw it. He has supported his stand with words (threatening to sue the National League last season) and with his fists (taking on Johnny Logan and other Braves in this 1957 free-for-all).



BILLY CANNON

AND THE

PRO FOOTBALL WAR

*This is an explosive,
sometimes cut-throat struggle
for one of the biggest
dollars in sports. The prime
battle zone has been
the court room—with LSU's
halfback as exhibit A*

By FURMAN BISHER

◀ One of the greatest players ever to wear the purple and gold football uniform at LSU, Billy Cannon was the fellow the pros wanted most. Billy signed with both leagues and touched off the spirited war.

Color by Marvin Newman

ON THE LAST day of November last year, a muscular young man with a porcupine haircut checked into the Sheraton Hotel in Philadelphia. He signed the register as "Billy Gunn, New Orleans, La.," and was shown to his room.

Shortly afterward, he received a telephone call, then hurriedly caught a taxi to the Warwick Hotel. He was greeted warmly in the lobby of the Warwick by a tall, thin man with an executive air, and together they adjourned to a meeting room where one of America's most abused exploitation instruments of the modern era, a press conference, was in session.

"Billy Gunn" met the press and became himself again—Billy Cannon, of Louisiana State University, All-America halfback, Heisman Trophy winner, the most exciting college football player of the past three years. Cannon had been the first choice of the Los Angeles Rams at the National League draft meeting that day, and general manager Pete Rozelle, the tall, thin man, was wasting no time in putting his prize catch on public exhibition.

"I've always wanted to play for the Rams since I was a little boy," Cannon said, without coaching and with apparent earnestness.

Rozelle led Cannon upstairs to another room and invited the collegian to sit down and sign his name to a contract with the Rams, which Cannon, eager to get on with his future, did. Neither of them realized it at the time, but with that signature an unofficial declaration of war was signed between the established National Football League and the new American Football League.

The American League was still being organized on that November day, but some months later, the two leagues were at war. Cannon, the hero of the Cajun country, was trapped in-between, both booty and boob. He was to be the symbol of supremacy for the winner—the Los Angeles Rams, representing the NFL, or the Houston Oilers, representing the AFL.

A month after the meeting in Philadelphia, you see, Billy renounced his intentions to join the Rams. He said, instead, that he would play for the Houston team of the new league and that he would sign with the Oilers after Louisiana State's season ended in the Sugar Bowl.

The second signing took place under most dramatic conditions. Between the goal posts on the playing field of the Sugar Bowl—in full view of the 83,000 spectators who had just watched LSU lose to Mississippi, 21-0, on New Year's Day—Cannon put his name on a Houston contract held by the hands of attorney Adrian Burk, once a quarterback for the Philadelphia Eagles of the NFL.

Other college football players followed suit. Some had signed previous contracts with NFL clubs, but following Cannon's lead,



The American Football League spent its big money freely and signed most of the 1959 All-Americans. Penn State's Richie Lucas, *left*, decided immediately that he wanted to play in the new league, and passed up NFL offers. "I have a better chance for a big future here," he said, "starting out on the same terms as all the other players." Like Cannon, TCU's Don Floyd, *right*, and Mississippi's Charlie Flowers, *center*, first signed contracts with NFL clubs, then changed their minds.

they switched allegiance after their bowl games and submitted to AFL bids. The NFL club owners cried out in anguish, and charges and counter-charges were flung like passes on a Sunday afternoon. To tell the truth, each side appeared to have some reasonably good points in its favor.

Some of the clubs filed legal suits against the two-timing players, but most decided to sit back and see what would happen in the battle between the Rams and Rozelle versus Cannon and the Oilers—particularly since another plumb fascinating development took place. In late January, when supporters of Marshall Leahy of San Francisco and Austin Gunsel of Philadelphia became entangled in a hopeless deadlock, Rozelle was selected as the compromise commissioner of the NFL to succeed the late Bert Bell.

This turn of affairs came as a total surprise to all parties, including Rozelle, only 33 years old, only four years general manager of the Rams, and only 24 hours before his selection, a solid supporter of Leahy. Now, of course, Rozelle found himself as commissioner sitting in judgment of himself as a general manager who had, in the eyes of the public at least, signed a player into professionalism while he still had a game to play for his college.

As soon as Rozelle took office, the issue between the AFL and the NFL was compounded. Directors of the NFL, encouraged no doubt by the vigorous, aggressive leadership of the youngish Rozelle, voted to expand league membership. They approved a 13th franchise in Dallas, Texas, and two wealthy oil men, Clint Murchison, Jr. and Bedford Wynne, Jr., are operating it in head-on competition with an American League team.

There was some criticism of this NFL gesture. "Bert Bell would never have allowed this," one veteran observer said.

The NFL defended itself by pointing out that the new league had established clubs in Los Angeles, New York and the Oakland-San Francisco area—three territories where NFL clubs already operate. If the new league could take that privilege, they said, then surely the NFL has a perfect right to set up shop in Dallas.

Lamar Hunt, the 28-year-old AFL founder, who owns his league's Dallas team, countered with the suggestion that Dallas "is a one-team market."

The issue will be settled the fairest way possible. Both teams will play, and box receipts will determine if both, one, or neither survives. The AFL's Dallas team and the NFL's Dallas team will play in the

A fast, slashing, break-away halfback, Cannon's exciting touchdown runs and consistent ground-gaining earned him an All-America ranking for two straight years. Last season, the nation's football writers selected Billy as the leading college player in the country and gave him the Heisman Trophy.



Cotton Bowl. "It's all right with me," said Jimmy Stewart, general manager of the Cotton Bowl, "if they both do well, and frankly, I think they will."

Meanwhile, back at the courthouse, the battle for Billy Cannon was just warming up. It was reminiscent of the four years after World War II, when a new league, the All-America Conference, engaged the NFL on the open market and took a good-sized lacing. It was reminiscent, too, of the brief period last decade when the Canadian League reached across the border and plucked a few of the NFL's plums.

Both the Canadian League and the All-America Conference made peace quickly. The American Football League, it appears, will not be as easily compromised. In the first place, the bank accounts behind its eight franchises—Boston, New York, Buffalo, Denver, Dallas, Houston, Los Angeles and Oakland-San Francisco—are much more ample than those that backed the old AAC clubs. Then, too, this is now a much larger nation of people, and an enormous amount of the people appear to have adopted football as their favorite sport. Furthermore, public sentiment is with any adventuresome group that is willing to tackle such great odds as to open a new major-league shop.

The previous big inter-league football war was expensive. The All-America Conference went broke and its strong franchises—San Francisco, Cleveland and the New York Yankees (now the Baltimore Colts)—were absorbed by the NFL. The big money spent in player cut-throating was one of the costliest disasters of the battle, and it would make sense for the NFL and American Football League to work out a talent-hunting agreement that will cut down expenses. There was some talk of eventual arbitration while *l'affaire Cannon* was broiling.

Money changed Cannon's mind. Money was the chief factor in virtually every case of the "pre-signed" NFL players who later went AFL—halfback Johnny Robinson, also of Louisiana State, who signed with both Detroit and Dallas; fullback Charlie Flowers of Mississippi, who signed with the New York Giants and the Los Angeles Chargers; tackle Don Floyd of Texas Christian, who signed with both Baltimore and Houston; tackle Harold Olson of Clemson, who signed with both the Chicago Cardinals and Buffalo; fullback Bob White of Ohio State, who signed with both Cleveland and Houston, and others of lesser stature who attempted to work both sides of the street.

There was no question that Cannon signed both contracts. He admits this. He signed a Los Angeles contract calling for a \$10,000 bonus, \$10,000 salary his first year and \$15,000 the next two years. It was a hefty, appealing contract, but the Houston offer turned out to be even larger. Houston's boss, K. S. (Bud) Adams of Phillips 66 affiliation, laid a personal services contract before Billy calling for \$100,000 over a period of three seasons, including a \$10,000 gift to Cannon's wife. It was reported that Adams also would set up Cannon with a string of filling stations. There is a clause in the contract making allowances for the possibility of a spread of "Billy Cannon Stations" around Baton Rouge, but these would use the halfback's name more than his services.

"You can imagine how confused this young fellow must be," an official at LSU said. "Here he is, the son of a family of modest means, sometimes struggling to make ends meet; also the father of three small children facing the future. All they did after our closing game with Tulane was wave long green before his eyes."

"Did you," a man asked Cannon, "actually say that you had always wanted to play for the Rams since you were a small boy, on the day you were signed?"

"Yessir," Cannon said without hesitation, "I sure did. I was just a boy then. Money makes you grow up pretty fast. *THAT* much money."

Cannon said he signed his NFL contract while on his trip to New York City, where he appeared on the Ed Sullivan television show with other members of the Coaches' All-America team. This is Cannon's version of his venture into the jungles of professionalism:

"Mr. Rozelle called me on November 29, and wanted to know if I could come over to Philadelphia. The Rams were planning to draft me at the meeting, he said, and he wanted to introduce me to the press and television and all that. He told me there would be no signing, nothing like that.

"I went down to Philadelphia and met the press and all that and then we went to his hotel room. He took out a contract and showed it to me and he said it would just be a written offer until January 2. It looked all right to me. It wasn't witnessed and it wasn't dated. Mr. Rozelle said he would wait until January 2 to date it. I signed it.

"When I got back to Baton Rouge, Mr. Adams called me from Houston. I told him how I had signed a contract with Los Angeles. Then he called again during the Christmas holidays and made me a better offer.

"I sent Mr. Rozelle a letter and told him I didn't care to enter into any contract, pre-dated or otherwise, with the Los Angeles Rams, that I didn't want to play in the National League, and I thanked him for his offer. I didn't write the letter. My lawyer did, and he sent a copy to Austin Gunsel, who was the commissioner then.

"Mr. Rozelle had given me a check for \$10,000, my bonus for signing. I returned that. He had given me an expense check for \$500. I returned that, too. I never got an answer from him. I saw him again at the Sugar Bowl game and he told me then that the Rams would contest it in court.

"I went to Honolulu to play in the Hula Bowl game after that, and on the return trip our plane landed in San Francisco about 5:30 in the morning. I was sleepy and tired and not too bright after all that traveling, and this fellow walks up to me out on the ramp. He shoves a piece of paper in my face. I think it's some fellow from the Chamber of Commerce handing out travel folders. I take it.

"It's a subpoena, the first I ever saw in my life. The man is a deputy sheriff, and he begins to apologize and explain that this is part of his job and so on. I wanted to punch him in the nose. I was mad. I calmed down, though."

It was, to some extent, a travel folder. The subpoena ordered Cannon to come back from Louisiana to appear in court in Los Angeles County to defend himself against the Rams' charges. The Rams, in other words, would be the "home" team. It figured that any court in Baton Rouge Parish in Louisiana would feel more kindly toward the community hero than a court in Los Angeles, an area Cannon had decided to deny his All-America presence.

After he received the subpoena, Cannon began to do some legal thinking of his own. "I told you earlier," Billy said, "that the contract I signed with the Rams had no date on it and there was no one in the room to witness it. Now it is dated November 30, and has the name of two witnesses I never saw or heard of in my life. The way I see it, Mr. Rozelle violated a rule the league made back in 1926 by signing a player to a contract before his eligibility was out.

"I don't understand a football team that wants to force a boy to play for them against his will. It seems to me the Rams just want to keep me from playing anywhere, because I'm not going to play for them after all this."

(—→ TO PAGE 70)

What Happens If A Ball Club's Plane Goes Down?

*The thought is frightening and
the possibility is remote, but in this jet age,
with teams traveling millions of miles each year, it cannot be
ignored. The leagues, themselves, are ready, and here is
what they'll do if disaster ever strikes*

By Al Silverman



The Lakers' landing, above, was a close call.

THE MINNEAPOLIS Lakers of the National Basketball Association had just lost to the St. Louis Hawks in St. Louis. It was January 17, 1960, a cold, dreary Sunday evening, and the fellows were anxious to return to Minneapolis. At 8:30, 23 passengers, including nine players and some club officials, climbed aboard the DC-3 plane, owned by the Lakers but flown for them by Gopher Aviation Company of Rochester, Minn.

Forty-five minutes out of St. Louis, the DC-3 flew into a biting, blinding snowstorm. At almost the same time, a generator went dead, leaving the crew without lights, radio or flight dials to guide them. Beyond the pilot's quarters, inside the cabin, it also was dark.

Pilots Vernon Ullman and Harold Gifford decided it was too dangerous to try and return to St. Louis. They would try and make it to Minneapolis. There was nothing else they could do.

Until 1:30 in the morning they were able to fly at a fairly high altitude. By then, they were running low on gas though they weren't sure how low. The plane skimmed down to 600 feet. They didn't even know where they were, but they were looking for a spot to land, any clear spot would do. It was a matter of life or death.

Inside the cabin it was intensely cold. The passengers were bundled in overcoats, blankets and newspapers—anything to keep warm. There were some wisecracks, but not many. Still, there was no panic.

Elgin Baylor, the team's leading scorer, rose from his seat.

"Where you off to?" he was asked.

"If I have to go," Baylor said, "I might as well go comfortably." He went to the rear of the plane, placed his pillow on the floor and then stretched out.

Both pilots had their heads out the ice-covered windows, trying desperately to see into the night, their faces blotted with snow. Suddenly, just ahead, through the swirling snow, they made out the lights of a town. Then they spotted a snow-covered cornfield on the outskirts of town. This seemed their only chance.

They circled the town four times, to get their bearings and to warn the townspeople. Then they were ready. The landing gear went down and the DC-3 glided in, just missing a water tower and power line. "And we almost hit an automobile," Frank Selvy recalled later in wonder.

Slowly, very slowly, the plane moved in. And the whiteness of the land loomed closer. The wheels touched down with a couple of squeaks. After a few hundred feet, the plane jolted to a stop, in a Carroll, Iowa, cornfield that was covered with a foot of snow.

Nobody aboard the plane was hurt. By sheer coincidence the first outsider to greet the plane was the town's undertaker. He explained apologetically that he had not come seeking business.

Through the remarkable skill of the plane's pilots, and with good luck and perhaps the guiding hand of some unseen angel, the Minneapolis basketball team had escaped disaster. But what if it had gone the other way—what if the pilots weren't quite so skilled, or luck was not riding with them? What then? The only answer is that the Laker franchise would have been wiped out in one blow.

That narrow escape of last January points up again a new fact of life in sports, now that most teams do their traveling by plane. The odds against a team being wiped out have narrowed considerably. Even so, let it be said immediately that such odds today remain in the hundreds of thousands to one. But planes do go down—and in one case already, a plane with athletes aboard went down. In 1958, eight players of England's foremost professional soccer team, Manchester United, lost their lives in a plane crash.

An airplane, of course, is only one means of travel. In 1946 there was a fatal bus accident in this country involving a minor-league baseball team, and there have been near-misses in trains, too. Disaster can strike perversely anywhere, anytime—in a train, a bus, a hotel fire—not just an airplane. Still, in this jet-powered age, most sports teams travel by plane, and in a major air crash one fact must be faced: There are never many survivors.

As unpleasant as it is, the possibility of such a crash must be considered. And to their credit, most sports leagues engaged in heavy travel already have adopted disaster plans, to protect the victimized club as well as the kin of those who might lose their lives or become incapacitated.

If a plane carrying a National Basketball Association team happens to crash, here is what the NBA would do:

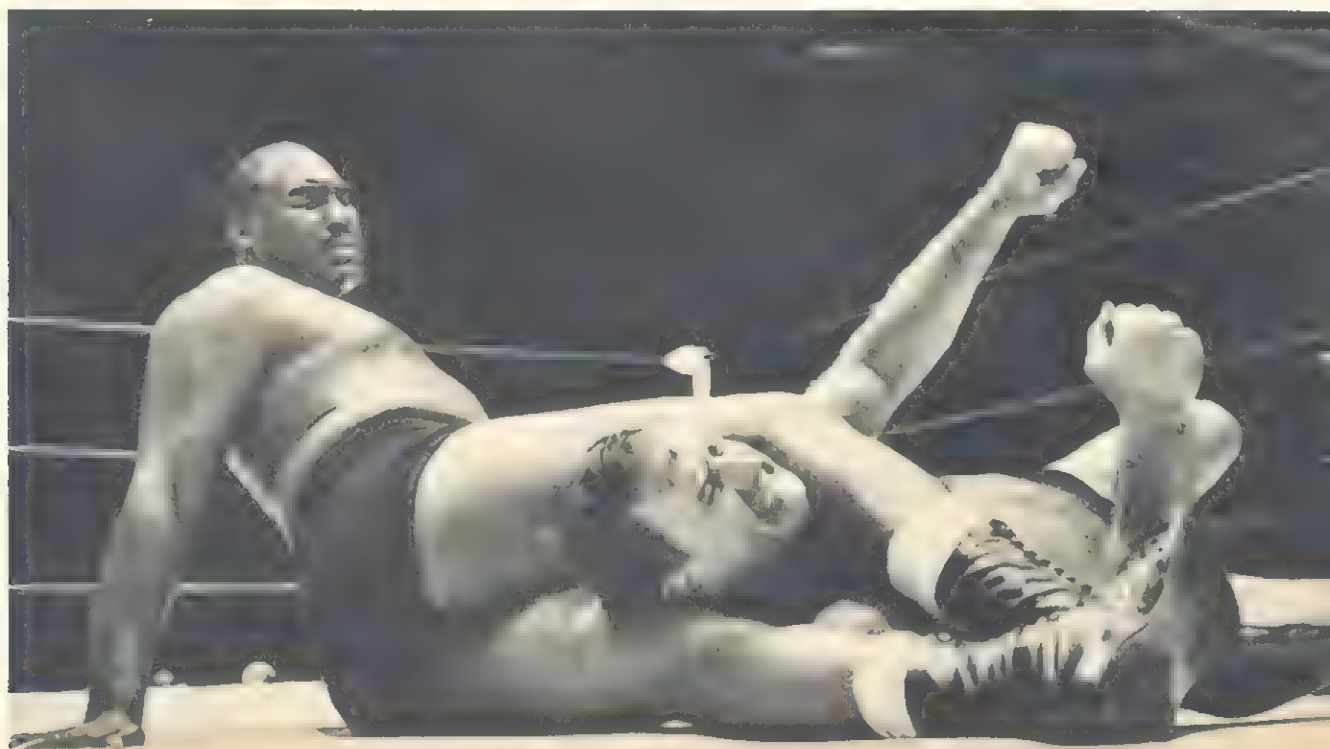
First, the NBA president would call an immediate emergency meeting of the league's Board of Governors, made up of the various club owners. At that meeting a special player draft (→ TO PAGE 72)



Big Daddy—

The Baltimore Colts' All-Pro lineman is a mountain of a man—with huge muscles and a big, good-natured heart. Parlaying them, Lipscomb has built a successful new off-season career

Stalking opponents, or applying a bone-crushing hold, Big Daddy passes up the usual serio-comic theatrics of wrestling. He has become popular without them—by capitalizing on his big football reputation and enormous strength.



King of the Football Wrestlers

PHOTOS BY LAWRENCE SCHILLER

BIG DADDY Lipscomb was downright disturbed. The Baltimore Colts' bear-built lineman had just tackled San Francisco's J.D. Smith and, as is his custom after whomping a ball-carrier to the ground, Big Daddy began to help Smith to his feet. "Get your hands offa me," J.D. snarled. "I'll take care of myself."

The rebuff hurt. Gene Lipscomb, you see, tries hard to be a nice fellow in the jungle of professional football. "Nobody," he explains, "is going to say that Big Daddy is a mean man." He tries hard, too, to be a nice fellow in the fantasy-forest of professional wrestling.

Being a nice fellow in professional wrestling is hardly unique, of course. "Good guys" and "bad guys" are clearly characterized and each group has an important part in the "sweetness and light" script. The villains lose most of the time, and the fans love the happy endings.

But of all the "good guys," few are as dedicated to fair play as Big Daddy. He became a wrestler last winter—inspired by the success of such transplanted football stars as Leo Nomellini and Verne Gagne—and after his first bout, people said he was much too tame to ever become a big drawing card. Just be a little mean, they suggested. Big Daddy refused.

So it has remained. Even when an opponent gouges and kicks, and the fans holler for revenge, Big Daddy won't be drawn out of his clean-fighting shell. But his early advisors were wrong. Big Daddy's built-in reputation (an All-Pro football rating) and his eye-catching size and strength (he is six feet, six inches, 300 pounds) have made him an appealing hero. The crowds



Away from his family on the wrestling tour, Gene's daily routine is lonely. He wakes up at noon, eats his one big meal, walks for three miles, and shops. He bought a suit, *above*, on this day. Then he watches television, rests, and has a snack in his hotel room before leaving for the arena.

Big Daddy— King of the Football Wrestlers

continued



Big Daddy usually arrives at the arena early. He likes to dress leisurely, then relax in the locker room, waiting for the other wrestlers. He rarely takes part in pre-bout conversations, but prefers to listen and pick up a few pointers.

Another football wrestler is Don Joyce left, Big Daddy's Baltimore Colt teammate. They often wrestle on the same card, but even though Don has more experience, Gene always gets top billing. Promoters know that he brings in the crowds.



Most wrestlers wear colorful warm-up costumes, but not Big Daddy. He comes into the ring in his Baltimore Colt jacket. Youngsters idolize the football hero and they ignore the other fellows to try and get his autograph.

root hard for the mild strong man, and he wins. He is making a large-sized off-season buck.

Despite his immediate success, Big Daddy is still feeling his way. In the football locker room, he is outgoing and a great kidder. In the wrestling locker room—where most of the fellows clown and brag—he sits quietly and listens. When an old pro offers to help him, Gene jumps at the chance to learn a new hold.

But at all times, Big Daddy is his own man. Many people have spoken with him about the philosophies of his new trade, and he has listened. He has sorted the advice carefully, accepting some of the traditions and discarding others. He will never, for instance, say even one word to an opponent before a match—an almost unheard-of attitude in the "sport."

The quick pace of wrestling life has forced Big Daddy to make sacrifices. "In football," he said, "you play once a week, so you can go off your training diet once in a while. In wrestling, you're on every night, so you have to stay in shape seven days a week." To remain in condition, he limits his eating to one big meal a day, with frequent snacks in-between. He has subdued his tremendous thirst for soda (in the past, Big Daddy has consumed as much as a case of pop on a hot day). He lives a lonely life away from his family, spending much of his time traveling. There have been other sacrifices, too, but on one point, he refuses to compromise. "I won't wrestle dirty," he says. "Nobody is going to say that Big Daddy is a mean man."



Muscles straining, his massive body towering in the ring, Big Daddy delights the fans as he applies a crushing headlock. He is not only powerful, but fast and graceful, as well, and this magnificent blend of athletic skills has helped him to enormous success in both wrestling and football.

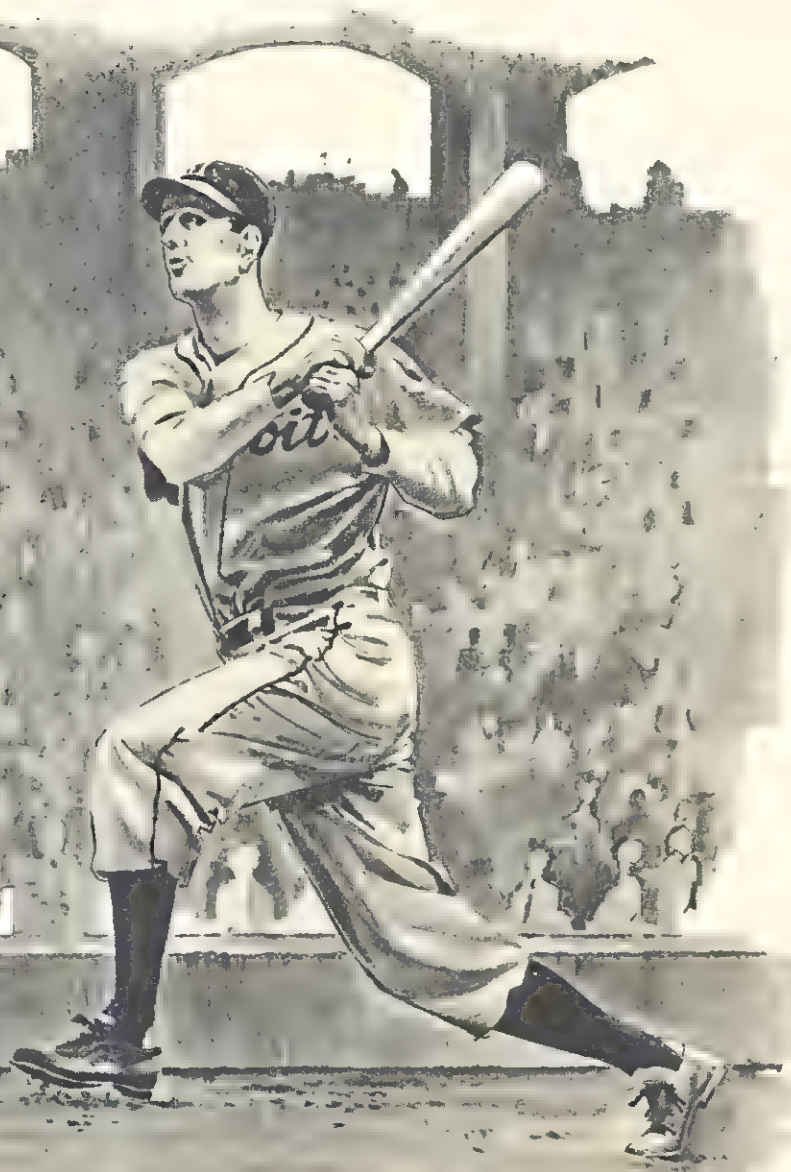
"That's what happens to dirty wrestlers," Big Daddy says, as he hugs his tag-team partner, football star Leo Nomellini. The anguished fellows in the foreground are the two Sharpe brothers, (Ben and Mike), the beaten villains.



HAMMERIN' HANK GREENBERG

*Hank's baseball records still stand as a monument
to determination. He was a clumsy kid, who drove himself relentlessly,
and became the premier slugger of the Thirties*

By LEE GREENE



THEY'LL TELL YOU that Hank Greenberg's greatest moment came on that dark, damp afternoon in 1945 when he drove a baseball out of sight for a grand-slam home run and won the pennant for the Detroit Tigers. It was the last day of the season—a setting fit for the twilight of a baseball god—and big Hank responded in proper immortal fashion.

When he hit that dramatic homer, the big, awkward fellow from the Bronx, who reigned from 1933 to 1941 as the most feared hitter in baseball, was a weary, aching shadow of his old self. Released by the Air Force in time to rejoin the Tigers at mid-season, he found that more than four years away from baseball had robbed him of the skills he had so painfully developed and hoarded. He was able to belt 13 home runs, drive in 60 runs and hit .311 in 78 games in 1945, but he was playing mostly by instinct.

Even as Hammerin' Hank—or Hankus-Pankus, as some writers preferred—was helping the Tigers to a World Series victory over the Chicago Cubs (in what has been unofficially dubbed as the worst World Series of all time), the sands were already running out. Two years to the day after he hit that memorable home run, his playing days were over.

Today, when you look at Hank

Illustrated by Paul Granger

Greenberg, the poised, articulate secretary-treasurer and sizable stockholder of the Chicago White Sox, it is difficult to remember the slow, heavy-limbed young giant who played first base for the Tigers a quarter of a century ago. A new generation has grown up since Hank was one of those half-dozen sluggers of the 1930s who tried and failed to break Babe Ruth's glittering record of 60 home runs in a season, and people seem to have forgotten Hank's great baseball skill. For every fan in New York, his home town, who can tell you that Hank had a lifetime batting average of .313, there are 50 who recall his unhappy marriage to Carol Gimbel, a millionaire's daughter. For every fan in Cleveland who can tell you that Greenberg twice won the American League's Most Valuable Player award, a hundred will inform you that he was the front office chief who fired Lou Boudreau as the Indians' manager.

But there is much more to the Hank Greenberg story. Maybe Arthur Daley, the columnist of the New York Times, who has been a longtime fan and friend of Hank's, summed it up best in his book, *Inside Baseball*. "The sport has had few more inept ballplayers than he and few who were greater," Daley wrote. "He is a living example of what hard work and intelligent concentration can do."

In his prime, Hank Greenberg was one of the most feared righthanded hitters in baseball. He towered six feet, three and a half inches in size 14 shoes and there wasn't an ounce of fat on his 215 pounds. Hank's brown eyes would stare at the pitcher, whether he was Red Ruffing, Lefty Grove or any of the other greats of the era, with a look of almost compassion. When he swung, it was wonderful to watch. Unlike the sluggers of today, who depend on wrist action and a whiplike bat to generate power, Hank was one of the last of the brute force belters. He was a big man and he took a big swing from his broad shoulders right down to his thick ankles.

That was the way he had learned to swing when he was a kid playing ball at Crotona Park, a couple of blocks from his home in the Bronx. He had a tendency to over-stride and swing too soon, and as a result, he struck out a lot (he led the American League with 95 strikeouts in 1939). But when he connected, the results were eye-catching, for every Greenberg swing was a potential home run. Few of his 331 homers were cheaply earned. He was the first man ever to reach the left center-field bleachers at Yankee Stadium, a monumental 466-foot blast, and at Boston's Fenway Park, he once hit a line drive that went over a high wall in dead center field, 400 feet away.

You could laugh at his slow-motion running or his inept fielding, but you could never afford to get careless or cocky with him when he was hitting. He was a great home-run hitter.

Oddly, Hammerin' Hank never thought of himself as being a great home-run hitter. There was always a genuine modesty about him, even at the moment of his greatest triumphs. He always said that Jimmy Foxx could hit a ball harder and more often, and he actually resented comparisons to Babe Ruth, his boyhood idol.

"I'm not another Ruth and I'll never be another Ruth," he insisted, even as he made his great try for the Bambino's record in 1938, only to finish two shy at 58. "Ruth was in a class by himself; no one will ever come close to him even if they do break his record. So please, don't ever refer to me as another Babe Ruth."

Perhaps the unwillingness to mount a pedestal was a remnant of the self-consciousness that plagued Hank as a youngster and throughout the early years of his baseball career. He was proud and sensitive and he

hated it when others made fun of his awkwardness or his Jewish religion. One of his former coaches at James Monroe High School in the Bronx, where Hank won letters in football, baseball, basketball, soccer and track, remembers him well.

"Hank never played games, he worked at them," the coach said. "He wasn't a natural athlete. His reactions were slow and he had trouble co-ordinating his big body. He couldn't run a lick, but even in high school he was practicing quick starts to overcome that handicap. He wasn't a prima donna but he was hard to handle because he'd get depressed at nothing at all. He was a great competitor because he hated to lose to smaller boys."

Losing to smaller—or less talented—men was something that galled Hank Greenberg all through his playing days, and even beyond. He was disappointed when a star like Bob Feller struck him out four times in one day, but he was humiliated when an unknown did it, even once. It was a characteristic that stuck with him even when he was general manager at Cleveland. It was the loss of a four-game series to the lowly St. Louis Browns late in 1950 that eventually helped cost manager Boudreau his job.

"I call it a disgrace to lose four straight to the St. Louis Browns," Hank fumed, and he never forgave his manager.

There was always an unreal atmosphere surrounding Hank Greenberg and his achievements. "I see it but I don't believe it," was the general attitude from the very beginning. It took baseball men a long time to realize that the big boy was a glaring exception to the rule that great baseball players are born, not made. Even at Hank's homer-hitting heights, there were still a few skeptics who insisted that one of the Detroit coaches, Del Baker, was stealing opposing pitchers' signals or tipoffs, and relaying the information by a system of shouted code words to Greenberg. Baker admitted an occasional steal, but with every Greenberg home run, the coach's reputation grew proportionately. No one ever stopped to figure out that if Baker really had such amazing powers, he would have helped some of the other Tigers, too.

Considering Hank Greenberg's athletic beginnings, there was some cause for skepticism. By all rights, Hank should never have attained the heights that he did. There was no such thing as an athletic tradition or environment for him. Henry Benjamin Greenberg was born on New Year's Day, 1911, in the Greenwich Village section of New York, an area better known for bohemians than baseball players. Sometimes poverty can generate the drive that produces great athletes, but it wasn't present in Hank's case. His father was a partner in a prospering textile shrinking firm, and when Hank was seven years old, the family moved to a big, rambling house in the Bronx.

They called him Bruggy Greenberg then and he was a baseball buff from the first day his father took him to see a game at the Polo Grounds, which then served as the home of both the National League Giants and the American League Yankees. The Yankees and Babe Ruth soon captured Bruggy's loyalties, and when Yankee Stadium was opened in 1923, he was one of the early occupants of the 25-cent bleacher seats.

When he wasn't going to school at P.S. 44 or Monroe High, young Greenberg would practice hitting a baseball at Crotona Park. The kids didn't play regulation games of baseball there. Instead, one fellow would bat and all the others would take the field until the batter had recorded the equivalent of three outs. Then he would take his place in the field until all the others had batted.

It was made to order for big (—→ TO PAGE 76)

What It's Like To Drive In The Indianapolis "500"

*The fascinating roar of the engines, the thrill
of racing along the oil-slicked track, and the big pot of
gold—that's what makes these men defy death*

By Howard Tuckner

EVER SINCE an ancient Greek named Herodotus said: "Chances rule men and not men chances," automobile racers have been trying to prove him wrong. Hundreds have perished in the attempt, and in further pursuit of this harrowing goal, 33 men will race at the Indianapolis Speedway this Memorial Day. There, on the oil-slick ribbon of brick and asphalt, death will take a refresher course in the Indianapolis "500."

The "500" drivers will race gleaming cars up to 175 miles per hour. Lap after lap, they will fight it out for prize money with the strength of their wrists and the speed of their cars. Disaster and death will hover nearby as the racers pour gas to their snarling engines and zoom for position on the turns and straightaways.


Since the "500" began 49 years ago, 46 drivers have died in breakneck pursuit of its honors. What is be-

hind this annual flirtation with death? What makes men gamble life for speed?

All kinds of theories have been advanced in explanation. The drivers, themselves—fellows like Rodger Ward, last year's winner; Jimmy Bryan, the 1958 winner, and Jim Rathmann and Eddie Sachs, who never have won at Indianapolis—give such reasons as "the challenge" . . . "the thrills" . . . "the money" . . . "the fame."

Limitless confidence is to be found in each of these drivers. Like a soldier under fire, a racing driver believes that it is someone else who will be killed. The men know they are going too fast, but they are unable to slow down. They are all speed addicts, and none can kick the habit.

"Freaks," said Bill Vukovich, as he gazed about the packed "500" stands shortly before he died in a crash



The smoking, overturned car is a grim reminder that the life of a "500" driver can be snuffed out at any time. One of the all-time greats, Bill Vukovich was killed in the crash, at left, in 1955 when he collided with three other cars and flipped over. Still, the drivers keep coming back for more, defiantly risking their lives for money, fame, thrills.



Jerry Soloway

in 1955. "Freaks, that's what they think us chauffeurs are. And you know something? They're right."

One who apparently subscribes to this theory is Ray Crawford, who is 43 years old and one of the few independently wealthy drivers in professional racing. After completing 121 laps of last year's Indianapolis race, Crawford hit a wall on the northeast turn and finished 23rd.

"Racing is like being on dope," Crawford says. "It's like being an alcoholic. You know what you're doing is crazy, but you don't know how to get the desire out of your blood. There you are sitting in a \$25,000 piece of machinery specially bred for Indianapolis. You feel this whole beautiful unit rapidly gaining speed, letting out smoothly, evenly."

"The car is an extension of yourself—you feel part of it. The engine is hot and running sweet. You're not conscious of the noise, but you know it's roaring. The track slips away in a blur. You're running close to the bone. Then suddenly you find tears on your face. You're crying with elation. That's racing. That's what it's like to drive in the '500.' You're hypnotized by the roar of the engine."

As the tires screech around the turns, wonderings about life and fate screech through the drivers' minds. Will something foul up or fall off? What about that rookie driver milking his wheel around the curve? What if he slides and stacks up the car in front of me? Should I try to keep up with him, or let him go? And, then, the odds are that I turn upside down at least once a year. Is this the day?

When the 140-mile-an-hour race is over, all the drivers look alike. They are soaked in thick, black grease and they're aching sore from the steady, snapping vibrations, deaf for twelve hours from the three and a half hours of roaring racing noise. Each is about ten pounds lighter and has blistered hands for weeks. Some even come into the pits with broken bones, unaware of the injuries.

Dr. Roger Smith, a neurologist who examines drivers at the track, administered tests to the first 600

Marines off Guadalcanal. He says the Marines and the Indianapolis drivers had the same symptoms.

"The same dilated pupils," Dr. Smith said, "blood pressure down to almost nothing, facial tics, headaches. Some of the drivers can't say a word until we've worked on them with cold packs for an hour."

And still they come back year after year—as if waiting for the day when nothing will revive them. Life is a small price to pay, they seem to believe, for the chance to satisfy the urge for speed.

"The only answer I have is that they love to race," says Dr. Caryle Bonner, the Speedway's medical director. "Physically, mentally, emotionally and morally these drivers are no different than millions of men on the street. Money's hardly a driving factor, either. The winner gets rich, but many of these boys don't make enough money to eat on. I remember the father of one of them, a very rich man, offered his son a million to quit. He did. For a year. He came back the next season and was killed."

In winning last year's classic, Rodger Ward received a record \$60,925, plus lap money and special prizes to bring his total to \$106,850. Add to this the endorsements that go to the winner of America's No. 1 race, and Rodger was in the chips. Most of the drivers don't fare this well, however. The low man last year was Jimmy Bryan, winner the year before. Jimmy finished last and took home \$3,385, hardly enough to cover his gas and tire expenses. But the tradition of the great race, and the knowledge that there is a hefty pot of gold and lasting fame for the winner, keep the drivers coming.

Few of the drivers admit that they think about death. Asked about the risk, they say that they would rather race cars at Indianapolis than drive them on the highways on Sunday.

"I've always believed your days are numbered," says Jim Rathmann, who finished second three times at Indianapolis, but was never a winner. "Of course you can go out and hurry it, but I don't think there's any more danger in my particular job than there is for

What It's Like To Drive In The Indianapolis "500"

continued



Sam Hanks



Rodger Ward



Mauri Rose



Bill Holland

"It's the fulfillment of an impulsive craving for great speed. You can't explain it rationally, but the racing car is the only thing that satisfies these strong desires for the driver."

"It's excitement. I don't think I fear death and this is sort of proof to myself. I was in the crash that killed Bill Vukovich, and here I am, still at it five years later."

"At first, I think of the money, but then, pretty soon the dough is only part of it. You're like the dope addict who can't break away. After a while you just can't quit."

"You're all by yourself out there, speeding around the track at 175 miles an hour. It's a feeling you'll never have unless you're a driver. It makes it all worth while."

men climbing poles and working on high lines in cold weather."

Jimmy Bryan, the 1958 winner who once broke his back racing against fate, said, "If I thought I was going to die racing I wouldn't be racing. It's the same if I were a telephone lineman or a deep-sea diver. Guys face risks every day of their lives."

"How does your wife feel about it?" he was asked.

"She never says much about it," Bryan said.

"Somewhere in their makeup," said Sam Hanks, Indianapolis' director of racing who retired after winning the "500" in 1957, "the four-wheel vehicle is the only thing that will satisfy their desire for speed."

Rodger Ward, like Jimmy Bryan, says he doesn't think of dying when he races at Indianapolis. The 38-year-old Californian, who turned to driving racing cars after leaving the Air Force pilot ranks in 1946, had his first taste of speed on the ground as a midget-car driver. He became one of the most successful small-car drivers on the West Coast before graduating to the big cars of the Speedway in 1951.

In his first appearance at Indianapolis, he finished 27th, having been forced out after 34 laps with a broken oil line. He was 23rd in 1952, 16th in 1953, 22nd in 1954 and 28th in 1955. Mechanical troubles forced him out in each case.

In the 1955 race, his car spun after the front axle broke. It flipped end over end three times. Three other drivers were involved in this crash, including Bill Vukovich, the leader, who was killed. Ward escaped with minor cuts and bruises.

If his aim was to win the "500," he accomplished it in 1959. Yet he will be back to race again. Why?

"Because it's something you must do," Rodger Ward says. "Something you just got to do. I understand it, but I can't explain it."

One or two men have quit racing at Indianapolis while they still were eligible to compete. Johnny Parsons, winner of the 1950 race, announced his retirement before last year's competition. The 41-year-old driver attempted a qualification run, but he drove at only 140 miles an hour—too slow to make the lineup. He was eligible for two more qualifying runs.

"I hate to do it," Parsons told the other drivers, "but I'm withdrawing. You have to realize when you've had it on this track. I find it hard to keep on that button in the corner."

Although death can strike anywhere on the Speedway, the majority of fatalities have occurred on the northeast and southwest turns. The cars hit the turns after long straightaways, where they speed as fast as 175 miles per hour. "The corner" Parsons referred to was the southwest turn. After he told the others he was quitting, they patted him on the back with greased hands and wished him luck. But they did not appear to understand how he could quit when he was still able to step on the accelerator. After all, hadn't others before him driven in the "500" with only one leg?

Pat Flaherty, the smiling redhead who won the race in 1956 and then nearly was killed in a crackup sev-

eral months later, was one of those who did not understand Parsons' decision. Before last year's race, Flaherty stuck out his right hand and said, "Feel the strength in that arm."

The arm, nearly severed in the accident a year and a half before, was now strong enough to take the wheel again. The only visible mark of Flaherty's crackup was a small scar on the lower left cheek.

The 34-year-old Chicago tavern owner was on the critical list for some time after the accident. He had possible fractures of the skull and jaw, a compound fracture of the right arm, a fractured left shoulder and multiple lacerations of the face and head.

"I realized I had been in a big accident the second day I was in the hospital," Flaherty recalled recently. "My arm hurt and I looked to see if it was still there. It was and I knew everything was all right. I wanted to get back in action as soon as possible. Driving hadn't lost any appeal for me. The thrill of roaring around that track, and thinking of the big money ahead as I drive will never leave me."

Flaherty started racing in 1946 when "a friend got me hopped up about it." He competed at Indianapolis in 1950, 1953, 1955 and 1956. Vukovich gave him the name of "Bumper Red" when Flaherty bounced off a wall in the 1953 race. "I know the track," he says. "In fact, there are only four or five guys who do, and I'm not saying what I know about it."

Flaherty's wife, Marilyn, says quietly, "I'll be really glad when he quits, but I don't think he ever will. It's in his blood. So I guess it will have to be in mine, too. You have to look at it that way to live through every day."

The wives of racing drivers apparently condition themselves against the dangers. Some, such as Analice O'Connor, continue to expound the racing driver's philosophy even after their husbands meet death.

During the first lap of the 1958 "500," the yellow caution light flashed. Pat O'Connor's car did not come around for the second lap. When Mrs. O'Connor reached the make-shift hospital on the infield, her husband was dead. "He was a race driver when I married him,

and I never tried to change him," Analice O'Connor says today. "He was doing the thing he loved. I think it's important to do something you really love. Lots of people live out their whole lives punching a time clock and hating their jobs, never getting a chance to do what they really love to do."

No one who is interested in auto racing wishes, consciously, to see a driver so much as singe a fingernail. But, even so, the "500" has been likened to the deadly spectacle of a Roman holiday, and a vendor at last year's race peddled skull-and-bones banners for \$1.25 apiece and did a thriving business.

The biggest fascination for the spectators appears to be in the lithe and stripped machines, the sweeping course upon which they run, the men who drive them, the techniques of racing and, of course, the competition. They feel, vicariously, the thrills that the drivers are experiencing.

What are the drivers actually experiencing? "This is what it's like to drive in the '500,'" said Eddie Sachs, the fellow who finished 19th in last year's race. "I become all filled up with joy on the inside, and I cry so much I can't even put on my goggles for fear that I'll get water in them. I cry because I can be part of this great race. Me, Eddie Sachs, just a little guy from Allentown, Pa., who's worked his way to the absolute top of his profession.

"I'm a man who has tried pretty much everything in life, and found what he wants."

Sachs has been in 11 racing smashups. Once, he was catapulted from his car and bounced down the track. His helmet was torn from his head. The left side of his face was ripped away and his left arm was broken. He never lost his enthusiasm for racing.

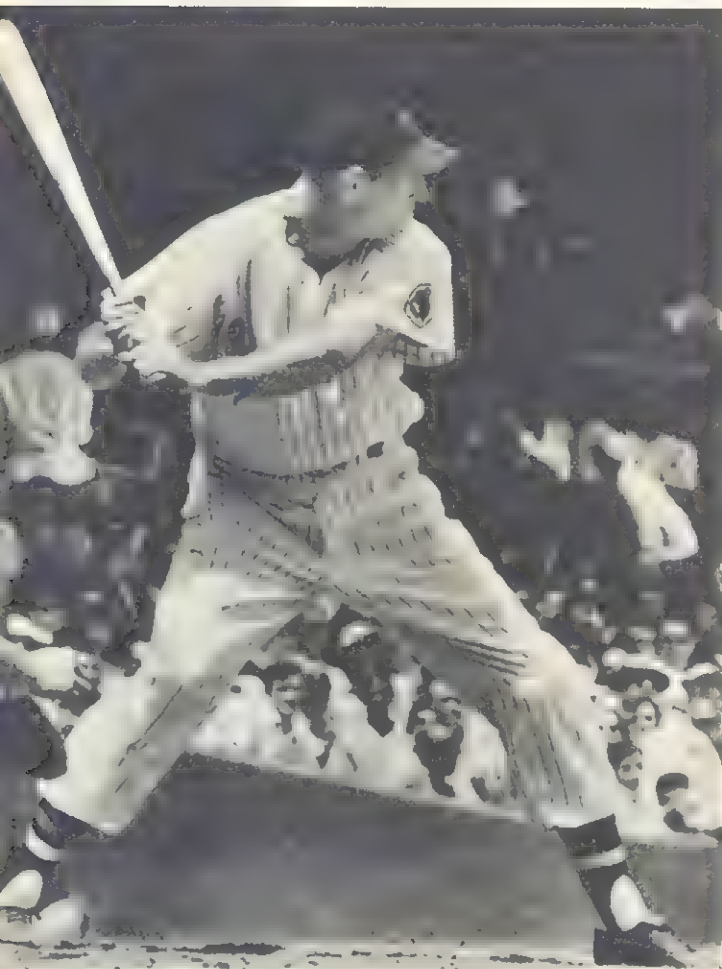
Something about "500" day and the sounds of racing engines affect the drivers the way a perfectly-played symphony affects, say, Leonard Bernstein. When the voice over the loudspeaker says, "Gentlemen, start your engines," the symphony of speed begins.

"That tension can do strange things," the late Wilbur Shaw, a three-time winner, once said. "I started the 1936 race with an open (—→ TO PAGE 85)

Only a few drivers have been able to walk away from their cars, and then make it stick. The glory and the thrills are hard to forget. Here, Johnny Parsons, "500" winner in 1950, accepts congratulations from movie star, Barbara Stanwyck. Just before last year's race, Johnny decided to retire. "I hate doing it," Parsons said. "But I'm pressing my luck."



SWEET AND SOUR LEMON



One of Jim's characteristics is his flat-footed, wide-open batting stance. Out of it, the six-foot-five, 200-pound slugger belted 33 homers last year. Jim, Harmon Killebrew, Roy Sievers and Bob Allison are hailed in Washington as baseball's modern "Murderers' Row."

Photo by Dick Darcey

*Jim is a free swinger, and
therein lies both his success and
his problem. The big fellow
wallops the baseball long distances,
but he strikes out a lot, too*

By BOB ADDIE

IT WAS A running baseball joke some years ago, for people to say of James Robert Lemon: "He's a lemon, all right, but he's the wrong Lemon." The right Lemon was Robert Granville Lemon, the crafty Cleveland Indian pitcher.

Jim broke into the major leagues with the Indians, and, to compound the comparisons, was frequently called by his middle name. This gave Cleveland two Bob Lemons—one, a strong righthanded pitcher, who excelled at striking out hitters, and the other, a strong righthanded batter, who excelled at striking out.

Much of this has changed now. For one, Robert Granville Lemon is no longer a star. For another, Jim still strikes out often, which is a sour characteristic, but he has become an authentic slugger for the Washington Senators. He had 33 homers and 100 RBIs last year, which is a sweet piece of work for any ball-player.

At six feet, five inches, and 200 pounds, Jim always has had the power necessary to drive baseballs long distances. But there were many weaknesses in his all-around ability, and they prevented him from earning major-league fame for quite a while.

Jim's professional baseball career began at Pittsfield in 1948. He played with Bloomfield the same season, and with Harrisburg the next. He caught the eye of his parent Cleveland club in 1950, when he belted 39 home runs for Oklahoma City in the Texas League, but before he could play much with the Indians, Lemon was drafted and he spent the next two years in the Army.

When Jim returned to the Indians in 1953, they shipped him to Indianapolis where he hit a feeble .218.

Cleveland's general manager, Hank Greenberg, was hardly impressed by the figure and he sold Lemon to Washington for a reported \$15,000.

Washington usually is the last port of call for a major-league ballplayer. If you can't make it with the Senators, the saying goes, you just can't make it. Therefore, you can imagine Jim's humiliation when, at first, he didn't make it.

The Senators sent him to Charlotte, their Class A farm club, after a short trial early in 1954, and the big-league dream seemed farther away than ever for the good-natured giant. He brought it back into perspective by hitting a robust .346 in 80 games, including 16 homers and 64 RBIs. Impressed by Jim's work, the Senators decided to watch him closely. It was unlikely, they thought, that he could consistently produce high batting averages, but he did have enough natural power to become a valuable major-league long-ball hitter.

Lemon was advanced, in 1955, to Chattanooga, a double-A ball club in the Southern Association. Chattanooga was one step away from Washington in the Senators' farm system, and everybody knew this, including the fans, who frequently used the knowledge to torment slumping ballplayers. "You'd better look up the Chattanooga Choo Choo, you bum," they would scream. "You're on your way."

Jim Lemon was on his way at Chattanooga, too—the right way. In 144 games, he hit .278, and, most important, he belted the long ball. He had 24 homers and 109 runs-batted-in. He became, to the Chattanooga fans, a large-sized hero, a fellow they would always remember.

In fact, when the Senators played an exhibition game in Chattanooga some years later, Jim was cheered so loudly that it seemed as though the noise might have rattled nearby Lookout Mountain. "We'll never forget those fantastic long homers," a fan explained.

"I guess," Jim said, "that being sent to Chattanooga was the best thing that ever happened to me. It gave me confidence again. You just can't imagine how it boosted my morale to be idolized by the fans down there, after being considered a bum in the major leagues."

Lemon's success with Chattanooga earned him a spot with the Senators—a spot on the bench. Each of Jim's three managers at Washington—Bucky Harris, Chuck Dressen and Cookie Lavagetto—were impressed by Lemon's slugging and disheartened by his strikeouts and fielding errors. He might, they feared, begin a new suicide fad—death by getting hit on the head by a fly ball.

"Jim Lemon," fellows used to say, "hits .900 and fields .300."

Lemon was especially deficient at fielding low line drives, but few men are especially proficient at handling them. "I suppose I've played more than one single into a triple," Jim said, "but I'm improving." He is improving, too, at cutting down his strikeouts.

In 1956, Jim set a major-league record with 138 strikeouts. But that same year, he belted 27 home runs and led the Senators with 96 runs-batted-in.

"Oh well," manager Dressen muttered, "at least he don't keep that musket on his shoulder like a Minuteman. I can't stand guys who let that third strike go by—especially with men on base."

In 1957, Jim tried to cut down on his strikeouts by adopting a flat stance, with no stride. The operation was a success, but the patient died. Jim struck out less (96 times), but he also trimmed his power. He hit 17 homers and drove in 64 runs.

Lemon thought things over that winter, and decided

to return to his wide-open stance. His strikeouts zoomed to 120 in 1958, but he increased his home run and RBI production, too (26 homers, 75 RBIs). He was successful again as a free swinger.

One of Jim's best free-swinging performances came on a hot August night, back in 1956. The Senators were playing the Yankees before an enthusiastic Griffith Stadium crowd, which included President Eisenhower, and Lemon walloped three consecutive homers, the first time it ever had been done in Washington's ball park. After the third home run, the President called Lemon over and congratulated him.

Lemon has intrigued many people with his tape-measure blasts. If you have ever been to Detroit's Briggs Stadium, you know that the old bullpen is 440 feet away from the plate, in dead center field. In front of the bullpen, within the playing field, is a flag-pole, and two summers ago, Jim smashed a ball which hit three-quarters of the way up the pole. Happily, he jogged around the bases, and suddenly, he realized that the ball was still in play. He then stretched his homer into a triple.

Jim may have established an unofficial record that day for the longest triple ever hit in a major-league game. He did tie an official record on September 5, 1959.

The Senators were playing the Boston Red Sox and the first time Jim batted, he hit one of Bill Monbouquette's curve balls for a double, driving in a run. He came to the plate next in the third inning, and belted a two-run homer. All of the Senators hit well that inning, and they knocked out Monbouquette. They continued to wallop the ball against Al Schroll, and batted around.

Lemon had a second chance to bat in the third—this time against Earl Wilson. The bases were loaded, and Jim unloaded them with a home run. He had two homers and six runs-batted-in in the inning, tying a record.

In all, 1959 was an excellent year for Jim Lemon. He satisfied a personal goal by driving in 100 runs for the first time in his big-league career. He was fourth in the American League in RBIs, behind Boston's Jackie Jensen, Cleveland's Rocky Colavito, and his Washington teammate, Harmon Killebrew. Only two players—Colavito and Killebrew—hit more than Lemon's 33 homers, and Jim's .279 batting average was 16th best in the league. Important to him, too, he had cut down his strikeouts to 99.

Jim was especially productive during July and August, and there was talk, then, that he might be selected to play in the second All-Star Game. When Casey Stengel ignored him, reporters asked Jim how he felt at being slighted.

"Are you angry, Jim?" one fellow said.

Lemon repeated the question. "Am I angry?" he said. "Of course not. That old man (Stengel) knows what he's doing. Any man who says he doesn't like to be picked for an All-Star Game is a liar. Of course, I want to be picked, but I want everybody to think I deserved it."

Easy-going and courteous, Jim is popular with writers, players and fans. He enjoys singing, talking, television, and eating. After a night game on the road, Lemon can usually be found at a lunch counter with his roommate Roy Sievers, polishing off hamburgers and milk shakes.

The quiet man has traveled a long road to the majors—with detours at Pittsfield, Bloomfield, Harrisburg, Oklahoma City, Indianapolis, Charlotte and Chattanooga. He's grateful that he was able to make good in the big leagues, and he's delighted that people are sweet now, on the "wrong Lemon."



The Ron Holmberg Riddle

Once the prodigy of tennis, Ron still hasn't cashed in on his great natural talent. His erratic, carefree play continues to puzzle the experts

By Dave Anderson

OUTSIDE THE Astor Hotel in New York City late last December, taxicabs splashed dirty-gray slush onto the sidewalks of neon-lighted Times Square—which is about as far away as you can get from tennis. But inside the Astor, at a holiday-season tennis dance, Bobby Riggs raised his glass of scotch. "To 1960," Riggs said, "and to Ron Holmberg. This is going to be the kid's year. This kid is a player. He's going to win 'em all and he's going to win back the Davis Cup. This kid is a player."

When tennis people speak of a "player," they do so with a tone of reverence. Not every player is a "player." To earn the compliment, a fellow needs picturesque strokes and a large measure of natural poise. Riggs, for one, was a "player." He was an eye-catching craftsman, who, in his career, worked at all levels of tennis—in Davis Cup combat, as a touring pro and as a professional promoter. When Riggs says a kid is a "player," the praise comes from Bobby's knowledge, not from his scotch.

"Watch this kid," Riggs continued. "I've seen Holmberg since he was 15. Even then, he had all the strokes. There's nobody who can flick that racket around like he can. All he ever needed was the confidence, and he got the confidence at Forest Hills last year. Now he knows he can win. With confidence, this kid is going to be the best amateur in the world this year. Watch him at Wimbledon. Watch him at Forest Hills. This kid," Riggs winked, "is a player."

At another table, Bill Talbert, the former U.S. Davis Cup captain, watched the tall, blond Holmberg glide

across the dance floor. "If he'll work," Talbert said, "this can be his year. Shot for shot, he's the best when he's playing well. But so far, he's never given me the impression that he says to himself, 'I've got to win this match.' He's got to get hungry."

This, then, is the Ron Holmberg riddle: A gifted tennis player, recently turned 22, he has more natural ability than any of the world's best amateurs, but for some reason he has yet to establish his superiority over the world's best amateurs. "He's lazy," it is whispered. "He's overweight, he doesn't try hard."

"That's ridiculous," Holmberg says in his defense. "I wouldn't be playing at all if I wasn't trying. Perhaps, I appear to be lackadaisical, but that's because the strokes come fairly easy to me. Maybe I shouldn't say it that way, because it sounds too much like bragging, but that's the way it is. I never had much trouble learning strokes."

His weight, Holmberg insists, is a natural problem. "Some guys always look heavy," he explains. But he is trying to cut it down. Dave Freed, the new U.S. Davis Cup captain, has emphasized physical conditioning in his program, and Ron has tried to please the captain. "I'm in the gym every day at Tulane," Holmberg says. "I do 75 to 100 situps. I lift weights. I run on the track. I've got to. If I stay out of the gym for two days, I'll put on a pound or two. That's the way I am. Tony Trabert had the same trouble but nobody made a big deal out of it."

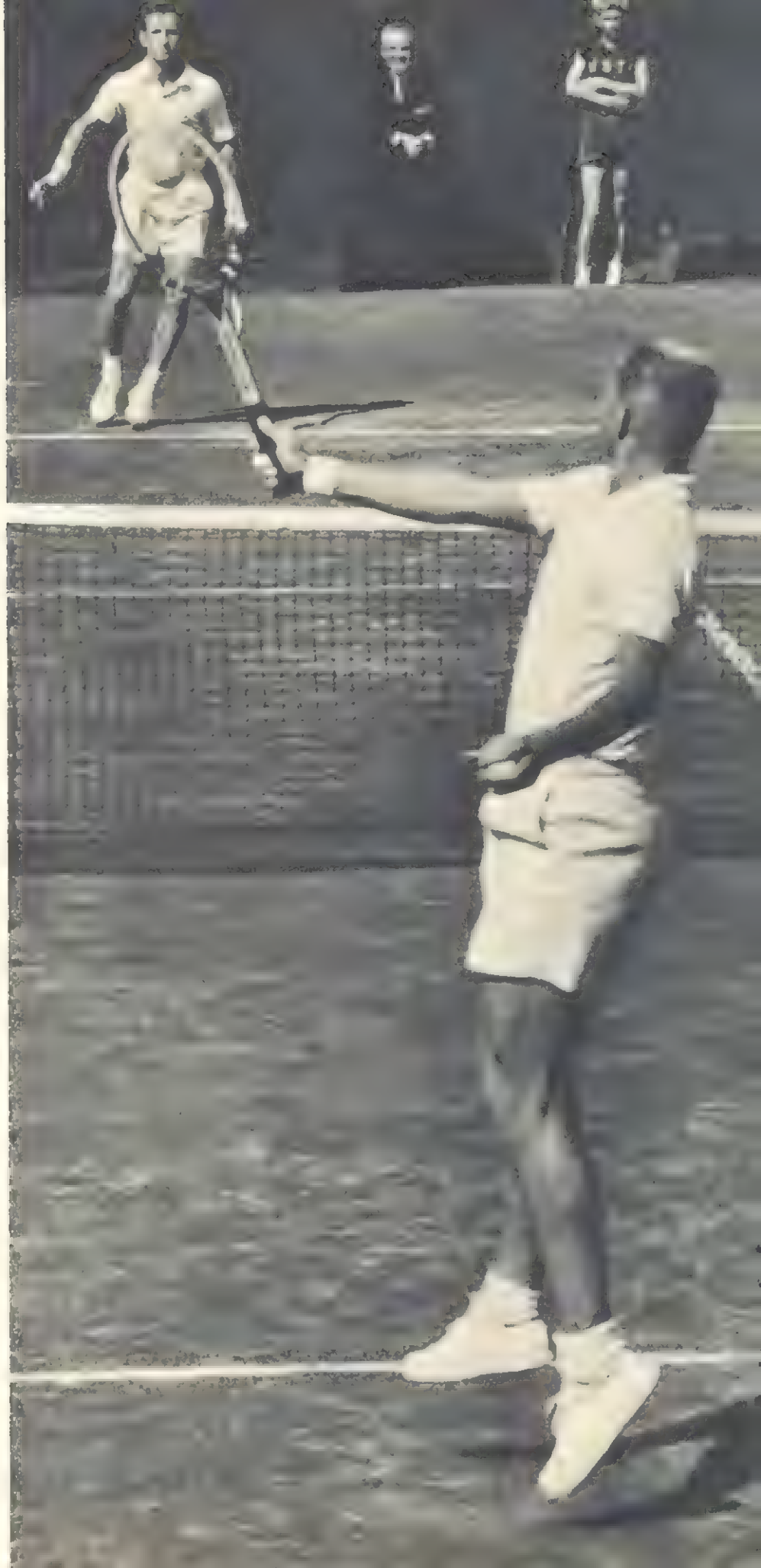
With his weight fluctuating between 170 and 175 pounds, the six-foot, one-inch Holmberg always ap-

pears a bit flabby in the mid-section—especially when he is playing against a hollow-stomached whippet, who presents a perfectly-proportioned image of a tennis player. But in last year's U. S. Nationals at Forest Hills, chubby Holmberg upset three such whippets—semi-retired slugger Dick Savitt, touted teenager Earl (Butch) Buchholz and Australian Davis Cupper Rod Laver. Although he lost to Alex Olmedo in the semi-finals, Holmberg convinced even some of his critics that 1960 would be "his year."

"I certainly hope it will be my year," Holmberg says. "The only thing I'm worried about is that I've never played well early in the summer. Usually, I don't get rolling until August, right before Forest Hills. If I'm going to win Wimbledon, I'll have to be playing at my best in mid-June. But in my heart, I feel there's no player in this country or in the whole world whom I can't beat." Holmberg sounds confident. He should be. He is the fourth-ranked U.S. amateur behind Olmedo (now a pro), Bernard (Tut) Bartzen and Barry MacKay. But even with his glossy rating, Holmberg fails to frighten lower-ranked players.

"If I see where I'll be playing Ronnie in the second or third round at a tourna- (—→ TO PAGE 92)

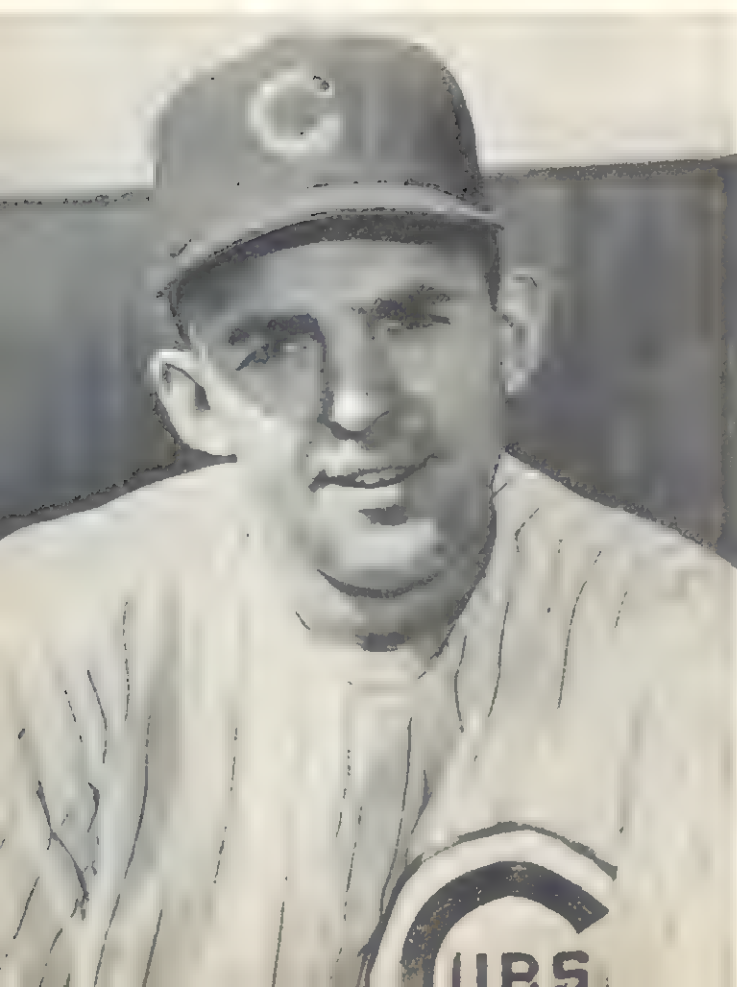
Big and strong, Holmberg hits his smooth, natural shots with power. Potentially, he is the world's best amateur and he hopes to prove himself in '60.



THE CUBS ARE COUNTING ON FRANK THOMAS

*It was a mystery, the way this big fellow
lost his power last year—and
the Reds didn't try and solve it. They
traded him to the Cubs, who
envision a one-two slugging punch of Ernie
Banks and a rejuvenated Thomas*

By MYRON COPE



VACATIONING IN Europe with his wife two winters ago, Frank Thomas was granted an audience with Pope John XXIII. The Pope placed a hand on Frank's shoulder and blessed him. It was one of the biggest, most heartening moments of Thomas' life.

Frank is a deeply religious fellow, who once studied for the priesthood, and it was his all-consuming faith, more than anything else, that kept his spirits buoyant last year as he experienced his worst season in professional baseball. A productive slugger with the Pittsburgh Pirates for six seasons, Frank was traded to the Cincinnati Reds in 1959, and his power vanished abruptly.

Thomas' flop was a lively hot-stove league topic. People wondered if the big fellow had permanently lost his touch, or if his failure was only temporary. The Reds, themselves, were taking no chances. On December 6, they traded Frank to the Chicago Cubs for Lee Walls, a .257 hitter last year, and Bill Henry, a relief pitcher, who had a 9-8 record in '59.

The Reds did need help in the bullpen and Henry appeared capable of providing some. Walls, who can hit the long ball, figured to be of service, too. But it is important to consider that Cincinnati gave up a lot more to get Thomas two winters ago than they received for him last winter.

Cincinnati general manager Gabe Paul had given the Pirates three front-line players—pitcher Harvey Haddix, third-baseman Don Hoak and catcher Smoky Burgess—for Thomas, a one-eyed pitcher named Whammy Douglas and utility infielder Jim Pendleton. Some men have a passion for a pizza; some have a passion for Picassos. Paul's passion is batting muscle, and he was willing to pay heavily to add Thomas' considerable batting muscle to the Reds' lineup.

It has been suggested by some, that Thomas was obsessed with the fear that Haddix, Hoak and Burgess would play better than he, and make him look like the bum in the trade. As a result, people said, Frank worried too much and pressed too hard, while the three Pirates prospered in their new uniforms. Frank denies the charge.

It has been suggested by others, that Frank didn't worry enough. "The trouble with that guy," one baseball executive said, "is that he figures God will take care of everything."

"I know I'm religious," Frank says, "and I know that a lot of people think I'm silly for thinking the



Frank can make the plays at third base, but he lacks polish. He's much happier at his natural position, the outfield.

way I do. I guess my strong faith has always been with me. I studied four and a half years in a seminary when I was a kid."

Frank blends realism with his religion. His strapping body (six feet, three inches, 200 pounds) is a God-given gift, he says—one that has endowed him with the power to belt baseballs long distances. But the actual belting, he insists, is a personal matter, and to do his best, Frank says, he knows that he must go out on the field and give a 100 per cent effort each day. As long as he does that, he says, he is doing his job, and worrying about slumps will not help. Over the long stretch, Frank takes the fatalist's attitude—what will be, will be.

This basic philosophy enabled Thomas to be pretty much unconcerned about leaving his home town of Pittsburgh to play baseball in Cincinnati. Thomas had grown up only a few blocks from Forbes Field, and he had been watching Pirate games there since he was a little boy. He still makes his home in Pittsburgh.

"People say that I slumped last year because I was broken-hearted over leaving Pittsburgh," Frank said. "But I wasn't broken-hearted. When I went into baseball, I knew I wouldn't know from one year to the next where I would be playing."

Actually, Frank's career with the Pirates was not as pleasant as some people assumed. It was marred by constant salary wrangling with the front office. Thomas' arguments with the Pirates touched off frequent trade rumors over the years, and the newspapers printed so many of them that Mel Cratsley, the Car-

negie Tech basketball coach, who resents baseball publicity in the basketball season, once began a luncheon talk by saying: "I see by the papers that this is Thomas-For-A-Pitcher Month."

His salary negotiations, Frank says, have been a lot more pleasant with the Reds and the Cubs.

If it wasn't inability to adjust to a new environment that caused Frank's slump last year, what was it? A major cause, undoubtedly, was a freak injury that crippled his right thumb, and impaired his swing.

"This is a touchy subject with me," Thomas says, when you bring up the injury. "I've never made any excuses and I don't want to make any now."

All last season, in fact, Frank refused to openly blame his troubles on his bad thumb. "It's just one of those years," he told sportswriters. It was a considerably unique year.

Just turning 30 after the beginning of the 1959 season, Thomas, presumably, was about to reach the peak of his career. The righthanded slugger would have a ball, people said, driving homers over the short left-field fence in Crosley Field. It never happened.

Go through the record books, and you will find that among all the players in the major leagues today, there is not one top-ranked slugger, who, at his peak playing age, experienced such a drop as Thomas had. Frank fell from 35 homers to 12; from 109 runs-batted-in to 47; and from a .281 batting average to .225.

"I felt worse than Ray Milland last season," Frank said. "He played in a picture called *The Lost Weekend*. I lived *The Lost Year*."

If Frank is to find himself again, then his thumb—which one wit has called the most talked-about thumb since Jack Horner's—will have to have healed. Now, many people know about it, but for much of last season, the thumb remained almost a trade secret. Jerry Lynch, Frank's roommate, knew about it. Thomas told him. Opposing pitchers knew without having to be told. They saw how Frank swung his bat. Gabe Paul knew, because Frank told him, too, but Gabe, according to Thomas, was hardly sympathetic.

"Paul thought my trouble was psychological," Thomas said. "He thought I was worried about what the other three guys he traded to the Pirates were doing. To this day I still say no. But Paul insisted all along that my problem was mental, because the club doctor led him to understand that even though I was having pains in my thumb they were not enough to bother me."

Frank's injury traces back to August 17, 1958, when he was still with the Pirates. Tom Acker, pitching for Cincinnati, fired a curve that broke in on Thomas. The ball did not hit his thumb. It struck his bat just above his thumb and shattered the bat. The impact was so hard that a sharp pain raced through Frank's thumb.

"It felt like someone had hit me on the thumb with a hammer," he recalls.

At the time, Thomas was having his best season. He had 32 homers and was battling Ernie Banks of the Cubs for the National League's home run championship. But in the 36 games that followed, Frank hit only three more homers.

After the season, a doctor cut four pieces of cartilage from the thumb and it felt sound when Thomas reported to his new team, the Reds, for spring training.

Nobody can say that Thomas opened the 1959 season like a man choking up at the prospect of being un-

favorably compared to the men for whom he was traded. Frank's bat was very much alive for the first three weeks of the season. On April 25, he smashed four important hits off Milwaukee's Warren Spahn. Spahn had beaten the Reds six straight times, but he lost that day. The next day, Spahn returned in relief to protect a one-run lead. Thomas belted a home run to tie the score, and Cincinnati went on to beat Spahn for the second time in two days. Early in May, Frank was hitting .329. Then came trouble.

One day, charging in from his third-base position to field a slow roller, Frank slipped and fell. His natural reaction was to brace himself with his ungloved right hand, and he did. The thumb jammed. In a week, Frank's batting average dropped 48 points, from .329 to .281.

"My whole thumb was numb," Frank said. "You know how your hand feels when it falls asleep—all pins and needles. Well, that's how my thumb felt."

Frank tried batting with a sponge in his hand. But his thumb still pained him. Then he tried batting with his fingers—that is, gripping the bat with only four fingers, and extending the thumb. But he couldn't get around in time to meet the pitches.

"Frank's batting form was awful last year," said Dale Long, the Chicago Cub first-baseman, "and the pitchers sure took advantage of his injury." Long spoke with sympathy. He knows how serious seemingly minor thumb trouble can be, because he injured his left thumb while in the minors and still has to pull it back into joint every now and then.

"Frank was dropping his right hand off the bat when he came around," Long said. "I don't care who you are, you can't hit with one hand. The pitchers were changing speeds on him. They were throwing him curves—something he would have to hesitate on. Bob Anderson has a real good curve. He and Glen Hobbie—Hobbie has a good curve, too—they made Frank look as bad as I've ever seen him. But I'm sure Frank is better now, and he should have a big year in Chicago. I think he can make us pennant contenders."

The last chapter—or at least Thomas hopes it was the last chapter—in the case of the throbbing thumb involved a curious element of coincidence. When the season ended, the Reds sent Frank to Dr. Clinton Compere, a Chicago bone specialist. Dr. Compere, it so happens, also is club physician to the Cubs. He operated on Frank's thumb, and a short while later, the Thomas-to-the-Cubs trade was announced.

Some people suspected that Gabe Paul told the Cubs: "Look, we'll let your man operate on Thomas and if he's satisfied, then the trade goes through?" Both clubs deny that any such agreement existed.

Dr. Compere found shattered nerves in Frank's thumb, with tiny tumors growing around them. "You know how you chew a toothpick?" Frank said. "That's how the nerves were, like a chewed toothpick."

This year, Frank went to spring training repeating baseball's age-old pronouncement: "I feel great. I'm looking forward to a great year." The Cubs, who are counting heavily on Frank, agree.

"We've taken no risk at all," says Charley Grimm, the Cubs' manager. "That nerve in there is deadened. According to John Holland (the Cubs' general manager), there's no possibility of hurting it again."

Thomas, the Chicago brass hopes, will be a key to rejuvenating the Cubs. In 1958, you see (Frank's last season with Pittsburgh), he finished second only to Ernie Banks in home runs and runs-batted-in. If Thomas and Banks both have big seasons, the Cubs could have in them the hardest one-two punch in baseball. Moreover, the Cubs have a few other guys who can give the ball a ride—George Altman, Dale Long, Walt Moryn, Dick Gernert and (→ TO PAGE 88)



A thumb injury may have been the cause of Thomas' troubles last year. He had it operated on during the winter, and here Frank shows the healed finger to new Cub teammate, Walt Moryn, right.



REPORT ON THE BIG O'S FUTURE:

Will Oscar Robertson Play In The NBA?

*Here's the lowdown on the big scramble
for college basketball's greatest scorer*

THE DECISION that people have speculated about for more than a year is almost at hand. Soon, Oscar Robertson, a 21-year-old senior at the University of Cincinnati, will make his move. Where will it be? Will the greatest scorer in the history of college basketball bring his enormous talent to the NBA, or will he accept any of the lucrative offers that have come from other sources? To get the answer, *SPORT* checked with The Big O, and with the fellows who hold the career keys in basketball.

In the first place, Robertson is faced with a problem that crops up once every four years. He wants to sign a pro contract as soon as possible, but he also wants to play in the Olympic Games in Rome late this summer. To be eligible for the Olympics, he can't sign a professional contract or announce his intention to turn pro until after the Games. He must make his decision and keep it a secret.

There are four major decisions he can make. He can sign with (1) an amateur National Industrial League team; (2) a pro team which may be organized by his former high school coach; (3) the Harlem Globetrotters; or (4) the Cincinnati Royals of

the National Basketball Association.

Last summer, Oscar worked in an insurance office and he liked the work so much that he plans to continue in the field. "I'm not saying I definitely won't go with an Industrial League club," he said. "But I want to sell insurance part-time and I don't see how I can and still hold a job with an NIBL company."

In mid-February, it was reported that Ray Crowe, Oscar's high school coach at Crispus Attucks in Indianapolis, was planning to organize a pro team with The Big O and Jack Twyman, the Cincinnati Royals' top scorer, as his stars. It was said he would try and buy an NBA franchise. Twyman denied the report, but Robertson was more evasive.

"You need a lot of money to do something like that," Oscar said, "and Ray doesn't have it. Sure, I'll sit down and listen to what he has to say. But they've got a long way to go. It's a big gamble."

For a young man who apparently doesn't like to gamble, a career—or even a brief whirl—with the Harlem Globetrotters could prove very attractive. One Chicago sports-writer reported a while ago that Oscar was definitely going to the Trotters. By doing that, the writer

said, Oscar would insure a job for his brother, Bailey, who hopes to rejoin the Globetrotters when he gets out of the Army in June. Both Abe Saperstein, genial boss of the Trotters, and Oscar deny the story.

"What Bailey does is his own business," Oscar said. "My decision is my own. I'm waiting for their offer and then we'll see."

Apparently, the offer will be high. "I gave Wilt Chamberlain \$65,000 for seven months but that's no indication of what I'm prepared to offer Robertson," Saperstein said. "The one thing I'm sure of is that I'm only going to offer him a long-term contract. I haven't spoken to him in a year. At that time, his mother was sick and his family needed money. He was all set to quit school and join the Trotters last fall, but he straightened things out at home and returned to college. Now I don't know where we stand. I'm going to make a good offer, but it wouldn't surprise me if he went with the Cincinnati Royals."

When it comes to a battle of the buck, Abe usually comes out on top. This time, however, he's faced with another obstacle—Oscar's fiancée, Yvonne Crittenden, a Cincinnati school teacher who likes her work and home life, and probably wouldn't be happy living out of a Globetrotter traveling trunk.

"We plan to be married this summer," Oscar said, "but we haven't decided where we're going to live. I'd be willing to live in Cincinnati. One city's just like any other."

As far as the Cincinnati Royals are concerned, Robertson is going to be playing with them next season. For three consecutive years, the club has been operating in the red, hanging on for just one reason—the right to draft The Big O as its territorial choice. With their prize just about won, the Royals don't plan to let him slip away. In fact, Oscar's employer in the insurance business last summer was Tom Wood, chairman of the board of the Royals, and he plans to offer Robertson an off-season job along with a five-figure basketball contract.

"We'll match any offer to get Oscar," said Pepper Wilson, general manager of the Royals. "We expect him to join us right after the Olympics in September. If he doesn't make the U.S. team, then we expect to get him sooner. Without Oscar, we're nearly through. We've been waiting for him for a long time."

The waiting period won't be up until September, and the race for The Big O is still on. But it appears as though the Royals have the inside track.

Gene Woodling Fooled Them All

*Five years ago, they began saying that
old-timer Gene was just playing out the string. But
today, at 37, he's still going strong*

By Barry Gottehrer

IT ISN'T OFTEN that Frank Lane and George Weiss agree on anything. They just don't think alike—Cleveland's frantic general manager and the mild Yankee boss. But Weiss, in 1954, and Lane, four years later, reached an identical conclusion—that Gene Woodling, a lefthanded-hitting outfielder, was nearly finished.

They weren't the only ones. Over the past five years, many American League executives and managers have recited Woodling's baseball obituary, but Gene has fooled them all. Now 37 years old, he was, last year, the leading hitter on the young Baltimore Oriole team, and his .300 average was, in a way, a personal payment to manager Paul Richards.

It had taken courage in 1958 for Richards to bring the veteran outfielder back to Baltimore. Gene, you see, flopped with the Orioles only three years before. But Practical Paul was willing to take another chance, and he's been reaping dividends ever since.

For a man who has been traded by the Pirates, Yankees, Orioles and Indians (twice), Gene Woodling has remained surprisingly confident. "It's tough for some guys when they're traded," Gene said. "But the way I look at it, I never play for the uniform. You can only get hurt if you do. Baseball's one of the coldest businesses there is, and I've learned that you

can't afford to worry about where you're going to live or about leaving your friends. I've never been mad at anybody for trading me. In each case, I've profited by going to a new club."

With any other attitude, Woodling probably would have given up a long time ago and retired to his Ohio farm with his wife and three children. His practical, professional outlook has given him a measure of immunity to the irritations that frequently dampen a ballplayer's enthusiasm.

As a member of five straight world championship Yankee teams, for instance, Woodling was a valuable (and underrated) ballplayer. From 1949-53, he was a consistent .290 hitter and a fine defensive outfielder, but the headlines went to DiMaggio, Berra, Reynolds and Mantle. Manager Casey Stengel (who needs no excuse for two-platooning anyway) decided one day that Woodling couldn't hit lefthanded pitching, and Gene became one of the key figures in the Perfeessor's free-wheeling substitute system. Woodling took it in stride. Those hefty World Series checks, he figured, more than made up for spending some afternoons on the bench.

"Sure, I wanted to play regularly, but Casey was the boss," he said. "He knew what we could do and what we couldn't, and he usually (—→ TO PAGE 74)



Canada's Late-Blooming Golf Hero

Stan Leonard was a ripe 42 years old when he won his first big tournament. That was three years ago, and today he's one of the top players on the circuit

By Eric Whitehead



Ever since he decided to go for broke on the 1955 PGA tour, Stan Leonard has been improving, coming closer to breaking through. The 45-year-old Canadian is one of the most popular golfers on the circuit and a real gentleman.

IT WAS THE final round of the 1959 Las Vegas Tournament of Champions. The defending champion was crouched low over his ball on the 17th green, preparing for an easy 30-inch putt. A meticulous, deliberate golfer, even when faced with a routine challenge, Stan Leonard took his time studying the roll.

Watching Leonard, Carl E. Anderson, a Los Angeles industrialist, tried his best to look relaxed and unconcerned. It wasn't easy. Anderson had \$12,400 riding on Leonard's shot. The year before, the industrialist had played a hunch and paid out \$11,600 in the traditional pre-tournament bidding, for a Calcutta Sweepstakes ticket on Leonard. Stan won the tournament—it was a big upset—and Anderson's investment returned a whopping \$97,760, minus, of course, various disbursements (\$10,000 to Leonard and \$1,000 to his caddy, who promptly lost it at the nearest craps table).

This time around (in May, 1959), Leonard had been a very hot property in the spirited Calcutta bidding. He had cost Anderson \$24,600, and it seemed to be a good investment.

Here, on the 17th green, Stan figured to finish fourth and bring a tidy profit. All he had to do was hole the simple little putt and then shoot par on the 18th. But he blew the two-and-one-half footer, which, per inch, stands as one of the most expensive muffs in golf history.

When Leonard missed the putt, he cost Anderson \$12,400, the exact cash difference between a Calcutta \$35,200 payoff for a one-man fourth-place finish and the \$22,800 he received for Stan's subsequent three-way tie for fourth with Julius Boros and Doug Sanders.

Under the circumstances, it would

have been reasonable for Anderson to have lost some love for his favorite golfer. Instead, the industrialist turned to a friend and announced firmly, "Stan's still the greatest. If I get the chance, I'll keep buying that man until he's at least 65."

Anderson won't get the chance because Vegas' Calcutta pool has been eliminated, but his message is clear. Like so many other people, the Los Angeles industrialist has great respect for Canada's late-blooming golf hero.

Now 45 years old, Leonard, a balding citizen of Vancouver, British Columbia, is at an age when most pros have been playing big-time golf for at least 15 years. But Stan is only beginning what could be one of the most amazing careers in the history of the sport.

The fact is that Stan didn't quit his cozy Vancouver Marine Drive pro shop to play on the pro circuit until 1955, when he was 40 years old, a time of life when the tissues reportedly start to disintegrate and it's considered far too late for a golfer to learn new tricks. He didn't win his first U.S. tournament until 1957, but he's been going strong ever since—winning money and influencing people.

Why didn't Leonard join the professional tour earlier? Only those who know him intimately know the answer.

Mostly, it was a reluctance to leave the pleasant and prosperous life he had carved for himself in Vancouver. Stan was happy running his pro golf shop and playing in tournaments in his spare time. There was ample opportunity for him to take part in his two favorite hobbies—salmon-fishing in the local salt-chuck and duck-hunting in nearby Alberta, where he still goes each year with a former National Hockey League player, Leroy Goldsworthy.

A devoted family man, Stan was happy at home with his wife, Chris, and his daughter, Linda, who is now 17. He still dislikes being away from home for too long a time, and it was, he admits, only the gradual accumulation of years of frustrating failure (and the knowledge that it was a case of now or never) that led to his surprise decision to become a touring pro at the age of 40.

"I knew, and Chris knew," Stan said, "that I'd never be content until I'd had my fling and found out just how good, or bad, I really was. It was a challenge and a gamble, but my wife was all for it and so was my daughter. Around Vancouver, they said I was crazy. They said I was too old. They said I had waited too long. Well, I think I can say now that it was worth waiting for."

Until recently, only a few people were giving Leonard a full measure of respect, but even this is changing. Art Wall, Jr., "Golfer of the Year" in 1959, is one of Stan's biggest fans. "When he's playing regularly," Art said, "Leonard's one of the best in the world. He has to be rated among the top ten."

Another golfer of note, a Palm Springs amateur named Bing Crosby, has been a Leonard admirer for quite a while. "If Stan had come out of hiding ten years earlier," says Bing (who hosts Leonard and other golf stars at an annual Pro-Am tourney), "it would have been Hogan, Snead and Leonard, and not necessarily in that order."

The fans, too, have been drawn to Leonard. One fellow who stood in Stan's gallery throughout the entire Las Vegas tournament in 1959 was Trevor Patterson, a Pittsburgh businessman on a vacation.

"My wife and I are following Leonard around the whole circuit," Patterson said. "We watched him at Houston, at the Masters (Augusta, Ga.), and at the Greensboro (N.C.) Open. We watch him every chance we get and we don't care if he wins or loses. He's a great player, a real gentleman, and his behavior on the course is delightful. He's just a treat to watch."

Then there was the elderly lady at Vegas, who also followed Stan around the Desert Inn course. She was well into her sixties, walked with a limp and was dressed in sporty British tweeds. She had a British accent to match.

"I came down from my home in Banff, Alberta, to follow Mr. Leonard," she said. "I watch him as much as (—→ TO PAGE 83)



Stan likes golf, but he loves his family and home a lot more. Whenever he can, he likes to go hunting and fishing right near Vancouver. He doesn't play in all the tournaments; instead, he takes frequent breathers and spends time with his family.

After Four Years Of Waiting, Carin Cone Is Ready



BLONDE-HAIRED, blue-eyed Carin Cone learned to swim when she was six years old. It was a lark then, splashing around in the water near her Ridgewood, N. J., home, but, in time, swimming became the biggest thing in her young life.

She began to swim in competition and she began quickly to pile up a hefty collection of trophies and medals. Four years ago, Carin was good enough to swim in the Olympic Games at Melbourne, Australia. She was, then, a backstroke queen at sweet sixteen, and she was determined to win a gold medal.

She came close. In the 100-meter backstroke, Carin and Judy Grinham of Great Britain were timed in a photo-finish at one minute, 12.9 seconds. One judge said Carin had won. The other two judges said Judy had won. Second place in the Olympics is a large-sized honor, but for Carin it was a sharp disappointment. "I won't be happy," she said, "until I win a gold medal."

PHOTOS BY LOU WITT



At the pool, or at a formal dance on the Houston campus, Carin is an eye-catching beauty. Swimming and studying dominate her time, but still she has managed to cram in enough social activity to round out her first two years of college life.



Working out in the water twice a day, Carin strains to cut precious seconds off her short-distance backstroke times. She practiced indoors all winter, switched recently to an official Olympic length (55 yards) outdoor pool. Bouncing on the trampoline to strengthen leg muscles, *below*, is hard work, but the Olympic warm-up suit constantly reminds Carin of her goal. "All the thousands of hours of tough practice will be worth it," she says, "if I can win that gold medal."





Coach Phill Hansel, at left, supervises Carin's practices and clocks most of her trial swims. Hansel has prescribed two-hour workouts—one early in the morning and a second in the afternoon—and Carin swims nearly two miles during each session. The trampoline gymnastics and sitting-up exercises, below, are important phases of her daily conditioning program.



Carin Cone Is Ready

continued



Between practices, Carin buckles down to her schoolwork. The French lesson, which she put on the board here, earned her a top mark. She had an A average last term.

For four years, Carin has been dedicated to achieving that goal. Now 20 years old and a popular sophomore at the University of Houston (Tex.), she has let swimming remain, above all, the most important part of her life. She has trained hard. She has put in thousands of swimming miles in practice and competition. She has won, in all, 16 national senior backstroke championships.

"I'm in better condition now than I've ever been before," she says, "even though I haven't been in a meet since the Pan American Games last September." In the Pan American, Carin starred in the 400-meter medley relay. She raced the 100-meter backstroke leg in one minute, 11.4 seconds. It was one and a half seconds faster than the 1956 Olympic record.

This summer, pretty Carin Cone expects to defend her four U. S. women's backstroke titles—100 and 200 yards; 100 and 200 meters. Then, on August 2, she will compete in the Olympic tryouts at Detroit, Mich. Her world is wrapped up in these summer months. "I haven't given a thought to anything after September," Carin said. "There's only one thing on my mind now—it's shiny and gold, and it's waiting at the Olympic site in Rome."



For relaxation, Carin takes part in Delta Gamma sorority projects, such as painting posters, *above*, or she goes out on after-class dates, *below*. She eats with friends in the school cafeteria, but must pass up fancy foods and stick to her training diet. It takes will power, but on the chow line, as elsewhere, Carin is driven by Olympic dedication.







THE UPS AND DOWNS OF SAD SAM

Life has been a struggle for Sad Sam

Jones, a big man who has overcome some big burdens.

*His strong pitching arm helped save him from
a drab coal-mining destiny. Then, after lingering for
years on the brink of baseball
fame, he hurdled the remaining barrier by proving
he could win the big games*

By DICK SCHAAP



Monongah, West Virginia, is a coal mining town, populated by some 1,500 people. Most of the men of the town work in the mines. One works in the major leagues. He is Sad Sam Jones, the premier pitcher of the National League in 1959, who parlayed a strong arm, a quiet courage and a calm ambition to escape the drudgery of the mines. Indirectly, though, Sam Jones and the mines are linked. The chain between the two is imaginary yet real, invisible yet solid. In all his 34 years, Sam Jones has never gone down into the pits, but he understands vividly how lucky he is.

Sam can think back to his 13th year and remember the day his father went off to work and there was an explosion and his father didn't come home. He can still see his father-in-law twisted into a wheel chair, sentenced by a cave-in

to paraplegic anguish and helplessness. Sam Jones knows the coal mines all right.

The miners of Monongah know Sam Jones, too. Everyone in Monongah knows Sam Jones, which isn't surprising. A major-league ballplayer is to a small town what the Statue of Liberty is to New York or the Golden Gate Bridge is to San Francisco. He is the local monument.

When I visited Monongah a while ago, I stopped at the first store to ask directions to Jones's house. The store, opposite Monongah High, was a candy store, complete with booths, pinball machine and a fountain that dispenses ice cream sodas and diluted 3.2 beer. Inside, a husky young man named Pat Madden was eager to help. "Sure, I know Sam," Madden said. "A good guy. He comes down to school and plays basketball with us. He's big, but he's awkward. He's probably the most awkward basketball player I've ever

seen. And I've seen quite a few."

Frank DeMoss, a handsome former Monongah High shortstop who played class D baseball in the Chicago Cubs' farm system last year, had been banging the pinball machine with expert precision. He stopped. "Sam's a real good fella," DeMoss said. "Friendly. Comes by the high school a lot and talks to the kids."

Madden and DeMoss supplied directions to Center Street, where Jones lives in a sturdy red brick house, strangely misplaced among row upon row of somber, gray-ing, weather-beaten frame houses. Jones's home faces out toward the West Fork, a dark river whose waters are reputed to be so impure that only catfish can survive them.

Charlie Beans, Sam's brother-in-law, opened the door. "Come on in," Beans said. "Sam's not home yet. He went up to Pittsburgh for a banquet last night. He called a little while ago. He should be back soon."



John Veasey

Sam grew up in the house at left, in the poverty-stricken West Virginia community known as The Bottom. Success as a major-league pitcher enabled him to build the plush new brick home, at right, where he now lives.

Beans led the way into the living room, where salmon-colored walls surround modern, comfortable furniture and a large, imposing television set. Vel White, Sam's cousin, a former Golden Gloves and professional boxer who occasionally fought on the same card with Sugar Ray Robinson, was sitting in the living room. Beans, too, had once been a fighter, and while we waited for Sam, we talked boxing, about Sugar Ray and his feuds, Ezzard Charles and his problems, Joe Louis and his powerful left hand. The conversation grew animated and, to illustrate points, Beans sometimes took a crouching stance and flicked lefts and rights at the defenseless salmon-colored walls.

Soon, a sleek, white 1960 Cadillac came to a stop outside the house and the driver jumped out. It was easy to identify him. Out of the corner of his mouth jutted a thin sliver of wood, the trademark of Sam "Toothpick" Jones. He walked up to the front door and, abruptly, stopped. Then he threw away his toothpick and came inside.

The immediate impression Sam Jones gives is one of size. He is six feet, four inches tall and his weight fluctuates between 200 pounds (during the baseball season) and 215 pounds (during the banquet season). When he said hello and settled into a big living room chair, the chair suddenly looked small. He leaned back and relaxed, an easy smile denying his nickname of Sad Sam. The toothpick was gone now, but a second trademark remained. Sitting in the house, he wore a San Francisco baseball cap, pushed back on his head, hiding the gradual thinning of his hair.

The second impression Sam Jones gives is an ironic one. Jones is a Negro, but his skin is white and his

hair, or what's left of it, has a reddish tint. But Sam never tried to hide the fact that he is a Negro, and so there are places he cannot go and things he cannot do.

When he thinks about prejudice, bitterness occasionally flavors Sam Jones's words. But since he neither antagonizes nor gets antagonized easily, the bitterness seldom lasts. By nature, away from the baseball field, Jones is a friendly and easy-going man.

"I've got to go next door and pick up my two boys," he said in his quiet, sometimes inaudible way. "I won't be long. You can look through my scrapbooks if you want till I get back."

When he was gone, I began leafing through the thick volumes of clippings which Mary, his wife, has carefully collected. "Sad Sam Pitches Two-Hitter," headlines announced. "Toothpick Jones Chosen for All-Star Game." Box score followed box score, tracing victories and defeats through the minor and major leagues. Some stories reported the magic of Jones's curve balls, the overhand curve that breaks one way, the sidearm curve that breaks another, the two or three or maybe four speeds at which he throws each curve. Others spoke with awe of his fast ball, a swift, live pitch that seems even swifter when it follows a tempting curve. There were columns of praise and columns of good wishes and only once in a while, in some tangential way, did the columns hint that there was more to Sam Jones than box scores, victories, defeats, curves and fast balls. Only rarely did anyone suggest that for Sam Jones, the game of baseball had been more than a game. But it has. It has been a personal struggle all the way.

During his first nine seasons

in organized baseball—from 1950 through 1958—Sam Jones acquired half a dozen curves, two distinct nicknames and, eventually, one bum rap. In a tight game, critics suggested, Jones's skills diminished. His fast ball lost its hop, his curves broke less sharply, and his control, never good, grew worse. "The trouble with Jones," a sportswriter once said, "is that he pitches just well enough to lose."

The implication was clear. Under pressure, Sam Jones cracked. No one ever said publicly that Jones choked up, but, quietly, a rumor filtered through the National League: "Sam Jones can't win the tough ones." Ballplayers repeated it on dugout benches, writers discussed it in hotel lobbies and more than one manager told his team, "Stay close to Jones and you'll beat him."

When the San Francisco Giants, shortly before the start of the 1959 season, traded Bill White, a promising young hitter, to the St. Louis Cardinals for Jones, they knew the rap against Sad Sam. But they also knew that they needed pitching desperately. So they gambled that the rap was wrong. White batted a solid .302 for the Cardinals, but the Giants won their gamble. Sam Jones was worth a pair of .300 hitters in 1959.

Last season, his tenth in organized baseball, Sam proved that the charge against him was unfounded. "Before we got Sam," says Bill Rigney, the San Francisco manager, "I'd heard rumors that he was tough to handle, that he had trouble winning big games. I was a little worried. But the rumors were all wrong. He was as willing to work as anybody I've ever seen. He was a great competitor. I don't know what we would have done without him."

Even with Jones, the 1959 Giants

failed to win the National League pennant. But blaming the third-place finish on Jones would be like blaming the South's failure to win the Civil War on Robert E. Lee. Like Lee, Jones did everything that was expected of him—and much that was unexpected. He won 21 games, pitched 271 innings, struck out 209 batters and compiled the best earned run average in the National League, 2.82. In the balloting for the Cy Young Award, presented annually to baseball's top pitcher, Jones, the only National Leaguer nominated, finished second, behind Early Wynn of the Chicago White Sox. In the National League's Most Valuable Player poll, Jones received more votes than any other pitcher and more than any other Giant, including the great Willie Mays.

But even statistics and votes, measured only in cold numbers, cannot adequately reflect Jones's value to the Giants. Sam Jones had more than victories last year. He had what the ballplayers call class.

Consider how he reacted to tension, the specter that supposedly haunted him. On the next-to-last day of the season, the Giants were scheduled to play a two-night doubleheader in St. Louis. One loss would have eliminated them from the pennant race. Rigney chose Jones to start the first game. After seven innings, a sudden downpour canceled further play. The score was San Francisco 4, St. Louis 0. Under extreme pressure, Sam Jones had shut out the Cardinals, and what's more, he had pitched a no-hitter.

By that time, San Franciscans were used to large heroics by Jones. All year long, they had been amazed by his feats. One day in August, for instance, Jones was pitching against the Milwaukee Braves, and in the fifth inning, with two out and nobody on base, Hank Aaron lofted a fly into shallow left field. Orlando Cepeda, a novice outfielder, third-baseman Jim Davenport and shortstop Eddie Bressoud all converged on the ball. Cepeda charged hard, Davenport and Bressoud collided and the ball dropped to the ground.

Aaron, who had already reached second, raced for third, and at the same time Jones rushed over to cover the base. Jones, Aaron and the throw from Davenport arrived simultaneously. Jones made the catch and the tag, then he tumbled into the dirt as Aaron crashed into him broadside. Still gripping the ball, Jones sat up, shedding blood, his right knee sliced by one of Aaron's spikes.

Frank Bowman, the Giant trainer, ran out to the field, carrying medical supplies for Jones. Rigney followed, carrying aspirin for himself. "Are you all right, Sam?" Bowman asked.

"Urgh," said Jones.

"What's that?" said Rigney.

"Urgh," Jones repeated. "Where's my toothpick?"

Bowman pried open Jones's

mouth, inserted a hand and pulled out a toothpick. The pick had lodged near the top of Jones's throat.

Sam reached for the toothpick. "What the hell," he said. "I'm okay. Let's play ball." Jones finished the game, and beat the Braves, 7-1.

Toothpick Jones beat more than one rap in 1959. "If Jones had ambition," Frank Lane once said, "he'd be great. He has all the natural equipment. But he also has a tendency to be lazy. He seems content to win three or four more than he loses each year."

Jones's laziness showed itself in a strange way last year. He started 35 games and relieved in 15 others. No other starting pitcher in the major leagues made so many appearances. Toward the end of the season, when the Giants were struggling to stay in championship contention, Jones issued standard instructions to Bill Posedel, the pitching coach. "Tell the manager I'm ready," Jones said each day. Usually, when the sixth inning came around, he picked up his glove, pocketed a fresh supply of toothpicks, ambled down to the bullpen and began loosening up.

"Any time I asked him to work," Rigney says, "Sam never said no. Out-of-turn and in-turn, he was always ready."

Jones was both ready and able. In 1959, he was a pitching master. "He was just like Dazzy Vance," said oldtimer Garry Schumacher. "Vance had the best fast ball in the league and the best curve. So did Sam. He had that old-fashioned downer. Sam's a late bloomer like Vance and Lefty Grove. Grove never had a winning season till he was 27. Vance didn't win 20 till he was 33. Jones is like those guys." If Mr. Schumacher sounds overly enthusiastic, his pride is pardonable. He is the publicity director of the Giants and, perhaps, slightly prejudiced when it comes to his team's top pitcher.

But Whit Wyatt, the astute pitching coach of the Milwaukee Braves, is an impartial witness and he goes along with Schumacher. "I think it's fair to compare Jones with Vance," Wyatt says. "I only saw Vance a few times, but from what I heard, he must have been a lot like Jones. I know Vance's curves were great. So are Jones's."

Jones, himself, feels that his fast ball is his best pitch. "I'd say his curves are better," Wyatt says. "He's got that sidearm one, a flat curve that breaks away from a right-handed hitter. And he's got that three-quarter overhand that breaks down and out. That's what we used to call an out-drop. He changes speeds on both of them. Then, when you're looking for the curve, he's got that good fast ball. He'll throw it by you."

"Jones had better control last year than he ever had before," Wyatt continues. "He was pitching to weaknesses more. That comes with experience. I'll say this. Jones had

the best stuff in the league last year. He didn't have the variety that Spahn had, but his stuff, his curves and fast ball, was the best around."

Jones's skill was appreciated in 1959. His teammates showed their appreciation with warm friendliness. His employers showed their appreciation with a sizable raise, boosting Sam's salary to the \$35,000 level. But no one appreciated Jones more than the San Francisco fans. Whenever Sad Sam strolled toward the mound at Seals Stadium, shuffling as though each step were to be his last, his legs seemingly rebelling against carrying his huge body, the spectators stirred. When he went into his herky-jerky wind-up, his arms swinging fiercely, his left leg kicking toward the batter, the crowd began to roar. And when he fired his sharp overhand curve, the pitch that sent enemy batters ducking away from the plate, and the umpire hollered, "Strike!" the roar reached a crescendo. San Franciscans, the beatniks and the socialites, placed Sam Jones on a hero's pedestal.

For Jones, it was a new sensation. Earlier, in Chicago and in St. Louis, he had never been a true hero. With the Cubs, his record, except for occasional flashes of brilliance, had been too poor to merit adulation. With the Cardinals, he could never approach the stature of Musial. But San Francisco was different. The fans, still adjusting to the reality of big-league baseball, were looking for heroes. They didn't want someone else's hero. So they skipped New York's idol, Willie Mays, and searched for new faces. In 1958, Orlando Cepeda was their favorite. Last year, Jones supplanted Cepeda. In an informal newspaper poll, Sad Sam was elected the Giants' most popular player.

The election was a fitting climax to a climactic season. In 1959, Sam Jones was talented, he was success-

CLEANERAMA DP



John Veasey

In the off-season, Sam works a laundry route. He set it up himself and found eager customers in the mining villages.

ful, and he was appreciated. He was, finally, a star.

What had caused the great transformation? Was the Jones who won 21 games for San Francisco in 1959 a radically different pitcher from the Jones who lost 20 games for Chicago in 1955? Had he suddenly discovered a secret weapon?

The major difference between Sam Jones, 1959, and Sam Jones, 1955, was that the new model won where the old one had lost. To the men who make a career of analyzing baseball talent, the surprise was not that Jones became a 20-game winner last year. The surprise was that he hadn't made it a few years sooner.

Before Jones ever reached the big leagues, he was marked as a potential star. After Sam's 1951 season with San Diego, Rogers Hornsby, then managing Seattle, insisted, "Jones is the best pitcher in the whole minor leagues."

By the time Jones was promoted to the Cleveland Indians in the spring of 1952, reports of his skill had traveled to New York, where they were decoded and translated into Stengelese. "This big fella you hear so much about is tough," Casey Stengel pronounced. "He'll win just as many games as Garcia, Lemon, Wynn or Feller."

For once, Hank Greenberg, then the general manager of the champion Indians, didn't argue with Stengel. "I'm not worried about our pitching," Greenberg said. "It's already the best in the league and now it should be even better. Jones

is the reason. He's a sure winner."

Jones failed. He developed a sore arm that pushed him back into the minor leagues until, slowly, the arm recovered. Then, in 1955, Jones, purchased by the Cubs from the Indian farm system, was expected to fulfill the promise he had shown four years earlier. "This isn't the Sam Jones we had," said Al Lopez, the Indian manager, after watching Jones pitch winter ball in Puerto Rico. "This Jones can throw hard. The Jones we had couldn't even lift his arm. This one could be a big winner."

He could have been, but he wasn't. For the Cubs in 1955, Jones won 14, a decent total, but his 20 losses topped the National League. The following season, he reduced his number of defeats to 14, but his victories dropped to nine.

After two years in the National League, Jones's record stood at 23 victories and 34 defeats. His composite earned-run mark was a lackluster 4.01. What was the matter? Had Hornsby, Stengel, Greenberg and Lopez all been wrong? The questions were doubly perplexing because, by all the theories of baseball, Sam Jones should have been a whopping success.

According to some batters who faced him in Chicago, Jones was a fast-ball pitcher who just happened to throw a great curve. According to others, he was a curve-ball pitcher who just happened to throw a great fast ball. Splice these two views together and you arrive at one conclusion: Sam Jones had a helluva fast

ball and a helluva curve.

Theoretically, a good fast ball and a good curve, existing simultaneously in the arm of a single pitcher, usually guarantee the owner a successful major-league career. Add size and stamina—and you should have a star. Sam Jones was big and he was strong. But he still wasn't a star.

Why did Sam Jones blow hot and cold? In large measure, it was his erratic control. He led the NL in strikeouts during his first two seasons, but in 1955, his rookie year, he set a league record by walking 185 men and the next season, he issued 115 bases on balls, again leading the league. Through 1955 and 1956, Sam averaged six walks per nine innings. Inevitably, Jones's wildness generated more problems than his skills could solve.

Whatever Sam contributed toward his own downfall with lack of control, his teammates accentuated with lack of support. In both 1955 and 1956, Chicago finished near the bottom of the National League in team batting averages. The Cubs couldn't hit, and neither could they field. Weak defense, weak offense and weak aim spun a tight little web around Sam Jones. "He never realized his potential with us," said Stan Hack, who managed Chicago, "for two reasons. He was wild, and he never had many runs to work with."

In 1957, Frank Lane, dealing for the Cardinals, swapped Tom Poholsky to Chicago for Jones. For the first time, Sam learned the advantages of strong support. The Cardinals finished second, led the league in hitting and tied for third in fielding. Jones's record improved to 12-9, his ERA to 3.59. It was an acceptable season for Sam—not an outstanding one.

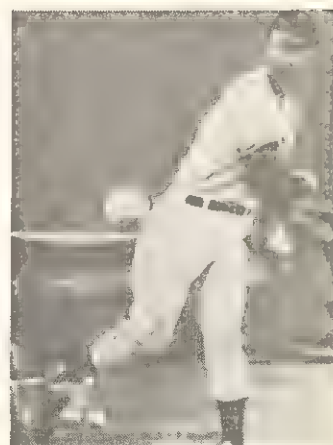
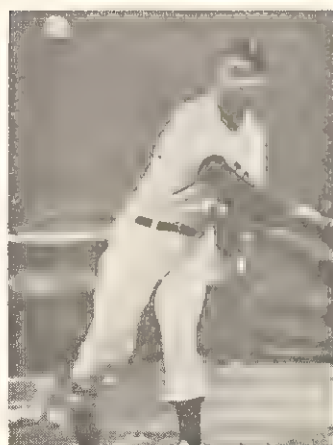
The following year could have been the big one, but unfortunately for Jones, the Cardinals tumbled out of the first division. They finished sixth in team hitting and last in fielding. Jones struck out 225 batters, a personal high, and reduced his ERA to 2.88, but his club wound up only three games above last place, and his over-all record was 14-13.

In two years with the Cardinals, Jones had shown marked improvement. He had sharpened his control—his bases-on-balls rate was less than four per nine innings—and, for one season, at least, he had received sturdy support from his teammates. Yet he still hadn't become a steady winner. The mystery of Sam Jones, pitcher, remained unsolved.

Jones's supporters offered one explanation for his problems. They insisted that he was the unluckiest



Jones's wife (with their sons Mike and Sam, here) reads the sports pages daily and keeps a scrapbook for her husband.



Sam throws hard from this easy motion. At first, all he had was an overpowering fast ball, which he couldn't control consistently. But he worked hard, developed a variety of curves, and learned how to throw the ball over the plate.

pitcher in all baseball. Next to Jones, they argued, Job, himself, had been showered with good luck.

The theory had some merit. Sam did seem to have a personal jinx. Once, pitching for the Cardinals against Philadelphia, he allowed only three hits—and lost, 1-0. The Phils scored the decisive run in the bottom of the eighth inning when the pitcher, Robin Roberts, doubled to left-centerfield, scoring Chuck Essegian from first base. Offhand, this sounds more like carelessness than bad luck on Jones's part. But luck was the major factor. "Roberts was supposed to bunt on that play," says Bill Posedel, who was a Philadelphia coach then. "He missed the bunt sign."

Actually, Jones's luck hadn't always been bad. Anyone needs a few breaks to make the major leagues. Jones received many breaks.

If anyone had suggested to Sam Jones in 1945, when he was 19, that he would some day be playing big-league baseball, Sam would have had him hustled off to a mental institution. In 1945, two enormous obstacles stood between Sam Jones and the major leagues:

1. To be a big-leaguer, you have to be an exceptionally talented baseball player. (Sam Jones had played almost no baseball in six years.)

2. To be a big-leaguer, in those days, you had to be white. Sam Jones, though his skin was light and his hair red, was a Negro.

In 1945, Jones was in the Army, a member of a Negro outfit stationed in Orlando, Fla. While there, he began playing baseball for his company team, primarily because there was little else he could do in Orlando. He could shoot craps, draw for inside poker straights, sleep, eat, drink beer—and not much more. So Jones, to fill his spare hours, joined the baseball team. This wasn't the post team; that club was limited to white players. This was simply a company team, good enough, however, to beat the post team. On his company team, Jones

caught and played first base most of the time. Once in a while, because he was big and strong, he pitched. His only pitch was an erratic fast ball.

Jones's skill developed gradually and by 1946 he was playing with the Orlando All-Stars, a town team entered in the Florida State Negro League. With the All-Stars, he continued shifting around, playing first base, catching and pitching. Then in 1947 the Cleveland Buckeyes of the Negro American League played a game against the All-Stars. Quincy Troupe, player-manager of the Buckeyes, liked the way Jones handled himself.

After the game, Troupe called Jones aside. "How'd you like to play for my team?" Troupe said.

"I don't know," Jones said. "I got a pretty good life in the Army. I don't work too hard. Don't have to worry about my meals."

Troupe began a sales pitch. He offered Jones \$550 a month, more than five times his military salary. He pointed out the opportunities for travel, the excitement, the variety. His argument sounded convincing and Sam was interested.

"Seems pretty good," Sam said. "There's just one problem. I've got more than four years in the Army and I've about decided to re-up for 15 more. Got my application in now."

"Let's see what we can do about that," Troupe said.

Troupe went to Jones's company commander, a lieutenant named Wilson, and explained the proposition. Luckily for Quincy Troupe, Sam Jones and Bill Rigney, Lieutenant Wilson was a sports fan. He didn't like the idea of losing his company's star, but he did like the idea of one of his boys making good in baseball. The lieutenant withdrew Sam's re-enlistment application and helped arrange his discharge. In July, 1947, Sam Jones joined the Cleveland Buckeyes.

With the Buckeyes, Jones concentrated on pitching. "Quincy was the catcher," Sam says now, "and

there wasn't no sense trying to beat out the manager."

Troupe and Lieutenant Wilson had helped Jones overcome obstacle No. 1. A year earlier, Branch Rickey and Jackie Robinson had eliminated obstacle No. 2 by shattering baseball's color line. So before Jones ever reached the majors, he had cashed in on some mighty good luck. The odds against his attracting attention as an obscure Army pitcher in Florida had been as great as the odds against Rickey slaying Jim Crow.

Suppose, now, there had been no Quincy Troupe and no Branch Rickey. Would anybody have heard of Sam Jones? Probably not. Where would he have wound up? In the Army and then back in the coal-black hills of West Virginia, living in a small wooden house, with no Cadillac in the driveway, no lavishly soft chairs to sit in, and no scrapbooks full of clippings.

When Jones returned to the living room of his Monongah house, he was trailed by Sam Jr., eight, and Mike, six. Little Sam and Mike began wrestling on the floor, and Jones sat down on a long, low couch. "Hope I didn't keep you waiting too long," he said.

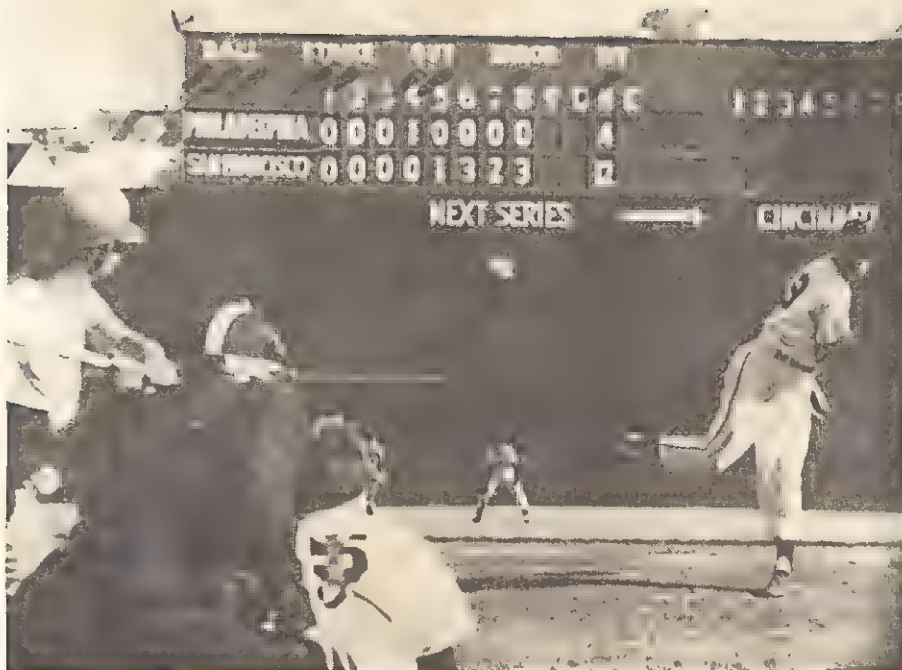
There was a knock at the door and Frank Vandetta, a deaf-mute who works as a janitor in a nearby factory, came in. He visits with Jones often and he has memorized all of Sam's pitching statistics. "Sit down," Jones said, pointing to a place next to him on the couch. "This is Frank. When I want to loosen up my arm, he catches for me."

"Do you throw hard to him?" I asked.

"Fast ball, curves, everything," Jones said. "Frank doesn't drop anything. Frank's a real good catcher."

Vandetta, reading lips, beamed happily.

We sat and talked about baseball in general, and about the reputation Jones has earned as a fellow who scares the batters. Even before



The Giants rarely give Jones as big a lead as the 9-1 on the scoreboard here. He pitches, and wins, the tight games.

he became a winner, the hitters hated to face him. His combination of speed and wildness made them uneasy. He shrugged off his bean-ball feuds with Ruben Gomez and Hank Aaron. "I never said I'd throw at Aaron like everybody seems to think," Jones insisted. "That was just a lot of stuff. After a game, I'm not mad at anybody. During the game, you've got to concentrate."

Vandetta smiled, agreeing. "Let's go down in the cellar," Jones suggested. "It's comfortable and quiet there." He led the way down the stairs.

Of all the seven tastefully-decorated rooms in Jones's house, the most impressive is the cellar. This is Sam's private palace. The handsome bar that takes up one end of the room would be appropriate in the swankiest cocktail lounge. A television set snuggles into a far corner. Leather-upholstered couches and chairs line the perimeter of the cellar. Photographs cover the walls. There is one of Jones with Sugar Ray Robinson, sitting in a Florida restaurant; one of Jones in Puerto Rico with Luis Olmo, who once led the National League in triples; and dozens of Jones with the Giants, Cardinals, Cubs and Indians. There is one of Jones on a barnstorming tour with Jackie Robinson. "They couldn't have picked a better guy to start it all," Jones said. "Nobody else could have done it. Robinson's quite a guy."

Smart shelves, set back into the walls, hold countless trophies and awards. One is for beating out Willie Mays and Orlando Cepeda as the Most Valuable Giant of 1959. Another, called The Dizzy Dean Trophy, is fully three feet high. Inscribed on it is the date September 4, 1958, the day that Jones achieved his 200th strikeout of the season and

broke the all-time St. Louis record set by Dean a quarter of a century earlier.

The most startling trophy stands two and a half feet high, and its huge, bold engraving insists: **TO HELL WITH THE RECORD.** The Low Bidders Club of California presented this memento to Jones for a game he pitched against the Los Angeles Dodgers on June 30, 1959. Going into the eighth inning, Sam had a no-hitter. With two out, Jim Gilliam chopped a ground ball that bounced high over Jones's left shoulder. Andre Rodgers, at short-stop, moved in, reached down with his glove—and bobbled the ball. Charlie Park, a Los Angeles sportswriter and the official scorer that day, promptly signaled "HIT." No other Dodger hit safely. "Even if Rodgers had fielded the ball cleanly," Park claimed afterward, "Gilliam would have beat it out. It was a hit."

The Giants, their writers and their fans violently disagreed. Even Rodgers thought it was an error. Jones, of course, was positive it was an error. After the game, Jones and Park appeared together on a television show. "I'm sorry, Sam," Park said, "but it was an honest call."

"A bad call," Jones said.

The following day, the San Francisco Chronicle ran an editorial implying that Charlie Park was a member of a worldwide syndicate conspiring to rob Sam Jones and San Francisco of the glory both had earned.

I looked at the trophy claiming **TO HELL WITH THE RECORD** and I looked at Jones. "Tough break," I said.

"Lousy call," Jones said.

No one, however, can take away the no-hitter Sam Jones pitched in

1955, when he was a National League rookie.

On May 12, 1955, before only 2,918 spectators at Wrigley Field, Jones allowed the Pirates no hits for eight innings. When he shuffled out to the mound in the top of the ninth, he had a 4-0 lead. He walked the first three ninth-inning batters—Gene Freese, Preston Ward and Tom Saffell. The tying run was up at the plate.

Stan Hack, the Chicago manager, came slowly to the mound. He hesitated, not certain what to do. He glanced at Jones and then he glanced toward the bullpen. "Dammit," said Clyde McCullough, the Cub catcher, "leave him in. He's got a no-hitter going. Let him win the damn thing or lose it himself. Don't take him out now."

The manager nodded and gave in. "One more walk," Hack told himself as he went back to the bench. "and no-hitter or not, he's coming out."

"Do you remember each pitch after that?" I asked Jones, as we sat in his cellar.

"Sure," Jones said. "You don't forget things like that."

Fourth batter—Dick Groat. "I threw him three fast balls—all strikes," Jones said. One out.

Fifth batter—Roberto Clemente. "I threw him two curves and a fast ball—all strikes." Two out.

Sixth batter—Frank Thomas. "I threw him a curve. He swung and missed. I wasted a fast ball. I threw him another curve, high, outside. He swung and missed. Then another curve. He took it—and it broke over the plate." Three out—and the game was over.

Jones smiled as he recalled the no-hitter. "That was a good one," he said, "but I walked seven. The best game I ever pitched was the one against the Dodgers last year. The one that should have been a no-hitter."

"A no-hitter in the major leagues must have seemed a long way off," I said, "when you were with the Cleveland Buckeyes."

Jones pulled out a toothpick and stuck it in his mouth. "I didn't even know how to pitch then," Sad Sam said.

Sam Jones began learning how to pitch in 1947, at the age of 21, when he was a rookie in the Negro American League. "I pitched a game in Kansas City against Satchel Paige," he said. "He was with the Monarchs then. I beat him, 1-0, and I didn't throw anything but fast balls. I didn't need anything else then."

When the game was over, Paige went up to Jones. "You'll be a good pitcher, boy," Satch said, "but you got to know how to make a ball move around. You ain't going no-

where with just you and a fast ball."

"Satch taught me the curve," Jones explained. "Every time we played against each other, he taught me something. I copied his throwing motion to first base, too. Underhand and easy."

Jones spent 1947 and 1948 with the Buckeyes, but the second year the club ran into financial troubles and Sam seldom received the \$550-a-month he had been promised. "More like \$50 to \$75," he said, "and promises for the rest." Once, in 1948, the Cleveland Indians sent a scout to watch Jones pitch. The scout filed his report a few days later. "Won't do," he said, tersely. "Not fast enough."

In 1949, Jones accepted an \$800-a-month offer from the Rochester (Minn.) Orioles, a skilled semi-pro outfit, and fashioned a 24-3 record, including two no-hitters and 18 consecutive victories. Meanwhile, Wilbur Hayes, the business manager of the Buckeyes, kept trying to convince Hank Greenberg that Jones deserved a big-league tryout. "But our scout says he hasn't got a fast ball," the Indian general manager argued.

"That's his best pitch," Hayes insisted.

Finally, in November, 1949, Greenberg brought Jones to Cleveland for a trial. "I saw this big fellow pitch," Greenberg said later, "and it was hard for me to believe what I saw. Here was a fellow, 23 years old, who had never played organized ball and he could do things with a baseball that many of our veterans couldn't do. He had an overhand curve and a sidearm curve. And speed! What speed! How our scout was able to make such a completely incorrect report I'll never understand."

Greenberg quickly signed Jones to a contract with Wilkes-Barre, the Cleveland farm team in the Eastern League. "I got a big bonus," Sam said. "Real big. Free breakfast. Bacon and eggs and a cup of coffee. That was it."

At Wilkes-Barre, Jones picked up the nickname of Sad Sam, partly because he looked somber on the mound and partly because an earlier Sam Jones, who pitched for the Yankees, had been called Sad Sam. He also picked up 17 victories, lost only eight and led the league in strikeouts. "Didn't throw nothing but fast balls there," Jones recalled. "Didn't need nothing else."

The next year, at San Diego in the Pacific Coast League, Jones needed his curves—and he used them. He won 16, lost 13, led the PCL in strikeouts and in bases on balls. "I learned something important at San Diego," Sam explained.

"I was giving away my curve ball. Every time I threw a curve, my thumb was sticking up in the air. I fixed that right away. Got my thumb down."

Toward the end of the 1951 season, Jones was promoted to the Indians. "Up there," Sam said, "Mel Harder helped me a lot. He taught me more about pitching than anybody else. Bob Feller worked with me, too. That was when he was throwing mostly curves. So he worked on my curve and my control. He was real friendly and he showed me a lot."

Jones's brief trial with Cleveland—he gave up only four hits in nine innings—convinced manager Al Lopez that Sam would be helpful in 1952. He probably would have been—until an accident in Puerto Rico interfered. "It was late in January, 1952," Jones remembered. "It was the ninth inning and I had a one-hitter going. I was pitching to a boy named Johnny Davis and I was trying to strike him out. All of a sudden I felt a pain in my arm and I knew something bad had happened."

Doctors confirmed Jones's thought. It was something bad. It was bursitis. For the next three months, Jones could not fully lift his right arm. Most of the time, he kept it in a sling. "During the day," he said, "I'd put heating pads on it. Night after night, I slept with hot towels wrapped around it. My wife, Mary, used to rub my sore arm for me every day."

Once, Mary suggested that Sam quit baseball, but he wouldn't. "I didn't want to quit," he said. "I wanted to see if the arm would come back."

The arm came back, but not quickly. In 1952, shuffled between Cleveland and Indianapolis, Jones

pitched only 71 innings and won only six games. In 1953, at Indianapolis, he was 10-12. Then, suddenly, he regained his skills. He had a 15-8 record for Indianapolis in 1954 and, the next year, he went back to the majors, up to the Chicago Cubs. Finally, the arm was strong and Sad Sam Jones was sound again.

"Let's go upstairs," he suggested. "Let's see if Mary's got dinner ready. You eat with us, too, Frank. Okay?" Vandetta nodded.

We sat around a long, oval table in the dining room, and Mary served steak, potatoes and salad, an appropriate ballplayer's dinner. The house, the food, the Cadillac in the driveway, all gave Sam Jones's home an atmosphere of security, rare in a coal-mining town. "It's a good feeling," Jones said, as he speared a thick slice of steak. "I never thought of money or a house or nothing. I never expected any of it. I never even thought about playing in the major leagues until I got to Triple-A ball in San Diego."

He paused, reflectively. "Playing at Wilkes-Barre," he said, "was just like playing Negro ball. Travel by bus. Two hundred and fifty dollars a month. Three dollars a day dinner money. Nothing big league about that."

Mary Jones, attractive, personable and more outgoing than her quiet husband, laughed lightly in agreement. "It never occurred to me that Sam might make the major leagues," she said. "When we got married in February, 1950, just after Sam signed with Cleveland, people came up to me and said, 'Sam doesn't even have a steady job. How's he going to take care of you?' Nobody thought baseball was a regular job. I didn't either."

Jones smiled. "Baseball's been all



Before a big game in Philadelphia last summer, Sam relaxed by making friends with these visiting Russian track stars.

right to me," he said. "You know, each year Mary and I sit down and try and figure out what I should get for the coming season. Every year, when the contract comes in the mail, it's for more than we figured out. I don't complain. I just sign it."

After dinner, we climbed into the Cadillac and went for a drive. Along the way, on the winding roads, Jones talked about the Giants. "We got a better club," he said. "That fellow Blasingame helps us out at second base and we'll have McCovey all year. Man, he's got a beautiful swing, real level, like Ted Williams. And O'Dell and Loes'll make it easier for us pitchers. Loes'll be good in the late innings. Then, maybe, I won't have to relieve so much."

"Did you mind relieving last year?"

"I'd rather just start," Sam said, "but I had to relieve last year. The club needed it. We wanted to win. That was the only thing that mattered. We all wanted to win."

The conversation recalled a game that Sam had pitched in the final week of the 1959 season. The Giants had lost three straight games and their hold on first place. They were in Chicago, beating the Cubs, 4-3, when Sam entered the game in the bottom of the eighth inning, trying to protect a victory for young Mike McCormick.

Jones got through the eighth without much difficulty, but in the ninth Al Dark led off with a double, placing the tying run in scoring position. Sam chewed hard on his toothpick, and the next two batters lofted harmless outfield flies. Only one out to go. The first pitch to George Altman was a strike. Then, on the next delivery, Jones's aim

slipped just a fraction and the ball headed for the heart of the plate. Altman swung and connected and the ball sailed high and deep into the right-centerfield bleachers. Chicago won, 5-4.

One by one, the Giants filed into their dressing room, until everyone was there, stripping off sweaty uniforms, except Sam Jones. He was still in the dugout, slouched on a corner of the bench, his head down, his eyes red with tears. For ten minutes he sat there, alone, tasting the acid of defeat. Finally, someone got him to go into the locker room. The tears swelled again. "I let them all down," Sam said. "I let them all down." Three days later, he pitched his no-hitter against his former teammates, the Cardinals.

While he talked and drove, he munched on a toothpick—and he snorted. "Do that all the time," he explained. "Got a crooked nostril, the doctors told me. Can't do anything about it."

We reached Fairmont, four miles from Monongah, and stopped in a roadside tavern for a beer. Sam had one, introduced a few of his friends and prepared to leave. "I'm going to go on home now," he said. "These fellows'll take care of you. They'll give you a ride back to your room at the motel."

When Sam had gone, one of the men at the bar turned. "You know why Sam left?" he said. "He feels uncomfortable. There are lots of places in Fairmont where Negroes aren't welcome."

The man who was talking was white. "They'll let Sam in most places," he said, "because he's a big name and, besides, he looks white. But he doesn't feel right about it. I don't blame him at all. It doesn't seem fair."

He ordered a fresh beer. "It's different over in Monongah," he continued. "Over there nobody cares what color you are. Whites and colored live next door to each other and nobody's got much money. There's no segregation there. Here in Fairmont, it's something else. The schools are integrated, but not much else."

But, in Monongah, there is nothing for Sam Jones to do. There are no restaurants, no taverns, no hotels. If he wants to open a business, he cannot do it because there is simply no market in Monongah, where only 1,500 people live, many on the rim of poverty.

In Fairmont, only a few miles away, there are enough people, some 30,000, to support a bowling alley or a bar or a sporting goods store. But, in Fairmont, no one will sell suitable business property to a Negro.

Why, then, does Sam Jones remain in West Virginia? Why doesn't he move to San Francisco where his name and reputation could earn him both money and respect?

Sam Jones doesn't move because, at home in Monongah, with his wife and his family and his friends, he feels comfortable. There are familiar sights—the muddy surface of the West Fork, the honest grime on the faces of the miners, the brightness of an autumn mountain, the friends at the Negro American Legion and the Negro Veterans of Foreign Wars lodges in Fairmont. To Sam Jones, this is home, and so he stays.

Early the following morning, I talked with Tony Sauro, a short, friendly man who came to West Virginia from Italy some 40 years ago and now owns three prospering laundry and dry cleaning establishments in Fairmont. During the off-season, Sam Jones works for Tony Sauro. Jones drives a laundry truck, but his route is not exactly an ordinary one.

"This is a special thing Sam does for me," Sauro said. "When he comes home after the baseball season, I give him the truck and he goes out and finds his own customers."

Jones drives through the small mining settlements, towns with names like Barrackville and Grant Town, stopping at each door, asking each family if they have any laundry or dry cleaning they would like done. When he began his route four years ago, some of the miners recognized Jones as a major-league baseball player. Now almost everyone knows him and, when Sam arrives each October, the miners give him the jackets and the pants and the sweaters that have not been cleaned since Sam left for the Giants' spring training camp the pre-



Sam was really sad in '59 when Charlie Park, as official scorer, wearing glasses here, took a no-hitter from him.

They all love Sad Sam in San Francisco. Here Mayor George Christopher shakes hands with the toothpick-chewing hero.

vious February. Everyone is patient. "It works out all right for me," Sauro said, "and Sam seems to like it. He doesn't have any regular hours. He doesn't have to work when he doesn't feel like it. He's in and out of the truck, walking up to each house. Sometimes he just parks and walks around in the hills. It helps keep him in shape, moving around like that. And he really helps my business."

Sauro sipped at a cup of coffee. "I'll tell you one thing about Sam," he said. "He's got a fantastic memory. He picks up a bundle of laundry and he just marks it 'Joe—Barrackville' and he remembers who everybody is and where they live. He never makes a mistake. He's quite a guy."

Frank Lane, for one, knows how sharp Jones's memory can be. When Lane had Jones in St. Louis, he promised Sam a gold toothpick with a diamond in it if he won 20 games. This past winter, at the Dapper Dan banquet in Pittsburgh, both Lane and Jones were among the guests. The first thing Jones said to Lane was, "Okay, I won 20. Where's my gold toothpick?"

After breakfast, we went to Sauro's main store to see the dryers and the washing machines, the shirt presses and the dry cleaning equipment. "There's one guy you ought to see," Sauro suggested. "Steve Smiljanic. He used to manage the local baseball team. He works out at the Grant Town mine. We'll drive there. It's out in the sticks, but it's not far."

Sauro smiled. "No trouble getting to the sticks," he said. "Five minutes in any direction and you're there."

It took more than five minutes, along twisting roads and across gentle hills, until, after a few wrong turns, we reached the Eastern Gas and Fuel Company's coal mine in Grant Town. We parked in a lot laced with muddy ruts and walked into a large building called the bath house.

Steve Smiljanic emerged from his office. "When we see shoes coming out of the pant legs," he said, "then we start to worry."

Smiljanic, a general foreman for the Eastern Company, is fortunate. He works above the ground; most of his men stay down below. He led the way into his small office, sat down and put his feet up on his desk. "So you want to know about Sam Jones," he said. "Well, I've known him since he was a boy, growing up right here in Grant Town. He was a good boy. Didn't have nothing, but he wasn't no trouble. Most of his family worked in the mines."

Smiljanic leaned forward. "Sam



never played baseball around here when he was a boy," he went on. "Didn't play at all till he went away to the Army. Then one day he came home from the Army and came to see me. I was managing the Fairmont Pirates then.

"We had a game scheduled that day against a colored team from Alabama, the Royals, I think they were called. Our team was all white, but we played lots of touring colored teams. Sam told me that he'd been pitching in the Army and he wanted to pitch for me against the Royals.

"Well, I'd never seen him pitch. I never even saw him throw a baseball. So I told him, 'I can't let you pitch, Sam. This is an important game. We can't take no chances with you.'

"We had a good semi-pro club, see. Lots of guys played Double-A, Triple-A ball. A real good team and we didn't like losing.

"Sam said to me, 'You won't let me pitch for you, I'll pitch for the other team.'

"I said, 'Go ahead. Maybe they'll use you.'

"Well, I tell you, he pitched against us and we never saw the ball. He was faster than anybody I ever saw. He beat us good and we were real impressed."

Smiljanic laughed. "I was really floored," he said. "If I knew Sam was that good, I woulda took care of him. It was a miracle the way he became a big-league pitcher after starting so late."

The foreman shook his head. "You want to see where Sam grew up," he said, "just go down the road a piece to a place called The Bottom. Ask anybody around there.

They'll tell you which house was Sam's."

The Bottom is aptly named. Sunk in a valley between two low hills, close by a set of railroad tracks, The Bottom consists of a row of small wooden houses, little better than shacks, jammed together facing a narrow strip of mud that passes for a street. This is, literally, The Bottom of Grant Town. This is where Sam Jones lived with his mother from the age of 13 to the age of 17. This is where Sam Jones watched the men coming home from the mines. This is where Sam Jones saw misery and poverty and sickness.

Geographically, The Bottom is only ten miles from the house where Sam Jones lives today. Socially, it is thousands of miles away.

If you want to know what major-league baseball can do for a man, you need only compare The Bottom with Sam Jones's house in Monongah—its sparkling modernity, its abundant luxuries, its atmosphere of promise.

Sam Jones is gone from Grant Town now. He has cleared one obstacle after another. He stands at The Top today, caught up in the enjoyable whirl of fame and fortune, but he can still look down and see The Bottom and the depths from which he rose. Then, armed with these memories, Sam Jones pitches, harder and harder, the fast balls blurring, the curves crackling until, with time, the coal-blackness of the past brightens into the golden sunshine of today.





The Finest Fighting Fish In The World

*Looking for thrills and excitement? Then
follow the sportsmen and battle with the tarpon, the
swirling, unpredictable king of the water*

By Erwin Bauer

I'LL NEVER FORGET that night when a large cottony cloud covered the moon just as Captain Dick Rode dropped anchor in the Florida Keys. It was an extremely uneasy moment, for we were drifting rapidly on the wild, incoming tide past the giant, concrete abutments of Bahia Honda Bridge. We could hardly see the bridge in the darkness, and we began to sweat when the anchor caught, pulled free briefly and then caught again. The boat stopped, and Dick lashed the anchor line to the stern. The moon emerged from behind the cloud and suddenly it was bright again.

Dick baited two lines with live mullet and cast them to drift with the tide, while Fred Bear, Wally Taber and I sat down to wait. We didn't have to wait long.

At first there was just an unnatural rolling on the surface as large fish in scattered schools moved "upstream" against the tide. Soon the rolls came closer and were more frequent, as needlefish and mullet skittered on the surface to escape the slashing attack of bigger fish.

Suddenly we were in the middle of hundreds of big tarpon—all hundred pounders—savagely rolling and feeding all around our boat. Even on such a humid night deep in the Florida Keys, it was a sight to send chills up an angler's spine.

Sitting beside me was Wally Taber who has made 15 safaris to Africa and has tangled with everything from Nile perch to stampeding buffalo. Even so, he was still surprised. "I've never seen anything just like it," he said, looking out at the fighting fish.

"Neither have I," Fred said—and Fred is one of the few men in modern times to have bagged a grizzly bear with a bow and arrow.

The tarpon rolled so close to the boat that we could see their silvery sides clearly in the moonlight. One rolled near enough to rock the boat, and then suddenly the big battle began. Fred's reel screamed, his rod thumped down hard against the gunwale, and hardly 30 feet away a tarpon lurched out of the water, shaking like an angry animal. Fred struck back hard and struggled to hold on as his line vanished from his reel.

Fighting any fish at night is no pastime for sportsmen with weak hearts, but tying into a big tarpon under those conditions is sheer insanity. Before Captain Rode could raise the anchor and set the boat free to drift and follow the swirling fish, it broke water three more times and was almost 200 yards away from the boat. Fred barely managed to turn the tarpon our way when a cloud covered the moon again. The

fish jumped violently somewhere out in the darkness, and suddenly the contest was over just as quickly as it had begun. Tired and disappointed, Fred reeled in his parted line. He had lost Round One in customary fashion in his battle with the world's finest fighting fish—the tarpon.

By daybreak, we were anchored again under the Bahia Honda Bridge, a high level structure that carries traffic on busy U.S. 1 to Key West. On a flood tide, the channel just beneath the bridge is one of the hottest tarpon alleys in America. Now that it was no longer night, we could see that fish were still rolling and attacking all around us. Five minutes after his mullet bait was overboard, Fred's rod again was almost torn from his hands, and a bigger tarpon than the first one uncoiled from the water, fell back hard and then set out for Cuba.

No fisherman ever really has a tarpon under control, but with daylight in his favor and one bitter experience behind him, Fred turned this one before it ran too far. He leaned into his rod and tightened the drag on his reel for all the 30-pound line would stand. The big fish ran, jumped and circled, and Fred gained a little line, only to lose it back immediately. He pumped and sweated and discovered some muscles that he never knew he had. Gradually he gained as the tarpon weakened, and Fred slowly maneuvered the fish near the boat. The captain stood by with a gaff, ready to go to work. Unfortunately, the fish had other plans.

Playing possum, the tarpon lurched half out of the water, wallowed on the top and drenched all of us. Then it plunged straight down, quickly tearing off 30 or 40 yards of line before Fred could recover. The tarpon had battled back, but the struggle was over. Five minutes later, the big fish—a 115-pounder—was in the boat. Today, it hangs in Fred's trophy room in Grayling, Mich., between a record caribou and a fine moose head.

I've caught most of the important game fish in North America, both in fresh water and salt, but I agree with many sportsmen that the tarpon is the finest fighting fish of all. Most anglers who have ever battled tarpon agree.

The fish has all the qualifications; it's strong, fast as a flash of lightning, and with a single exception, it's the most exciting jumper in the world. That exception is a first cousin, the ladyfish, or ten-pounder, which doesn't grow very big. In addition, the tarpon is a jolting, battering, no-holds-barred fighter which can go into a series of startling leaps from any depth, from a standstill or from a sizzling run. This is a sudden, unpredictable fish with extraordinary endurance.

Both in appearance and in habits, the tarpon is a primitive species, a giant member of the herring family. It's long, lean, and plated with plastic-tough, silvery scales that measure as much as several inches in diameter. The eyes are large, cold and over-sized, the jaw is protruding and underslung, and the mouth is big. The (→ TO PAGE 87)



Sportsmen know that tarpon fishing is a hazardous and exacting struggle. In the close quarters of the Everglades, at right, the high-jumping tarpon is a menace to life and limb. Even so, the persistent angler, above, landed a big one for his well-stocked trophy room.

THE SPORT QUIZ

For Answers Turn to Page 93

Bob Elson, the dean of active major-league baseball announcers (28 years at it), covers the White Sox over WCFL in Chicago

1 Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox holds the American League record for hitting the most grand-slam home runs in a lifetime. Who holds the record in the National League?

2 With what sports are the following teams associated?

- a. midfielder
- b. puddle
- c. trudgen

3 The American women's doubles champions in 1959 were:

- a. Jeanne Arth-Darlene Hard
- b. Althea Gibson-Karol Fageros
- c. Maria Bueno-Sally Moore

4 Tiger manager Jimmie Dykes has been in organized baseball since 1917, as a player and a pilot. Name the four major-league clubs that he managed before he took over at Detroit.



Joe Croghan, popular sportscaster for WBAL in Maryland, is behind the mike for the Baltimore Colts and the Orioles

5 The 1960 Masters Golf Tournament, as usual, was played at the Augusta National Golf Course. Participation in the Masters is by invitation only. True or false?

6 What do Hoyt Wilhelm, Ernest Koy and Dan Bankhead have in common?

- a. played with Brooklyn Dodgers
- b. homered first time up in majors
- c. pitched in both major leagues

7 Can you name the states in which these race tracks are located?

- a. Rockingham
- b. Narragansett
- c. Bowie

8 Scores in the National Basketball Association keep going higher. The Boston Celtics hold the team high for points in a regular-season game. How many points did they score?

Les Keiter, sports director for New York's independent WINS, is the radio voice of the football Giants, basketball Knicks

9 Bill Tilden dominated the amateur tennis world during the 1920s with his famed cannonball serve. Do you know how many U. S. singles championships he won in that decade?

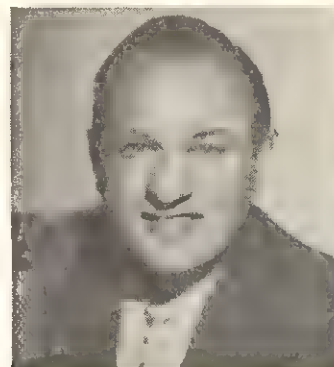
10 Match these New York Yankee farm teams with their league classifications.

- | | |
|-------------|----|
| a. Amarillo | D |
| b. Modesto | AA |
| c. Auburn | C |

11 What are the real first names of the following ballplayers?

- a. Pumpsie Green
- b. Whitey Ford
- c. Duke Maas

12 Many track enthusiasts say that the marathon is the true test of a runner's courage and endurance. Who holds the Olympic record for this grueling race of 26 miles, 385 yards?



Tommy Harmon, the old Michigan football hero, directs sports in Los Angeles on KNX radio, does specials for the CBS network

13 Warren Spahn, star lefthander for the Milwaukee Braves, started this season with 47 shutouts, but he is far from the career record. Name the National League shutout king.

14 Whom did each of these men knock out to win the heavyweight crown?

- a. Primo Carnera
- b. Jack Dempsey
- c. Joe Louis

15 What colleges did these pro athletes attend?

- a. Bill Russell
- b. Hugh McElhenney
- c. Les Richter

16 Athens, Greece, was the site of the first modern Olympic Games, in 1896. Since then, St. Louis and Los Angeles have been the only U.S. cities to host the summer games. True or false?

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 - ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
 - ☐ Industrial Metallurgy
 - ☐ Industrial Safety
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 - ☐ Mechanical Engineering
 - ☐ Professional Engineer (Mech)
 - ☐ Quality Control
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 - ☐ Refrigeration and Air Conditioning
 - ☐ Tool Design
 - ☐ Tool Making
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- ☐ Industrial Electronics
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BILLY CANNON AND THE PRO FOOTBALL WAR

(Continued from page 27)

These are the contentions of the All-America defendant in the case. Later, Rozelle was questioned.

"I suppose you would say I am in a rather awkward position, first as the general manager involved and now as commissioner," Rozelle said. "First, let me explain this signing rule of 1926.

"On February 6, 1926," Rozelle said, "the NFL made a pledge to the colleges that no player would be eligible to play in the league until his class had been graduated. It was a self-imposed rule. The NFL has abided by it.

"We have another rule that says a team cannot sign a player until he has been drafted. You may recall that last year Rich Kreitling of Illinois, Richie Petitbon of Tulane, Dave Lloyd of Georgia, and even an LSU man, Tommy Davis, the big fellow who does San Francisco's kicking, all were drafted and signed while they each had one full year of college eligibility left, but they had already been in college four years, and their classes had graduated. Our two rules protect the colleges. We haven't violated them, even while protecting ourselves from the All-America Conference, then later from the Canadian League."

By signing Cannon to a contract in November, 1959, the NFL violated neither of its rules. Under the terms of the contract, Billy was not eligible to play in the National Football League until the 1960 season, after his class had graduated. But the instant he signed that contract, regardless of any post-dating, Cannon technically had lost his college eligibility. If word of it had come out, the NCAA would have forbidden him to play in the Sugar Bowl game.

Paul Dietzel, the LSU coach, had been concerned about the possibility of losing his star for the big post-season game. He had mentioned it to Rozelle.

"I spoke with Dietzel," Rozelle said, "but I did not tell him that I wouldn't make any offer to Cannon until after the Sugar Bowl game. I phrased my words very carefully. Paul didn't want Cannon signed before the Sugar Bowl game and I told him this:

"That the Rams would do nothing that would endanger Cannon's eligibility for the Sugar Bowl game."

Rozelle outlined the purpose of his conversation with Dietzel:

"First choice in the draft was between the Rams and the Cardinals. We knew the Cardinals wanted George Izo of Notre Dame, a quarterback. We planned to draft Cannon, but we wanted assurance that he would play for us.

"I called Dietzel on the night of November 27 and he asked what terms we had in mind. I told him—\$5,000 bonus and three years at \$15,000 a year—and he said he would talk it over with Cannon and get in touch.

"Cannon left Baton Rouge for New York before Dietzel could reach him. Dietzel called back and said I could reach Cannon in New York. I called Cannon at the Hotel Astor and he said the terms sounded good to him, but he asked one change.

"They're throwing a big day for me in Louisiana after the Sugar Bowl game," he said, "with a lot of gifts and I'd like to have my contract drawn up

to lighten the tax burden."

"So I told him he could make the bonus \$10,000 that could be charged to his 1959 income tax, and his first-year salary \$10,000 and that seemed to please him. We agreed on everything."

The draft came off as anticipated. Cannon came to Philadelphia for the press conference, and for the contract-signing.

"I went up to my room after the press conference," Rozelle said, "and had a typewriter sent up. I had three contracts set up and filled in by the time Billy knocked on the door, one copy for the commissioner, one for the club and one for Billy. There were three addenda, first about military service; one about injury, stating that he gets paid even if he gets hurt; and one about the bonus. Billy signed them all."

Cannon said he had been promised the contracts would be undated until January 2, yet they turned up with "November 30" typed in. How did this happen?

"A contract is never dated until the player signs it," Rozelle said. "The years 1960-61-62 were typed in, but no other dates were on the contracts. There were dates on those addenda. That's what he's talking about."

Ingemar Johansson Viking of the Ring

By Roger Kahn

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What about the two "absentee" witnesses whose names later appeared on the contract?

"Very seldom are witnesses ever present. It was not an unusual thing, in other words.

"Let me say here," Rozelle continued, "whether Cannon and his lawyer care to recognize that he signed an official contract or not, it is quite obvious that a very strong oral agreement was made, and that this agreement should be respected.

"It occurs to me, too, that some preliminary negotiations must have occurred between Houston and Cannon. Surely he didn't negotiate, sign under the goal posts, and then beat six teammates to the dressing room at the Sugar Bowl. That would take a man who can do the 100 in 9.4. Cannon's best is 9.5."

While, legally, it does appear that the Rams have substantial grounds, they have found it difficult to defend themselves on ethic grounds. In the

department of ethics, however, at least one AFL owner has indicated intentions of abandoning his league's holy position.

"We won't be caught short next year," said Barron Hilton, owner of the Los Angeles Chargers, who apparently will have their contracts ready and be in there campaigning for player signatures next December 1, or thereabouts.

"If that's the way the NFL can operate," Lamar Hunt said, with an eye toward the shooting war, "then we'd better get busy and start signing this year's juniors right away."

The NFL has earned one gold star of merit in the game of ethics and shall make much of it. The fullback from Ohio State, former All-America Bob White, signed with both Houston and Cleveland. When Paul Brown heard that White signed first with the AFL club, he called Bud Adams and said:

"I understand that we have both signed the same boy, and that you signed him first. That being the case, he's your boy."

Bob White became an undisputed member of the Houston Oilers.

Solution to the case of Don Floyd, an All-America tackle from Texas Christian University, should come with no legal strain. Floyd signed with both Houston and Baltimore after his team's appearance in the Bluebonnet Bowl. The ultimate decision appears to hinge purely on which signed him first.

On the other hand, the case of Charlie Flowers, All-America fullback from Mississippi, is almost as involved as Cannon's. It is less of national issue because Flowers was less of a nationwide star than Cannon and received less money.

While in New York last December with the members of the Football Writers' Association All-America squad, Flowers visited the New York Giants. He was a "five-year man" at Ole Miss, and had been drafted the previous year, when his class graduated. Flowers, weighing 200 pounds and blessed with both speed and power, signed a contract with the Giants on his visit.

"I thought I had until January 2 to make up my mind," Flowers said later. "At least they gave me that impression. They had told me they wouldn't turn the contract in to the commissioner's office until January 2. They turned it in December 15. That was the date on my contract."

On January 1, a few hours later than Cannon, Flowers signed a contract with the Los Angeles Chargers at the Sugar Bowl party in New Orleans. Tom Eddy, operating as a "liaison representative" for the Chargers, handled this ceremony.

Why, now, would an undergraduate All-America, offered the opportunity of playing for a perennial contender such as the Giants, a team already enamored of Mississippi talent, turn to an unestablished club in an uncertain league?

"I got a better contract, of course," Flowers said, adding hastily, "but not that much better.

"I just decided I wanted to play in the American League. In the first place, there were a lot of things I didn't like about New York when I was up there. That's too much city for me. Everybody at the Giants was nice to me, but it was just the city.

"Another thing, all of us young

players can get started on the same basis in the American League, fellows like Richie Lucas of Penn State, and Billy Cannon of LSU, and Jack Spikes of TCU. I met them on that trip and we got to be good pals. We would be starting together and playing together and it just seemed like a good future to me."

Then, why did he sign with the Giants at all?

"I signed just to save them a long trip down to Mississippi later," Flowers said, "and I didn't want to go back up there. I couldn't. I'm in law school and I need all my time to study."

A week after Flowers returned to the campus at Oxford, he called the Giants and told them he wouldn't be playing for them. Giant representatives, including coach Jim Lee Howell, have been in touch with him ever since, and what began as a beautiful friendship has developed into a sometimes coarse vocal battle that apparently will be settled in court.

And so the conflict raged on into the late months of spring. The player battle is round one. The second round—between the Texans and the Cowboys in Dallas—will hit its peak in the fall.

Each side has its advantages in the Dallas conflict. Hunt has first choice of eight Sunday playing dates in the Cotton Bowl for the Texans of the AFL—one for an exhibition game and seven for the regular schedule.

The Cowboys, on the other hand, have the tradition and established appeal of the NFL going for them. NFL games have been piped into Dallas by television for many years, and so the problem of merchandising is simplified for the Murchison-Wynne group.

Furthermore, Murchison and Wynne had the good fortune to land Tex Schramm, experienced in the offices of the Los Angeles Rams, as general manager, and Tom Landry—University of Texas football star and brilliant New York Giant defensive coach—as head coach. Schramm and Landry should give the Cowboys a decided advantage in the front office and on the sidelines.

Through the good nature of the Chicago Bears, the Cowboys have an All-America quarterback, too—Dallas' pride and joy, Don Meredith, who will transfer his great passing arm from the campus of Southern Methodist University across town to the Cowboys. The Bears drafted Meredith for the Cowboys and handed him over when Dallas was officially admitted to the NFL.

These, then, will be the immediate battle zones of the pro football war—the courts (to settle the cases of the players who signed two contracts) and the cities where both AFL and NFL teams will play (Dallas, New York, Los Angeles and the Oakland-San Francisco area). Insight to the far-off future could have been provided best if an eavesdropper had listened in on a three-hour private consultation in the St. Louis airport, back in February, between Rozelle and American Football League commissioner, war hero Joe Foss.

"We agreed," Rozelle said, "on a no-raiding policy and mutual respect for player rights. I was impressed with Foss' sincerity."

Rozelle paused. "I think," he said, "we shall have peace."

This, however, was just one commissioner's opinion.

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WHAT HAPPENS IF A BALL CLUB'S PLANE GOES DOWN?

(Continued from page 29)

would be set up, with the first five players of each team excluded from the draft. The victimized team then would fill up its roster with players on the draft list.

Each team in the NBA has insurance policies on its players, with half the money going to the club, half to the players' dependents. Under this setup, the victim team would have money with which to buy its new players, with the league setting a dollar value on each man on the draft list. This plan has been in effect in the NBA for two years, but as President Maurice Podoloff says, "We hope that the Minneapolis near-miss is the closest we'll ever come to such a tragedy."

The disaster plan is more complicated for major-league baseball. Each baseball team has a roster of 25 during most of the season, not just ten as in pro basketball, and it would cost a baseball club a lot more to re-stock.

The American and National Leagues, as usual, have gone their separate ways in the formation of disaster plans. The American League has a firm one. It is down in black and white, perhaps the most all-inclusive of any of the systems, and it even has a title—"Rehabilitation Plan"—which takes the sting out of its awful significance. It works this way:

If seven or more players are killed in a single accident, the victim team is allowed to purchase the players it needs, up to a maximum of 21, from the seven other clubs. A maximum of \$75,000 is to be paid for each player purchased, to a maximum total outlay of \$1,575,000. Unlike the NBA, the money here will come from a special league insurance policy for which each club currently is paying a proportionate share.

If such a disaster strikes, the seven other clubs must submit a list of 12 players to the victim team, theoretically leaving the best players un-

touched. The eighth club then makes its choices, taking no more than three players from any one team.

This rule was adopted by the American League on July 18, 1957, when it became obvious that airplane traffic among the eight clubs was the rule, not the exception. This year, for instance, the Cleveland Indians have eliminated train and bus trips, except for one hop—a 40-mile chartered bus ride between Baltimore and Washington.

Last season, Chicago's Bill Veeck went one step further in seeking protection for his front-running White Sox. When it came time for the second All-Star Game, in Los Angeles, the White Sox owner demanded that the league insure his four All-Stars, Nellie Fox, Luis Aparicio, Early Wynn and Sherm Lollar. With his club right in the middle of a hot pennant race, Veeck wasn't taking any chances. American League President Joe Cronin agreed to the demands and insured the four ballplayers for one million dollars each on their flights to and from Los Angeles.

In addition to the league insurance policy, each club has purchased additional coverage. At present, the White Sox are the most heavily insured, carrying their own \$6,000,000 policy. Over-all, the eight American League clubs are insured for a total of \$51,625,000.

The National League, unlike the American, does not have an official "rehabilitation plan." "Knowing all our clubs and club officials," President Warren Giles said, "we feel it is better not to have hard and fast rules. We have a gentleman's agreement among the owners that they will go along with whatever is proposed, such as giving up a set amount of players at a certain price.

"If anything should happen," Giles said, "we will call an emergency meeting and the boys will roll up their sleeves and all go to work."

This does not mean, however, that the eight National League clubs are standing still when it comes to protective insurance. Currently, the eight senior circuit teams are insured for a total of \$34,145,000.

The National Hockey League has modeled its emergency measures on the American League's, but also uses the "gentleman's agreement" formula of the National League. The NHL plan was adopted on February 16, 1959, and will go into effect if an accident incapacitates five or more of any team's 20 players for the league's next 15 games, including playoffs. The NHL, through its member clubs, insures every player for \$50,000 each, a total of one million dollars for each club. The money belongs to the league and can only be employed for the rehabilitation of the victim club.

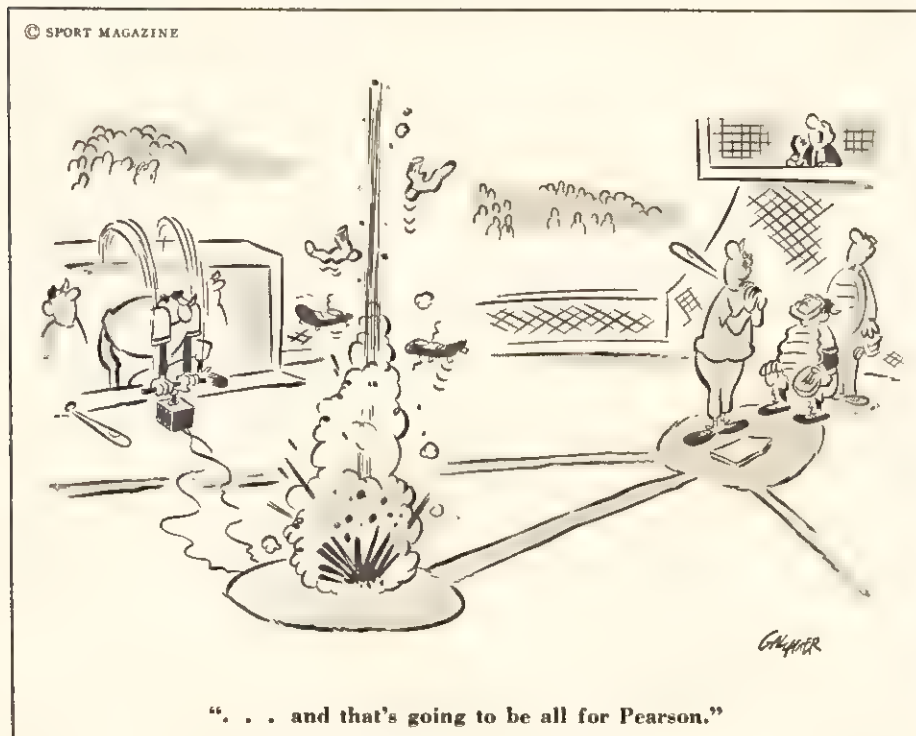
As for the purchasing of players, there is no hard and fast rule. "You can never tell the relative caliber of the players that you might lose," NHL President Clarence Campbell said. "We'll leave it to the victim club to have free opportunity for the acquisition of talent that may be available. We couldn't give the stricken club the right to take just anybody. We'll rely mostly on formal negotiations, not formal regulations. Otherwise, we're just about the same as the American League."

The National Football League probably has the most intricate setup of all, labeled "The Disabled Club Plan." If an entire club were destroyed, an emergency draft meeting would be called. Each of the remaining 11 clubs would name 13 players from its roster who could not be taken. From the balance, the disabled team would select one from each club, 11 players in all. Then each of the 11 clubs would add nine more players who could not be taken, and the disabled club would pick another 11 players. Before the third round, the 11 clubs would name six more players whom they wanted to protect. The victim club then would select 11 more players, and so on until it had replenished its ranks. In the case of a partial disaster, the plan would work basically the same way, with variations, and of course, less picks.

The NFL has another gimmick to further strengthen the stricken club. At the next selection meeting following the disaster, the disabled club would receive an extra bonus pick to lead off the first, second and third rounds of the draft—in other words, six selections in the three rounds rather than three. The league also has its own insurance plan to cover the cost of purchasing the players, with each club contributing its share.

The newest organizations, the American Football League and the Continental Baseball League, have enough troubles right now without worrying about possible catastrophes. Even so, spokesmen for both groups say that they will develop disaster plans as soon as their leagues are in operation.

In this Olympic year, American athletes will be flown across the ocean to Rome in six plane loads, starting August 13. Does the U.S. Olympic team have a disaster plan? No, and it could have none. As Art Lentz of the U.S. Olympic Committee explains, "It's taken us four years to make our Olympic plans. If something happened, we just couldn't go looking for alternates at the last minute. We'd



"... and that's going to be all for Pearson."

just be out of it. It would have to be looked on as an act of God."

Such an act of God struck the Manchester United soccer team of England, the most powerful club in British soccer, on February 6, 1958. Manchester United had been champion of England for two consecutive years, and seemed to be on its way to the European title. The team had just tied a strong Yugoslav club, 3-3, in Belgrade, and the team members boarded a chartered British European Airways plane for London in a jubilant mood.

The twin-engine Elizabethan plane put down in Munich, Germany, to refuel. It was snowing but the club was only 400 miles from home. Visibility was not bad, and the pilot felt that there was nothing to worry about. Twice the plane rolled down the runway attempting to take off. Both times the plane was unable to make it, but this was not considered unusual. The motors may not have been revved up enough. Racing down the runway the third time, the plane reached a maximum take-off speed, and then lifted off the ground. Suddenly, she began dropping.

The plane ripped treetops at the end of the runway, plunging from a height of 60 feet. Both wings were sheared off and one engine was thrown through the air. The plane struck a two-story house and a shed, stacked with cans of gasoline and oil. The shed exploded and set fire to the plane.

Before rescuers could reach the flaming wreckage, 21 people had died—including seven players. Nine other players were seriously burned or injured and one more died later.

England immediately went into a state of mourning. Flags fluttered at half-staff. Queen Elizabeth, Pope Pius and Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia sent messages of sympathy. The entire world was shocked and bereaved.

Team members had been insured for \$588,000, but a million dollars worth of talent was lost. The league had no disaster plan as such, but emergency measures were taken. A rule was passed stating that any new player signed up to the day of a championship Cup match would be eligible to play; normally 14 days must elapse before new players would be permitted to compete in the World Series of English soccer. Manchester was given permission to postpone its Cup game. Two weeks later, with a makeshift lineup, the team played and won.

Since that accident Manchester United has spent \$1,500,000 to rebuild. This spring the club came to the United States for a ten-game tour. It had been built back to the former eminence, but the scars of that tragedy never will be erased.

It was like that for the Spokane baseball club of the Western International League, on June 24, 1946. The only difference was that death came in a bus.

The bus, taking the team to Bremerton, Wash., was 50 miles east of Seattle, at Snoqualmie Pass. It was eight in the evening and the bus had just crossed the 3,010-foot pass summit. It started down a steep, crooked western slope, and, suddenly, the driver saw headlights coming toward him on the wrong side of the road. The road was slippery, and the bus driver applied his brakes. The bus swerved across the road, hit a guard rail that was strung with heavy cable, sheared off concrete posts for 100 feet and then rolled 500 feet down a moun-



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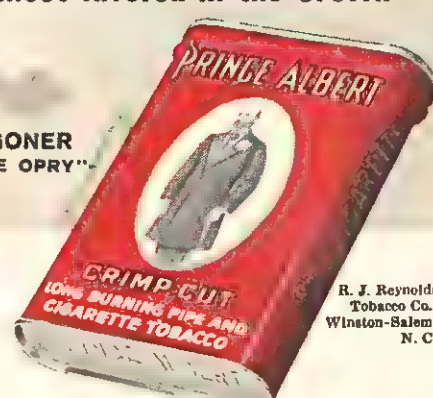
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Nine ballplayers died in that frightening accident, and eight others were injured. One player who got off the bus at an earlier stop was Jack Lohrke, who played the infield for the New York Giants and picked up the nickname "Lucky" for obvious reasons.

Unfortunately, there was no disaster plan for Spokane, not even enough insurance to cover the next of kin. But the baseball world rallied and the day after the accident, W. G. Bramham, president of the National Association, called on all minor-league clubs to lend assistance to Spokane. He said he would permit other clubs in the league to assign players conditionally to Spokane. He gave Spokane until the end of the season to decide whether to purchase the contracts of these players or to return them. This was in violation of baseball laws but it was permitted in the emergency.

Soon money began coming in from all parts of the country and more than \$100,000 was raised for the dependents of the players.

Other teams have been luckier than Manchester United and that Spokane club. On Thursday morning, December 21, 1950, the Montreal Canadiens hockey team was returning home by train after a game in Toronto. It was 7:30 in the morning and the players were all asleep. The train was 25 minutes from Montreal.

The train pulled onto the Dorion Bridge, a two-track trestle some 30 feet above a narrow, shallow but rocky neck of the Lake of Two Mountains. The trestle was constructed of concrete piles with steel beams supporting the ties. The tracks were laid

on the ties so that there was no floor to the bridge other than the ties and steel supports. Anything small enough to fall between the ties would fall into the river below.

On that rickety bridge the coal tender of the train jumped the track—fortunately, toward the inside. The weight of the heavily-laden car crushed the ties like matchsticks. The tender remained upright as did two other cars immediately in back of it, but the sleeper carrying the Canadian players tilted about 30 degrees, the lower inside edges protruding through the broken ties.

The players awoke to the grinding noise and shuddering halt of the train. They looked out the window and saw that they were teetering on the edge of the bridge. Jagged ends of broken ties were just inches away from the glass.

The only fatality in that derailment was a chef in the dining car, who was scalded from ruptured pipes in the galley. But Bert Olmstead, a Montreal star, was injured, wrenching his back when he was thrown from an upper berth by the sudden tilt of the sleeper. The boys had to get out of the train from the high side, some six feet above the ties. They noted the lack of guard rails and realized what might have happened. There was no joking.

Accidents like this one, and the bus crash, and the plane tragedy, don't happen very often. We can all be thankful for that. But nobody knows when fate, a whimsical demon, will strike. That's why sports executives are living up to their responsibilities by being ready just in case the worst ever happens.

GENE WOODLING FOOLED THEM ALL

(Continued from page 48)

was right. He knew I gave him everything I had all the time, and he always treated me fine. After all, he's the man who gave me a chance to play in the majors after the Indians and Pirates sent me down. There were times when I got mad at him for needling me and I could have killed him. But after I cooled off, I had to thank the man for making me a better ballplayer."

Even when the manager made fun of him in the 1950 Series, Woodling remained a staunch Stengel supporter. It happened in the fourth game, with New York leading the Phillies, 5-0. With two on and two out in the ninth, Gene lost a fly ball in the sun and two runs scored. As the base-runners ran home, Casey hopped to the top of the dugout steps. There, he went through a biting pantomime of a man staggering under a fly ball, a cruel, unnecessary rap at Woodling. The sportswriters were quick to criticize Stengel, but Gene remained in his manager's corner. "He didn't have to do what he did," Gene said. "But I dropped that fly and it was my fault. Don't knock him for my mistake. He's still the best there is."

Those were the big-money glory times for Gene, and some sarcastic mimicry couldn't spoil them. But four years later, hampered by a groin injury, he played in only 97 games, and his average dropped to .250. New York finished second to Cleveland and Gene's Yankee pinstripes were taken away. In December of 1954, he was traded to Baltimore in the 17-player deal that brought Bob Turley and Don Larsen to Yankee Stadium.

"I respect Weiss even though he's traded me," Woodling said then. "I like him. He never did me any big favors, but he always treated me like a man. He sent me a nice letter, thanking me for the years of baseball I gave the club. It's not a big thing, but he didn't have to do it."

As far as Weiss and Stengel were concerned, Woodling, at the age of 32, was a good ballplayer past his prime. He didn't fit into Yankee rebuilding plans. Richards, then in his first full season as Oriole manager, figured differently. He had watched the veteran leftfielder and liked him. Woodling, Paul thought, would be one of the few solid men on that patched-up team of old St. Louis Browns. But Gene never untracked in Baltimore. He hit a feeble .211 for the first three months of the season, and wasn't earning the \$20,000 the Orioles were paying him. The fans were unhappy, and so was Richards. The fans booed Gene, and Richards traded him. Six months after he became an Oriole, Woodling was a Cleveland Indian.

Cleveland manager Al Lopez figured that Gene would be good outfield and pinch-hitting insurance in the drive for the pennant, but, once again, Woodling was a bust. He hit .257 and the Indians finished second. In 1956, Gene spent three months on the disabled list and, in his brief playing time, hit .262 and drove in only 38 runs. It appeared as though Weiss had been right. Woodling seemed to be playing out the string.

"A lot of people thought I was washed up then," Gene said recently, a soft smile spreading across his sunburned face. "But I'm a pretty determined guy who's been blessed with good health, and that helps. The

greatest assets a player can have are good health, good eyes and good legs. You can't find these, and when you lose them, you're through. I knew I still had my health, eyes and legs. Sure I had a lousy year, but I felt I was just a little stagnant. I figured I was ready for a good year in 1957."

When the '57 season started, Woodling was on the bench—insurance just in case rookie leftfielder Roger Maris couldn't hit big-league pitching. When Maris got hurt, Gene got another chance, and he came back all the way. At 35, he was the Indians' only .300 hitter (.322 in 133 games), setting new highs for himself in home runs (19) and runs batted in (78). Against his former Yankee teammates, he was a terror, batting .380 and belting four homers. When the Cleveland baseball writers gathered to elect the Indians' Man of the Year in December, only one ballplayer was nominated—Gene Woodling. The man they had written off the year before had fashioned a personal triumph. An Ohio boy, born and raised in Akron, he had made good at last, near home.



As a youngster, Gene had spent most of his free time swimming with his three brothers in the nearby Tuscarawas River and the local boys' club. At Akron East High, he was on both the swimming and baseball teams, and, for a while, it looked like he might follow his older brother, Elwood, a national swimming champ, to Ohio State. But one day in June 1940, a short time after Gene had received his diploma, a scout for the Cleveland Indians came calling.

"I was just about set to go to Ohio State in the fall," Woodling remembers. "But the Indians offered me a contract, and the thought of being a major-leaguer one day made up my mind for me. When they signed me I was a real butcher in the field, but I could hit pretty good. I guess that's why they were interested in me."

Cleveland sent the 17-year-old outfielder to the minors, where Woodling spent the next three seasons. He came up to the Indians in 1943, then went into the Navy. After two years in the Navy, he played another season with the Indians, and was traded to the Pirates. It hardly was an earth-shaking deal. Gene had done little with Cleveland. He did even less with Pittsburgh and was demoted to the minors, where he stayed until the Yankees bought him. In 1957, he finally earned some recognition with his home town team.

Gene spent the winter working on his farm in Remsen Corners (30 miles from Cleveland). He said that he was looking forward to playing under Bobby Bragan, the Indians' new manager, and Frank Lane, the new general manager. "I hear Bragan's a good

baseball man," Woodling said, "and I've heard a lot of nice things about Lane. He'll sure have things popping around here."

One of the first promises Lane made to the Cleveland writers was that he wouldn't trade Gene before he was honored at the writers' dinner in January. "But he'd better have his bags packed after that," Frantic Frank joked.

Woodling was quick with a comeback. "I've got news for him," he said. "I've never unpacked my bags."

It was all good, clean fun, but Lane has a strange sense of humor. When the Indians got Minnie Minoso, a long-ball hitting leftfielder, from the White Sox, Frank decided that Gene was expendable. On April 1, less than two weeks before opening day, Lane delivered his punch line. It wasn't particularly funny to Woodling. He had been traded back to Baltimore for Larry Doby. Here he was, at 35, going back to the city he had flopped in as a cleanup hitter three years before.

"Going back there was quite a challenge," he said. "It was the only place where I didn't do a good job. It was nice to get a second chance to prove myself, and if I had stayed in Cleveland I would have been on the bench. Lane must have figured I was on my last legs. I knew I could play regularly for the Orioles and I was confident I could still play every day. I knew I had a job to do and I was determined to prove myself to the Oriole fans."

The Oriole fans were an eager audience, all right—eager to run Woodling and Richards out of town. They might have tried if Gene hadn't started hitting early in the season. All it really took to change their minds was one hit on April 25, 1958, in the ninth game of the year. Sent in as a pinch-hitter with the Orioles trailing the Yankees, 1-0, with two on in the last of the ninth, Woodling was on the spot. As usual, the Oriole fans booed. Batting out of his distinctive figure-S stance with his feet close together, his knees bent and his body hunched over the plate, Gene stared out at southpaw pitcher Whitey Ford. He took an outside curve for a strike and then rifled the second pitch down the right-field line for a two-run, game-winning double.

"Twenty thousand Oriole fans saw it," Gene said. "That one base hit changed the whole attitude in Baltimore. I guess the fans had a right to wonder whether I'd be as poor a hitter as I was for them in 1955. Everything has been fine since."

Next to Woodling, the happiest man in Baltimore that night was Paul Richards. "It's not so hard to understand," an Oriole official said recently. "Even when Paul traded Gene to the Indians, he still had his doubts. Woodling's always been a fine hitter and Richards was eager to get a second chance with him. We've got a very young club here and Gene has fit in perfectly. He watches out for the youngsters and gives them good advice. Even so, Paul would have looked pretty bad if Gene hadn't come through. He was taking a big chance."

Richards, one of the game's authentic thinking men, is happy things worked out as well as they did, but he still doesn't feel he was playing a long shot in bringing Woodling back to the Orioles. "You're not gambling when you get an old pro who just had a big year, like Gene did in Cleveland,"

Paul said. "He's a clean liver and he's always in top shape. There was no reason for him to fall off just because he was coming back to Baltimore. Still, that big hit against the Yankees made things a lot easier."

Within two weeks after the pinch-hit double, Gene was the Orioles' regular leftfielder and their leading hitter. One afternoon in August, the Orioles were in New York for a three-game series, and the Yankees began to needle their former teammate. "What time does the balloon go up, you whale," they shouted, pointing at Woodling's ample chest. "Hey whale, you too old to take batting practice?"

It was all in fun and Gene could well afford to laugh. He had gone five for five, a homer and four singles, the night before, as the Orioles won, 9-3. "Sure I'm too old to take batting practice," he said. "I'm 35 and I believe every bit of energy you save helps you in a game. So, I've stopped taking batting practice. I throw on the sidelines, catch a few during outfield practice and make some throws. That's enough to loosen me up, and when you're playing regularly, you see enough pitching. Heck, if you need practice in August, it's too late anyway."

With or without batting practice, Woodling continued to belt the ball, especially against the Yankees. "I can't say why I hit best against New York," he said. "I don't feel any desire to hit against them more than against anybody else. I want to hit against everybody."

Even though he slumped in September, Gene finished the season with 65 runs-batted-in, 15 homers, and a .276 batting average. He was a hero in Baltimore, almost as popular as the team's slugger, Gus Triandos, and he was the veteran who watched out for the Oriole youngsters.

Milt Pappas, Jerry Walker, Brooks Robinson and the other youngsters respect the old pro, who has played on five world championship teams. They come to him with their problems, and he spends hours trying to help them. He tells them how to act in big-league cities, how to dress and how to get along with other ballplayers.

Pappas, for instance, then 18 years old and just out of high school, joined the Orioles late in the 1957 season, and began to annoy some of the veterans with his cocky manner. They, in turn, began to needle him, and Pappas would get angry and fire back. By the time Woodling joined the club the next spring, Milt was an unhappy young man with few friends among his teammates. The situation reached a boiling point in May when one word led to another in the clubhouse. The players walked out of the room, but Pappas remained behind, fuming. Woodling stayed back, too.

"He talked to Milt," Billy Klaus, Gene's roommate, said. "He told the boy that he should keep quiet and let the others needle him. He explained that the players would stop riding him once they were convinced he could take it. Gene spoke to him several times about this, and Milt straightened out real good. The young players and the few old-timers we have all look up to Gene. We call him 'Dad' and 'Pop' because he's the old pro. He's always ready to help another guy. There aren't many ballplayers like him."

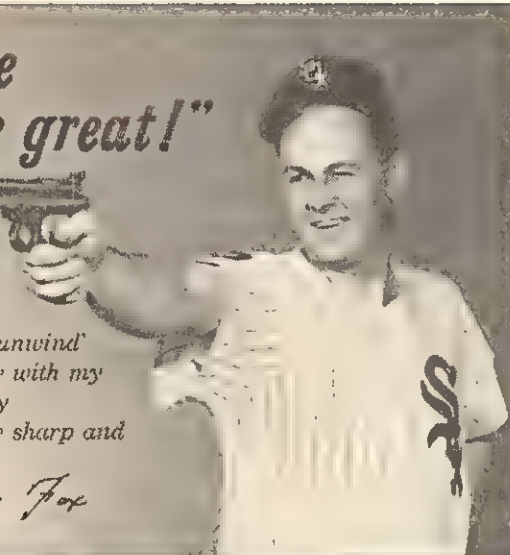
Milt Pappas isn't the only Oriole to benefit from Woodling's years of experience. During batting practice, one

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of the youngsters asked the veteran outfielder what he thought was the most important thing for a batter to know. "I told him that a ballplayer's got to learn the strike zone before he can master the art of hitting," Gene said. "The next time we're in Boston, the kid asked Ted Williams the same question, and Ted gave him the same answer I did. It made me feel pretty good."

"They're a wonderful bunch of kids, and I enjoy helping them. I'm not a wise guy and I'm not perfect. But if someone asks me a question, I try to come up with an answer. It's not that I'm any smarter than they are. It's just that I've been around a lot longer."

If there still were any doubts about Woodling's ability in 1958, they vanished last year. At 36, after 14 major-league seasons, Gene was chosen for the All-Star team for the first time. He sailed into the month of September with a .324 batting average, and ended the year as Baltimore's leading hitter (.300), tops in RBIs (77) and hits (132), second in runs (63) and homers (14). Furthermore, he was the Orioles' most popular and most valuable player. He was the seventh leading hitter in the league and he received 18 points in the American League MVP voting. It was one of Woodling's finest seasons.

Even so, Richards thinks Gene could have done better. "We were short in the outfield and I had to use Gene more than I would have liked," Paul said. "He was playing with groin trouble, but he was out there every day giving it his all. He wouldn't have slumped in September if we could have rested him properly. Playing in 140 games is a lot for a veteran of

36. It's the most he's ever played."

For Gene, the season was the happiest in his 19 years of organized baseball. One of his greatest days came on July 27. After learning that he had been named to play in the second All-Star Game, Gene hit the first grand-slam home run of his career. He hit a single, too, that day, and drove in all his team's runs in a 5-2 win over the Tigers. It was the second game in a row that he had accounted for all the Orioles' RBIs. The day before against Chicago, Woodling had hit a homer and a single in Baltimore's 4-0 victory.

Last September, Oriole fans decided to honor their favorite ballplayer. Gene was excited when he heard the fans were going to hold a night in his honor, but he was disappointed a while later, when his wife told him she couldn't be in Baltimore for the celebration. On the big day, Gene's fans and teammates gave him a boat, a cow, silverware and other presents. But the big gift and the biggest surprise came last. The big gift was a brand new car, and driving it in from the outfield was Betty Woodling, his wife, who had been flown in for the evening.

Then, as always, Gene Woodling was a happy husband. His family is the most important part of his life, and whenever he could last year, he flew home to his 76-acre farm to be with his wife and children. He would have liked to have been at home more often. "My top thrill is going home to my farm in Medina County," he said.

Sitting in the living room of his home a few weeks before spring training this year, Gene was a man at peace with himself and his work. He had just returned from the barn where he

was building stalls for the Appaloosa show horses he raises, and he eased himself into his favorite chair. In work pants, flannel shirt and combat boots, his 200 pounds well distributed over his powerful five-foot, ten-inch frame, he looked the part of a hard-working farmer. He spoke and smiled easily, particularly when the conversation turned to his wife and their three children, Pamela, 16; Gene, 12; and Kimberly, nine.

"For 12 years my wife and I wanted a farm," Gene said. "She always loved horses and I wanted to move back to Ohio. We liked our home in New Jersey but, when the Yanks traded me, we decided to buy a farm. It was like a dream. We both imagined our dream place and then we found this spread. We have this 13-room house, a four-acre spring lake, a cabin and a seven-acre forest. We've called it Dun-Roven, because a ballplayer lives like a gypsy and we wanted a place to settle when I was done roving. It cost \$60,000 and we're putting another \$25,000 into it. How can anyone knock baseball when it's given me all of

this? I feel I've been pretty lucky."

One trip away from the farm took him back to Baltimore last winter. Woodling, the highest-paid Oriole at a reported \$30,000, wanted an increase for 1960. The club balked and Gene went back to the farm, prepared to hold out if necessary. Before leaving, he took time out to needle the management, a favorite practice of ballplayers who have good seasons and subsequent contract trouble. "I was out to Memorial Stadium this morning," he told sportswriters, "and I didn't know money was so scarce around here. If the Orioles are as short as they sounded, I can always work them in as shareholders on my farm." After a brief holdout, Gene signed for a reported \$33,500.

In December, Woodling had a hernia operation and then he rested for five weeks. By the middle of January he was back at work on the farm, and he was in fine shape for spring training. "I'm a firm believer in proper conditioning," he said. "I don't think there's any substitute for running during the off-season. Anybody who doesn't run

is just lazy. If you don't work out, your legs go very fast. I've been careful and my legs are still in good shape."

In addition to running his farm, Gene is a partner in an Akron insurance business. He enjoys his off-season occupations, but, at the moment, his mind is on baseball. "My ambition before the season was to play 154 games," he said. "I know that one of these years my legs and reflexes will go and I'll be at the end of my baseball career. But until they do, I'll be doing just what I've done up to now: Trying to do my best every second I'm out there. You've got to satisfy yourself that you hustle as hard as you can. Then if you go zero-for-four or reach the end of the string, you can forget it, because you gave it all you had. Nobody can ask for any more than that."

Nobody can ask for more than that. Because Gene Woodling always has given it all he had, he is still going strong at 37. He was able to fool them all.

— ■ —

HAMMERIN' HANK GREENBERG

(Continued from page 35)

Bruggy. Clumsy and tangle-footed, he never had learned to field or run properly. But how he could hit. The other kids would always insist that he bat last, because he would stay at bat so long he took all the fun out of the game.

Hank's hitting earned him a place on the high school varsity. They had to play him somewhere, so they put him at first base. The other players laughed at his ludicrous battles with the baseballs, but Hank put his brain to work. He asked a lot of questions, got a lot of answers and began to learn the fundamentals of catching, running and throwing. He would spend as many as eight hours a day practicing, and he continued the dogged routine long after the scenery had changed from Crotona Park to Navin Field, later to be known as Briggs Stadium.

"When I was a kid, I used to play ball eight hours a day for nothing," he once told a reporter who marveled when he saw the Tigers' best hitter running and shagging flies all afternoon on a day off. "So why shouldn't I do the same thing when I'm getting paid for it?"

Even with all the practice, it took a long time before Hank could be classified as even a mediocre fielder. In fact, he looked so bad in the field and running the bases, that it all but offset his tremendous hitting feats.

Even old John McGraw, who had ordered all of his scouts to be on the lookout for a good Jewish ballplayer, refused to watch Hank Greenberg play after receiving a report that the big teenager was hopelessly awkward. So the New York Giants, who wanted to cut into the popularity of the rival Yankees with the heavily Jewish Bronx population, missed out on Hank Greenberg, the greatest Jewish ballplayer of them all.

Very few scouts were impressed enough to try to sign Hank. Paul Krichell of the New York Yankees was the most interested. Paul went to a Monroe High game one afternoon after receiving a tip to watch a pitcher,

The pitcher showed Paul nothing, but Hank Greenberg, the big, clumsy first-baseman, showed plenty of hitting power. Krichell introduced himself to both Hank and his family, and for the first time in his life Henry began to realize that he had a chance to become a professional ballplayer.

Hank studied hard to keep his grades up, applied for a scholarship to Princeton, and edged closer to a baseball career. In the summer of 1928, his junior year of high school, a friend of his, Izzy Goldstein, got him a job with the Bay Parkways, a good semi-pro team in Brooklyn. One day Hank hit three home runs against the bearded House of David nine and Krichell's secret became an open one.

In the end, Hank turned down offers from the Yankees, the Washington Senators, and the Pittsburgh Pirates, and signed with the Tigers. Scout Jean Dubuc collared him with an offer of \$3,000 to sign and \$6,000 more when Hank finished college and was ready to play. It was almost double what the Yankees offered, but Hank probably would have signed with New York anyway, just to play near home, if it hadn't been for Lou Gehrig, the Yankees' Iron Horse, who never missed a game at first base. There was no telling how long Lou could keep going, and Hank Greenberg wanted to play.

The Tigers signed Greenberg in the summer of 1929 and then closed their books on him until he graduated from college in 1933. But Hank made them open the books. He reported to spring training camp in 1930. The Princeton scholarship had never come through, and after one semester at New York University's School of Commerce, Hank had made up his mind to sink or swim with baseball. Unfortunately, his timing wasn't too good. The Tigers had a first-baseman, Dale Alexander, who had hit .343 the year before, and he wasn't about to be displaced by a gawky 19-year-old kid. Furthermore, Bucky Harris was in no mood to coddle rookies. His team had finished sixth in 1929 and in a move to shake up the club, he had sold an aging hero, Harry Heilmann, to Cincinnati a few months

earlier. The Detroit writers were still second-guessing him on that one. Just to make matters worse, Bucky was in the process of losing most of his personal fortune in the stock market crash. Hank cracked out a few good belts in batting practice, but Harris took one look at Greenberg's fielding and packed him off to Hartford of the Eastern League.

From Hartford, Hank went to Raleigh, N.C., where he hit .314, walloped 19 home runs and committed 23 errors. Late in 1930, he was called up to the Tigers, and succeeded in getting his name into a major-league box score. He came up as a pinch-hitter against the Yankees and lifted a high pop fly to Tony Lazzeri.

It was Evansville, Ind., the next year, where the record read: .318, 15 home runs, 25 errors, and then, in 1932, the Tigers advanced Greenberg to Beaumont of the Texas League, where he hit .290, had 39 home runs and 131 RBIs and made only 17 errors in 154 games. But even in the Texas League, there were disbelievers. When he was named the league's Most Valuable Player, a Dallas newspaper refused to accept the decision and took a private poll, awarding the honor to a Dallas player. That was also the year that Zeke Bonura, a giant who was even more inept a fielder than Greenberg, had the audacity to heckle Hank for booting one. For the only time in his career, Hank lost his temper completely and tore into the huge Bonura. Henry got belted around pretty good for his trouble, but he had made his point. Hank Greenberg considered his fielding to be very serious business.

When the Tigers' 1933 training camp opened, Greenberg made big news. The team hadn't done much the year before, finishing fifth, and for the first time in years it lacked an authentic slugger. Bucky Harris was still smarting from the criticism over his sale of Dale Alexander in mid-season of 1932. Alexander had gone to the Boston Red Sox, and he had won the American League batting title. To replace him, the Tigers had shelled out \$50,000 for Harry Davis, a smooth-fielding but weak-hitting first-baseman, so Harris still couldn't see Greenberg in his line-

up. But other people said that Detroit needed Hank's big bat, and the young slugger became a publicized, controversial figure.

For a while, Bucky played Greenberg at third base but that experiment ended when Hank almost threw a ball through second-baseman Charlie Gehringer. Bucky benched him the next day and he stayed benched until fate took a hand. On the trip north, Harris turned the team over to coach Del Baker for an exhibition game at Norfolk, Va., and spent the day at his home in Washington. Baker put Greenberg at first base and Hank got a single, double and triple. The next day Harris was back as manager and Hank was back on the bench. His friends and family didn't see him play when they turned up at the Polo Grounds to see the exhibition game with the Giants.

Nowadays, Hank and Bucky, the general manager of the Red Sox, can sit down and reminisce lightly about the old days, but in 1933 there was a coolness between them that might have cost Hank his big chance at fame if Harris hadn't resigned a few weeks before the end of the season. Bucky was convinced that Hank had gone over his head to protest to owner Frank Navin about his shabby treatment, and Hank was positive that Bucky held some sort of personal grudge against him. Even after Hank replaced Davis at first base at mid-season, the coolness remained. On an off-day when the Tigers had an exhibition in Albany, N. Y., before opening a series in New York, Hank asked to be excused in order to spend the day at home. It wasn't an unreasonable request, but Harris refused. Hank was so angry he went home anyway and was slapped with a \$50 fine. It marked a low point in Greenberg's relations with his baseball bosses, the only time in his playing career that he was ever subjected to team disciplinary action.

Under the circumstances, Hank did well. He hit .301 and drove in 87 runs. His 12 home runs were surpassed by his 14 errors, but from that time on the balance was to be overwhelmingly on the other side. For in 1934, with the New Deal at its height, Hank Greenberg got his own New Deal in the person of a hard-bitten Massachusetts Irishman named Mickey Cochrane.

Black Mike had been hired as manager to succeed Harris. He led the Tigers to two straight pennants, and he did it with the "Three G-men"—Gehringer, Greenberg and outfielder Leon "Goose" Goslin—as his big stars.

That was the order in which they batted in the third, fourth and fifth positions in the lineup and all hit over .300. Hammerin' Hank thrived in the cleanup spot, hitting a fancy .339, clubbing out 26 home runs and driving in 139 runs. His 63 doubles were close to the record.

The Tigers were driving hard for their first pennant in 25 years when Hank happened to mention casually one day late in the season that he wouldn't play on Rosh Hashana, the Jewish New Year. The announcement caused an uproar. Hank hadn't played on either Rosh Hashana or Yom Kippur (the Day of Atonement) the year before and nobody had cared. But suddenly everyone was taking sides on the matter. One school of thought was expressed by the fan who wrote to a newspaper: "Rosh Hashana comes every year, but Detroit hasn't won a

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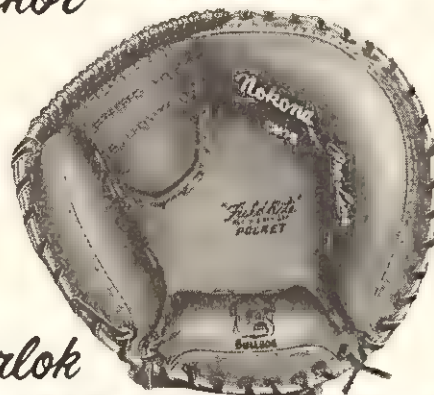
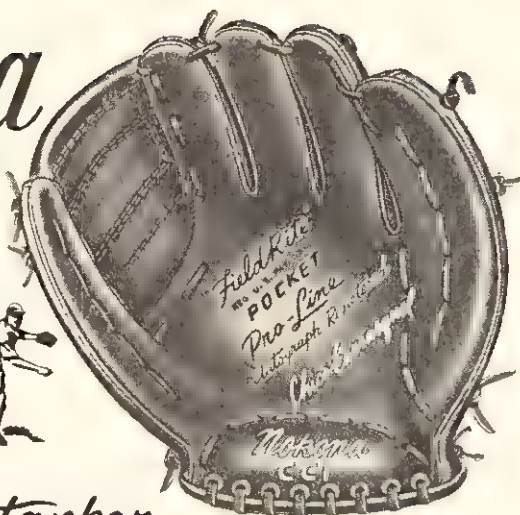
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pennant since 1909." They were opposed by an equally vocal group which argued that a man's religion was more important than any game.

Hank himself was bewildered and confused. He asked Cochrane for advice, and the manager told him he would have to make the decision for himself. He asked rabbis and friends and their opinions were split. On the morning of September 10, the Detroit *Free Press* brushed aside the news of the Morro Castle disaster and a national textile strike and ran a huge picture of Hank on page one, with Hebrew characters over it, spelling out a New Year's greeting. But when the game with the Red Sox began, Hank was playing first base.

"I was upset in mind and heart when I went into that game," he recalls. "I felt sick and I was confused. The very first throw to me I muffed. After that, I pulled myself together. I hit two homers to win the game. I never regretted having played that day; I would never have forgiven myself if we had lost the game and then the pennant. I had my teammates to consider as well as myself."

But on Yom Kippur, with the pennant practically clinched, Hank spent the day fasting in the synagogue and the Tigers lost. They won the pennant anyway and Edgar Guest immortalized the incident with a poem, the last verse of which read:

*Came Yom Kippur—holy fast day
world-wide over to the Jew—
And Hank Greenberg to his teaching
and the old tradition true
Spent the day among his people and
he didn't come to play.
Said Murphy to Mulrooney, "We*

*shall lose the game today!
We shall miss him on the infield and
shall miss him at the bat,
But he's true to his religion—and I
honor him for that!"*

But not everyone accepted Hank's religious beliefs favorably. He underwent considerable torment from ballplayers and fans. He fought back once in a while, and he ignored the barbs other times. Always, though, he remembered. When Jackie Robinson broke the color barrier in 1947, Greenberg, who was playing out his career with the Pittsburgh Pirates, called the Negro pioneer aside one day at Ebbets Field. "Let's have a talk," Hank said. "I learned some things about bigots when I broke in. Maybe I can help you."

In 1934, the year Edgar Guest wrote the poem, the Tigers had expected to play the Giants in the World Series, and Hank had looked forward to playing before hometown crowds in the Polo Grounds. But the St. Louis Cardinals and their Gas House Gang got hot in the final month and edged out the Giants for the National League pennant. The Cards were still hot as the Series got under way and they took two of the first three games. The Tigers rallied to win the next two, but the rambunctious Cards and their great pitching combination of Dizzy and Paul Dean were too much for them. The Deans split the four victories between them and a crestfallen Hank Greenberg was one of their principal victims.

Hank had only one good game, the fourth, when he smashed a home run, two doubles and single on a day when neither Dean was pitching, to pace a

10-4 victory. Otherwise it was a sad series for the big gun of the "Three G-men." He struck out nine times, often in the clutch, and was dropped from fourth to sixth in the batting order.

In 1935, the Tigers won their second straight pennant by beating out the Yankees, and Hank really came into his own. He hit .328, drove in 170 runs and his 36 home runs tied Foxx for the league lead. In the field, he made only 13 errors and his 99 assists topped all first-basemen. He was selected as the Most Valuable Player in the American League.

The Chicago Cubs were the opponents in the 1935 World Series and the Tigers took them in six games. But Hank Greenberg's big bat was missing for all but the first two games. He delivered his only hit of the Series, a long home run, in the first inning of the second game. Then, in the seventh inning, Hank tried to slide under catcher Gabby Hartnett and he felt a sharp twinge in his left wrist. He finished the game, but an X-ray the next day revealed two broken bones.

HANK got into a dozen games in 1936 before the wrist was broken again, this time in a collision with a runner at first base. For the rest of the season, Hammerin' Hank was a pathetic figure. He got a glove for his right hand and worked out with the team each day, catching fly balls and then tugging off the glove to make the righthanded throw-in.

But by 1937, he was as good as new. His 137 runs and 183 RBIs led the league, and so did his 102 assists at first base. He also had 40 home runs and a .337 average.

On June 3, 1937, Hank hit what may have been the longest single in baseball history. The Tigers were playing the Senators in Detroit and when Hank came to bat in the eighth inning, he had already registered a home run, a triple and a single. Gerald "Gee" Walker, the lighthearted favorite of the Tiger fans, was on first base when Hank tore into one of Jimmy De-shong's fast balls and drove it deep into left-centerfield. The ball hit the concrete wall at the 409-foot mark, high over Ben Chapman's head. Hank went tearing around first base and suddenly had to turn on the brakes. Walker, who assumed the drive was a home run, was trotting slowly to second. Hank was practically stepping on Gee's heels as Chapman retrieved the ball and threw to third base. The surprised Walker pulled up at second and Hank had to hustle back to first base to avoid being caught.

In 1938, Hank Greenberg hit his 58 home runs. He was 27 years old and at the height of his power then. It was a wonderful, but unusual, season for him. There was a stretch, for instance, early in the year, when he was in a bad slump. On June 21 he went hitless in a doubleheader, then he hit a home run in each of his next two games. On the 24th, he hit two homers, then went hitless in the next three games before getting another home run. In nine games, he had collected only five hits—and each was a home run.

By the time of the All-Star Game, Hank was 46 points under his 1937 average. He got permission to be excused from the game while he underwent a complete medical checkup. The doctors could find nothing wrong with him, so Hank spent most of the three-day break at deserted Briggs

Stadium, hiring kids and park attendants to pitch to him while he hit until it was too dark to see the ball.

Hammerin' Hank was off and roaring as the second half of the season got under way. In his first four games he went eight for 13, including a run of four consecutive home runs. Eleven times that season, he belted two homers in one game, four times in September alone.

For that last month of the 1938 season, Hank Greenberg's pursuit of Ruth's record became international knowledge. Every day, people grabbed newspapers, listened to radio reports or asked complete strangers for the latest word. On September 1, Hank had hit 46, three more than the Babe had on the same date in 1927. But Ruth had hit 17 in September of that year. Could Greenberg stand the pace?

"I always considered 12 home runs in a month as a good enough number," he was to say years later, "and I hit 12 in that September. It wasn't good enough. I had an excellent chance to break Babe's record and I have no excuses."

It was September 27, in the 149th game, that Hank hit his last pair of home runs to bring him up to 58 with five games left. But those five games killed off what is still the most severe challenge Ruth's record ever has undergone.

The first one was against the St. Louis Browns in Detroit. Cagney Bobo Newsom pitched for the Browns, and put everything he had into a successful attempt for his 20th victory of the season. Hank went hitless. The next day, the Browns' pitcher was a wild young lefthander named Howie Mills. He walked Hank three times, and the closest the straining slugger came to a home run was when he smashed a drive over the grandstand roof, foul.

The last three games were against the Indians in Cleveland, where the deep left field area of old League Park was a tough target for a righthander. Denny Galehouse pitched the opening game for the Indians, on a Friday afternoon, and won. The Saturday game was canceled in order to set up a doubleheader for Sunday at Cleveland's huge Municipal Stadium.

A big crowd came in to watch baseball history. They saw it, too, but it didn't come from the bat of Hank Greenberg. In the opener, Cleveland's young pitcher, Bob Feller, set a new record by striking out 18 batters. Hank struck out twice and got only one good shot, a double that caromed off the wall in left center. That brought it down to the final game, and the Indians threw in another fastballer, Johnny Humphries. With the shadows of late afternoon creeping across the field, he seemed even faster than Feller.

"The game only lasted six innings before it was called on account of darkness," Hank remembers. "It really shouldn't have lasted that long. But the umpire was George Moriarty and he was a friend of mine. After the sixth inning, though, Moriarty turned to me.

"I'm sorry, Hank," he said. 'But this is as far as I can go.'

"That's all right, George," I said. "This is as far as I can go, too."

And thus ended the 1938 season. After the poor start, Hank had moved his average up to .315, but by then nobody paid much attention to his average. Whether he liked it or not,

he had become the second Babe Ruth.

Hank slipped a little in 1939, when he could manage only 33 home runs, but by 1940 he was flying high again. He just missed the prized triple crown of hitting. He led the league with 41 home runs and 150 RBIs, but his .340 batting average fell short of Joe DiMaggio's .352. Hank took his second MVP that year, over the protests of the pro-DiMaggio New York writers.

In 1940, Hank finally gave way to Rudy York, another slow-footed slugger, at first base. It was a move born of desperation. The Tigers needed York's bat and the only position he could play with any sort of skill was first base. They had tried him everywhere else.

General manager Jack Zeller called Hank to Detroit during the winter and asked him, "How would you like to try the outfield next season, Hank?"

"Do you want me to get killed?" Hank said.

In the end, he agreed to give it a try and Zeller sweetened the taste by hiking his salary \$10,000 to \$50,000, which made Hammerin' Hank one of the highest-paid players of his time. It took the big fellow half a season and 15 errors to learn the secrets of left-fielding, but by the end of the season he actually felt at home out there. In a great pennant scrap, the Tigers beat out Cleveland by one game and the heavily favored Yankees by two games that season and went into the World Series against the Cincinnati Reds.

The Reds won the Series in seven games. Hank banged out ten hits, including a tremendous home run, for a .357 average and he handled 12 outfield chances flawlessly.

Hank signed for \$55,000 in 1941, but never got to collect it. World War II was already going furiously in Europe, and the United States had enacted a brand-new selective service act. The eligible men were assigned numbers and when they pulled your number out of a big glass bowl, you were in the Army for a 12-month hitch. It was like a game and nobody took it too seriously. One of the popular songs of the times bore the title, "Goodbye Dear, I'll Be Back In A Year."

AS luck would have it, one of the first numbers out of the bowl was Hank Greenberg's. He took the transition from \$55,000 a year to \$50 a month calmly enough. On May 6, 1941, he played his 19th and last game of the season against the Yankees and celebrated by belting two home runs off Tiny Bonham. Someone informed him that they were the 248th and 249th of his career. Suddenly it became very important to get one more for No. 250.

"As I stepped up to bat in the last of the eighth, we had the game won and everyone in the park was pulling for me," Hank remembers. "Atley Donald was pitching by then and the bases were full. What a perfect spot! Donald didn't have a thing, but he was wild enough to toss up three balls. I didn't want to walk and I was both surprised and amused to discover that even the Yankee catcher, Bill Dickey, was rooting for me. The next pitch came in as big as a balloon. I missed it. I swung again and missed. I really took a belt at that last one. I fanned most magnificently."

That night, the team threw a party for Hank, and Charlie Gehringer, one of the least-talkative men in baseball history, drew the assignment of pre-

senting Hammerin' Hank with an engraved gold watch. Charlie gave what must have been the longest speech of his baseball-playing life.

"I know that whatever you're asked to do in the Army, you'll do it well," he concluded. "If they make you peel potatoes, you'll have a rough time of it. But if they stick by you, you'll be the best potato peeler in the whole damned Army. You're a good man, and we'll miss you."

The next day Hank went over to the induction center, posed for a squad of cameramen, signed autographs and went off to Camp Custer. He was 30 years old, and when they changed the draft law a few months later to exclude men over 28, he was discharged. Two days later the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and Hank was right back in khaki, a volunteer this time.

Hank Greenberg served for four years and 55 days. He was Captain Greenberg, a 34-year-old veteran with a chestful of ribbons when he came back to pick up the pieces in the middle of 1945. He had been one of the first stars to enter the service, so it was only fitting that he should be one of the first out. Al Simmons, then an Athletics' coach, said: "If Hank doesn't make it, the rest of 'em might as well not try."

Hank made it all right. On his very first day back, July 1, 1945, he got around to that bit of unfinished business, his 250th home run. He hit a dozen more in the 78 games he played, with the 13th and last being one of his best-remembered.

In the last of the topsy-turvy wartime baseball campaigns, the Washington Senators, the last-place team of 1944, battled down to the wire with Detroit for the 1945 pennant. The schedule was crazy-quilt, too, and the Senators closed their season a week earlier than Detroit, trailing by a game and a half. The Tigers used the extra week to almost beat themselves. They lost four of their next six games, and two more defeats would have brought about a playoff with the well-rested Senators.

The last two games were in St. Louis, against the Browns, the defending AL champions. The first game was rained out and rescheduled as part of a doubleheader the next day. But it continued to rain all night and the field was a quagmire on that fateful Sunday, September 30. Had there not been so much at stake, the games would have been canceled. Tiger manager Steve O'Neill started Virgil Trucks, who had just reported to the team after being discharged by the Navy, and the Browns led with their best pitcher, Nelson Potter.

The Tigers grabbed a 2-1 lead and rushed southpaw ace Hal Newhouser into the game. But the Browns tied it in the seventh and took a 3-2 lead in the eighth. Then the Tigers came up.

Hub Walker pinch-hit for Newhouser and singled. Skeeter Webb tried to sacrifice, and got on base when first-baseman George McQuinn threw to second too late to force Walker. Eddie Mayo then sacrificed both runners along and Browns' manager Luke Sewell ordered an intentional pass for veteran Doc Cramer. That brought up Hammerin' Hank, ailing from a charley horse, blistered hands, a sore arm and a sprained ankle. In the gloom and mist of Sportsman's Park, he took one pitch for a ball and then caught a Potter fast ball perfectly and rifled it deep



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into the left-field bleachers. It was the grand-slam home run that clinched the pennant.

What happened after that is anti-climactic. In the drab World Series with the Chicago Cubs, Hank shook off his aches and pains to get seven hits, including a pair of home runs, as the Tigers won in seven games. But he was doing it on guts alone. When a young reporter asked him what he intended to do after the World Series was over, Hank gave an exact and succinct reply: "Collapse!"

Even before he reported for the 1946 season, Hank knew the handwriting was on the wall. Maybe he heard about the attempts of the Tiger front office to get waivers from the other American League teams so they could deal him to a National League club. Before he signed his contract, he insisted on a bonus clause which would give him extra money if he was traded. He also hinted strongly that he was interested in a front-office job.

Still, his last season with the Tigers was a good one. Back at first base again, Hank led the league with 44 home runs, 16 of them in the last month of the season. He had 127 RBIs and a .277 batting average.

On January 18, 1947, the Tigers got the waivers they had been seeking and sold Greenberg to the Pittsburgh Pirates for an undisclosed price. Reluctantly, he dragged himself through another season. He hit only .249 in the National League, and socked 25 home runs, for a career total of 331. But he roomed with a young right-handed hitter named Ralph Kiner, who adopted enough of the Greenberg technique to shoot from 23 home runs

in 1946 to 51 in 1947. When Hank asked for, and received, his unconditional release on September 29, 1947, he left Kiner as his slugging heir.

Since 1947, it has been Mr. Greenberg, baseball executive. He helped produce pennant winners for Cleveland in 1948, his first year on the job there, and again in 1954. Late in 1958 he shifted his money and his allegiance to the Chicago White Sox where he is working with Bill Veeck, the fellow who started him as an executive with Cleveland.

His highly publicized marriage to Carol Gimbel lasted 13 years and they had two sons before they were finally divorced in 1959. It had been shaky for several years before that, and one of the reasons may have been Hank's burning resentment of the stories that the Gimbel fortune was behind his front-office success. Hank always denied it, as well as the rumors that he would someday take an important job in the Gimbel department-store empire.

"Where else is there a better-paying game or business in which a man can get so much enjoyment?" he once challenged, when a reporter asked him if he planned to stay in baseball.

In 1956, Hank was enshrined in the Baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N. Y. He was asked to make a speech.

"I didn't think I would be nervous standing up here," he said. "But I have the same butterflies as when I used to anticipate hitting against Grove or Gomez or Ruffing."

Those are the days that Hammerin' Hank remembers best.

— ■ —

COLLEGE GOLF'S SUPER-SALESMAN

A skimpy scholarship budget hasn't handicapped Dave Williams. The glib coach has built a powerful links dynasty at Houston University

AN OBSCURE ex-engineering professor named Dave Williams casually became the University of Houston's golf coach in 1952 on a part-time, no-pay basis. He has since utilized his super-salesmanship to develop one of the greatest college golf dynasties in history.

Under the gregarious, 41-year-old Williams, only a weekend golfer himself, Houston has won four straight NCAA championships. If the Cougars win No. 5 next month at Colorado Springs, they will break the modern record. They share the record now with the fabulous North Texas State teams of the early fifties, which featured such skilled golfers as Billy Maxwell, Don January, Stan Mosel and Marion Hiskey.

Among the obstacles Williams has overcome is the lack of a campus golf course. The Cougars' "home course" is at Pine Forest Country Club, some 14 miles from the school. Furthermore, Williams has only two and a half scholarships to work with, split up so many ways that one sophomore star, Ron Weber, received free training-table meals on only Monday, Wednesday and Friday last semester. Not even Richard Crawford (who won the NCAA individual championship as a sophomore last spring) has been granted a full scholarship.

Despite the obstacles, Williams has managed to lure outstanding junior golfers to Houston in such clusters that Crawford placed tenth in the school's 144-hole tournament four months after winning the national championship. Recruiting, difficult when Williams took over eight years ago, now has become just a matter of selection. The puffy-cheeked coach receives between 75 and 100 letters a year from high school champions.

Williams, who has a complete file on every top high school golfer in the United States, encourages most of the letter-writers to go elsewhere. But, admittedly, he is careful not to "place" more than one at a school which may challenge his supremacy.

"I like to help any boy who wants to go to college," he says. "I'm for



Dave Williams

anything to raise the caliber of college golf. If you'll check, you'll find that nearly all the top young pros are products of college competition."

Dave is a full-time member of the athletic department. He helps recruit football and basketball stars, too. It was only by chance that he got the golf job. He was playing in a foursome with athletic director Harry Fouke one day in the early spring of 1952, and Fouke, up to his neck in football scheduling problems, casually mentioned that he wished he could find somebody to take his place as golf coach. The golf job, at that time, consisted of organizing a few students to play in some Missouri Valley Conference matches. Williams, an associate professor in the mechanical engineering department, volunteered to take the assignment.

The next day, Dave walked into the sports publicity office, introduced himself, and announced that he was going to win a national golf championship. Houston, in intercollegiate athletics for only six years at the time, had no facilities, no tradition, no money, and only two or three average golfers who had to pay

greens fees themselves to practice on one of the city's municipal courses. The fellows in the publicity office laughed, but Dave didn't.

"We have the greatest climate in the world here," he explained, "and a boy can play golf the year 'round. We have great pros like Jimmy Demaret and Jackie Burke. We'll get one of the country clubs to let us use their facilities. We'll fix it so if a boy comes here he can make a name for himself as a golfer."

Williams went to work and landed Rex Baxter, Jr., the national junior champion. Then he got Idaho's state champion, Jimmy Hiskey, and he recruited Frank Wharton, an outstanding young prospect from Dallas. To round out his foursome, he brought in Richard Parvino, the Texas state high school champion.

This team, under Williams' spirited direction, made his bold prophecy come true. In June of 1956, at Columbus, O., Houston won its first national sports title—the NCAA golf championship. Then, Houston marched on and won four straight national titles and 18 tournament championships in a row.

One of the tournaments that the Cougars enter (and dominate) is their own National Intercollegiate Invitational, a 16-team scorekeeper's nightmare with 64 players competing simultaneously for six different titles. Innovations like this, organized by Williams, have helped college golf blossom.

Williams has built up a reputation as an amazing salesman and he has been offered many jobs in private industry. One firm was willing to pay him \$20,000 a year to become a sales engineer. But Dave has turned them all down to concentrate on his first love, promoting college golf.

"Some day," he says, "our tournament will be on national television and college golf everywhere will be a great spectator sport."

Williams has dedicated himself toward this goal, and those who know him best, especially the folks who laughed at him eight years ago, are willing to bet he'll achieve it.

—Art Casper

CASEY'S LAST YEAR

(Continued from page 16)

delighted with Casey's work, believe in the big-business theory of mandatory age retirement. At the major-league meetings in Florida last winter, a high-ranking official of an American League club told me: "Let me tip you off. I'm sure that when Stengel goes, the Yankees will put in a rule that their manager must retire at the age of 65. Topping, in particular, supports this policy. He told me that if General Motors and U.S. Steel and other major companies retire their big men at 65, there must be valid reasons for it. And the demands of industry certainly are no greater than those of managing a big-league ball club which must win year after year."

Understandably enough, efforts to discuss retirement policies with Topping and Webb produce only sketchy results. Right now, they are paying 70-year-old Casey Stengel a heaping salary to be their manager. He receives an \$80,000 base contract, with elaborate pension payments and bonus clauses.

It was challenge, though, not money, which prompted Casey to return as Yankee manager after the club's stinging failure in 1959. Stengel is independently wealthy, and Mrs. Casey, the former Edna Lawson, is rich, too. Her father was a well-heeled real estate man in California, and he left her a big estate. A shrewd businesswoman, she has increased its value appreciably.

They say that Casey himself is a millionaire. He scoffs at this, but he admits to having plenty of money. "I ain't a millionaire," he said, "and no matter what I am, outside of my mistakes in a ball game, whose business is it?"

In any event, Casey isn't going to wait around to reap benefits from the major-league Players' Pension Plan, which was recently altered to include managers. Like his wife, Casey has made wise investments which pay handsomely, and among his sources of income are some gushing oil wells and his post as a director of the Glendale (Calif.) National Bank. He can retire from baseball and live in the lap of luxury.

Life in third place, where the Yankees finished last season, is not exactly the lap of luxury—not for a perfectionist like Casey, or for heavily-traditioned champions like the Yankees. Stengel is a hard loser, even when he is in first place, and last summer he took his defeats more to heart than ever before. Losses left him pallid and pained.

Should the Yankees tumble again this season, Casey unquestionably will not force New York to make good on the second part of the ample two-year contract he signed last winter. Casey will not remain as a hanger-on; he will offer to resign. The Yankees will accept his offer.

Of course, Stengel would prefer to go out on top, and to get back up there, he has been a hard taskmaster this season. It began in spring training, where, for the first time in some years, he took direct command of field drills. He stressed fundamentals—the same technique that helped him to his early Yankee success—and everybody worked hard.

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St. Petersburg, Fla., the team worked exclusively on the rundown play between third and home. They also practiced running the bases. "How many times," Casey said, "did we have scoring chances wrecked last year by having somebody thrown out at third base or home? Why? Because they wasted so many feet getting their own feet around the bases."

Casey stood by as the players drilled, and he was a stern supervisor. "Spring," he hollered. "Don't trot. You trot and you see how fast you're in trouble."

The players tried some tricks. "Wait up, wait up," a runner screamed as pitcher Eli Grba began to wind up. Grba stopped his motion. "Balk," the runner said, happily.

"C'mon," Stengel reprimanded his pitcher. "Use your head. He who hesitates is lost."

The runners were sweating and the fielders were falling down, but Casey wasn't through. He told the pitchers not to back up the plate, their usual position on the third to home rundown. Instead, he had the first-baseman do the backing up. "That's what I call eliminating the pitchers," Stengel explained. "I don't want them in on that play. We only got four of them who can field."

Experiments and hard workouts were spring training staples. Casey's masterful psychology was at work, too. There was much talk in the camp about Mickey Mantle's long holdout, and one day, Casey said: "When people get to brooding too much on one subject, there's nothing like giving them something else to think about. Now, take this Mickey Mantle case.

Everybody is fretting about him. My writers are going broke making phone calls to him. Even my players are beginning to worry. So I guess it's up to me to do something different."

Casey did something different. He played catcher Yogi Berra at third base in an intra-squad game, and Yogi's capable work at the strange position became the talk of the camp.

Still nimble-minded and energetic, Casey is the second oldest manager in major-league history. Only Connie Mack, who went on past the age of 80, was older, and Mack was his own boss, the majority stockholder of the Philadelphia Athletics.

On Connie's 75th birthday, the writer asked him if he had given any thought to retirement. Connie thought a moment. "A manager advanced in years," he said, "may be the last one to know if he has slipped to the point at which he should quit. I plan to retire when my players say that I'm making serious mistakes; when they believe that, some younger man should step in."

The time came in 1950. The Athletics lost 102 games, and the players spotted the danger point. Mack turned over the manager's job to Jimmie Dykes.

There was loose talk last season that the Yankee players had spotted signs of decline in Casey's ability. But it was all loose talk. Conceivably, a few players may have attempted to make a whipping boy out of their manager, but no important player was included among the squawkers.

"Take it from me," said one of the big Yankees stars, "Casey wasn't at fault last year. You can write this as strong as you like. In fact, I wish you

would. Let everybody know that Casey had our loyalty and our whole-hearted appreciation. He knows a lot of baseball and he knows how to apply his knowledge. His qualities are, let's say, matchless."

Casey, on the other hand, did not let himself go blameless. "We made a lot of mistakes last season," he said, "and I was to blame, along with a few of my players. We got very careless, and for that, I was at fault one hundred per cent. A manager should never stand for carelessness. You won't see it happen again while I'm still running this ball club."

The Yankee tumble last season was not the only disappointment Stengel has known in baseball. His has been a bouncing 51-year career. There were, at first, wonderful years as an outfield star with the Brooklyn Dodgers and New York Giants (he also played with the Pirates, Phillies and Braves). Then, there were the disheartening times—when he managed the Dodgers and Boston Braves in the Thirties and early Forties, and never once finished in the first division.

The happiest period of all has been this decade plus his years with the Yankees. Blending a personal touch of genius with firm leadership and all-inclusive baseball knowledge (the last two reminiscent of John McGraw), Casey has carved a matchless record. Stengel, in fact, was influenced by McGraw, when he played with the Giants in the Little Napoleon's heyday. But Casey only accepted a portion of McGraw's philosophies. He has never displayed McGraw's fierce temper outbursts, or his dehumanized treatment of human beings. As a student of player habits and psychology, Casey is more like the old Yankee manager, Joe McCarthy. Also like McCarthy, he is a master of detail.

But most of all, Casey is himself, a warm, heartening man, who is truly a unique character. Few men can hold an audience with Stengel's firm, charming command, and no manager has ever enjoyed his magical rapport with the fans.

A classic illustration of Casey's showmanship was presented at the winter baseball meetings in New York some years ago. Casey stood one morning in front of the Hotel Commodore lobby elevators, talking with sportswriters. He gesticulated in colorful cadence with his speech, and it was a marvelous performance. After some hours, the writers reluctantly drifted off to eat lunch. One by one, they left, and as they did, their places were filled by regular hotel guests, salesmen and tourists. An hour later, when one of the original group of writers wandered back, he found Casey still talking away. A quick check confirmed the writer's suspicions. There wasn't a baseball man in the crowd. Casey had simply kept going with some bystanders.

Casey is at his captivating best with children. He and his wife regret having had none of their own, so Stengel takes great pleasure in delighting other people's kids. A youngster will be escorted to the bench during batting practice, and hesitatingly introduce himself. Casey will make him feel right at home. "Been wonderin' what's been keepin' you," he will say, and then he'll give the boy a serious rundown on the hitters as they step into the batting cage. When Mickey Mantle wiggles into his lefthanded stance, Casey will say, in a confi-

dential tone, "That's Mickey Mantle. He thinks he's gotta imitate Stan Musial. Everybody else is imitating Mantle, but he's gotta imitate Musial."

After such a journey inside baseball, what red-blooded boy can resist becoming a Casey Stengel fan for life?

With the writers, Casey is equally captivating. He is well-versed in story values and edition deadlines, and he is both helpful and respectful with his writers. He takes many of them into his confidence, and knows that when he says, "Don't write this," they will honor the off-the-record bond.

The famous language "Stengelese" sprouts from Casey's habit of beginning a new sentence without finishing the first, and rambling from subject to disjointed subject. It produces endless pages of colorful copy. But despite his put-on doubletalk, Casey always knows the score, in a ball game or in life. He is fooled only when he wants to be fooled.

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A while ago, I said to Casey: "I have read four versions of your mother's maiden name. You're a Dillon. Was she?"

"Well now, I ain't gonna tell you," he said.

"Well then," I said. "I'll have to pick one of the four. I'll say she was named Cassidy."

"She wasn't a Cassidy," he roared. "She was a Jordan, Irish on both sides." Then, he laughed. "You tricked me."

Oh, sure I had.

The writer first met Casey 47 years ago, when he was with the Dodgers. The friendship grew firmer when he played for the Giants from 1921 until 1923, and reached its height when he returned to New York to manage the Yankees. In July of 1958, Stengel left Memorial Stadium in the third inning of a Yankee-Oriole game, and flew to New York to attend the wedding of the writer's daughter. "I couldn't miss this," Stengel said, as he danced the cha-cha and charmed the guests.

In his time, Casey has had some unhappy experiences with the press, too. One of his vanities is his taste in clothes, and once, early in his Yankee career, a major magazine published a rather nasty story about him. He dresses like a burlesque actor, the story said, and after he loses a game, he very likely can be found in a saloon, thoughtfully drowning his sorrows in scotch.

"How can that guy write such stuff about me?" Casey said. "I have my clothes made by the most expensive tailor in Hollywood. This here sport coat cost me a hundred bucks. My suits cost two hundred. I have fine taste and so does Edna, who supervises my choices."

"Aren't you sore about that charge that you hang around saloons?" I asked.

"Hell, no," Casey said. "Why should I be angry about that. It ain't the truth and people know it. But they don't know about my clothes. By the way, exactly how does a burlesque actor dress?"

Casey is vain, too, about his baseball accomplishments, and to get the best out of his players, he will, on occasion, call them down. On large matters, though, he will do his best by them. When the front office was ready to trade away Irv Noren some years ago, one of the executives said, in explanation, that Noren had two bad knees. "And how do you think he banged up those knees?" Casey argued. "He banged them up running into fences for the New York Yankees."

There was some surprise, therefore, when Stengel publicly blasted his players before the 1959 season, for their after-hours gallivanting. Casey is a magnificent manager, but he is not faultless. The writer believes that his greatest weakness lies in his mishandling of off-the-field playboys. This, however, is a chink in the gold-plated armor of the entire Yankee organization. George Weiss, the general manager, is not skilled at punishing night prowlers, either. The Yankees tried to curb after-hours socializing in 1958, by hiring private detectives to trail the players. The results were mostly ludicrous, and the dragnet was abandoned last season. It hasn't been reworked this year. "They talk about the outside activities of my ballplayers," Casey said, "but they ain't thinkin' of them when a curve ball is comin' to the plate."

In 1958, the year of the spy system, Casey fashioned one of his greatest victories. Always noted for his two-platooning and magnificent player manipulation, he was at his juggling best in the World Series. He directed the Yankees to an unparalleled comeback and won the championship. Trailing the Milwaukee Braves, three games to one, Stengel called upon his ace, Bob Turley, to pitch the first do-or-die game. Turley won, and then Stengel expertly spotted Bob in the next two games, and the fired-up Yankees rallied behind him to take the championship.

It was another jewel in Stengel's crown, and the Braves' owner, Lou Perini, was fittingly impressed. When Lou went shopping for a successor to manager Fred Haney last autumn, his first choice for the job was Casey. But Stengel wasn't interested. First, he had a big job to do at Yankee Stadium. Casey wants to prove he can come back. He wants to go out on top.

CANADA'S LATE-BLOOMING GOLF HERO

(Continued from page 51)
possible when he plays in Canada." The same lady traveled 2,000 miles by bus to see Stan play in Las Vegas. She was unable to get a hotel room, but her spirits never dampened. She dozed each night in a hotel lobby, and walked happily each day on the fairways, watching her hero play golf.

Out on the practice fairways at any tournament, small, but noticeably-growing numbers of celebrity-hunting spectators are drifting away from big-name players—such as Arnold Palmer, Dow Finsterwald and Art Wall—to study the relaxed, affable Leonard. Once intrigued by Stan they follow him around the course.

The first time Leonard visited Australia (late last November), he played during a stifling Melbourne heat-wave and won the International Trophy given to the individual scoring champion in Canada Cup matches, the annual 72-hole tournament involving 30 nations.

After this victory, a Melbourne *Sunday-Mirror* reporter wrote: "The Canadian, Leonard, has become the most popular player ever to visit Australia."

Naturally, the traditionally-critical Aussies didn't flip over Leonard just because he was a nice guy with engaging fairway manners. First of all, they were softened by the Canadian's impressive scoreboard credentials: A 70-66-69-70—275. This was a superb string of golf over the most challenging test the Australians could devise. With one exception, that score was the class of the field, including the veteran U.S. team of Sam Snead (281) and Cary Middlecoff (289). The exception was Australia's own favorite son, Peter Thomson, a three-time British Open champion who thrives on the sweltering heat of his own backyard. He duplicated Leonard's 275 total, but Stan won the sudden-death playoff on the first extra hole.

The colorful Canada Cup competition, now eight years old, is fast becoming one of the more notable golf tests. To date, in terms of consistency, Leonard has been this global show's top performer. His individual win in Melbourne was his second such victory in six appearances as a member of the Canadian team.

Stan has been rated as Canada's greatest golfer for quite a while, but even seven victories in his own country's professional championship tournament failed to impress people elsewhere. It wasn't until he began to win in the United States that Leonard attracted international attention.

On his first U.S. tour (1955), Stan finished in the money in 33 straight tournaments. He missed a pay day only twice in 64 tries. In 1958, at the age of 43, he collected more than \$40,000 for eight months of work. The figure becomes even more impressive when you consider that Stan didn't play in every tournament. He picked only the top ones.

"I make one concession to the years," he says. "I play in less than half the tournaments on the circuit. I play in three or four in a row, then when I begin feeling physically or mentally tired, I fly home, putter around the garden, do a little fishing or duck-shooting and lay off golf com-

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pletely. Then I go back out on the practice fairway, and after three or four weeks, I'm all set to go again."

Although other pros claim that constant competition is essential to maintain the necessary edge, it is almost impossible to criticize Leonard's compromise formula.

Since 1957, along the bitterly-competitive U.S. circuit, where youth is an increasingly priceless commodity, Stan has won the Greensboro Open and the Las Vegas Tournament of Champions, finished tenth, eighth, and fourth twice in five successive Masters, and placed in the money in a hatful of other tournaments.

His showings in the Masters, according to insiders, give the clearest indication of Leonard's skill. Few golfers have finished among the top ten players four times over a five-year span in what is generally considered the sport's most challenging, pressure-packed test. Leonard not only finished fourth twice in a row, but in each case, only the fates throttled his bids for the title. Looking back at his near-misses, Stan said:

"The 1958 tournament came in the wake of heavy rains, and on the first day, they ruled that imbedded balls must be played as they lie. They couldn't be touched by hand. On the 12th hole—a short par three across a river which had been in flood—I hit a seven-iron shot and the ball plugged deep into the soft apron of the green. It was stuck in the mud, and I took three putts to get down for a double-bogey five.

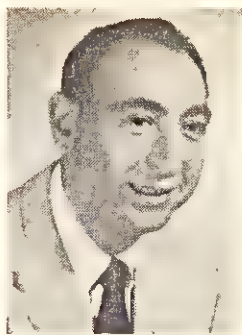
"Right after that round, the tournament committee said that USGA

wet-weather rules would prevail. That meant that plugged balls could be cleaned and dropped. On the third round of the same tournament, Arnold Palmer's tee shot on that same 12th hole fell in the mud. He played out as I had done, and got a five. But then he found out about the wet-weather rules, and played a provisional ball off the tee and got a par three. The committee made an on-the-spot ruling. The par three was counted."

Palmer went on to win the tournament and first-prize money of \$11,000, with a 284. Leonard finished in a fourth-place tie with Ken Venturi at 286, for \$2,000. If Stan's ball had been imbedded on that 12th hole on any but that first day, he would likely have had a 284 score.

The break that wrecked Leonard's chances at Augusta the following year was foreseen by two-time Masters champion Ben Hogan. Going into the final round tied for the lead with Palmer, Stan was paired with Cary Middlecoff for the last day's play. When the draw was announced, Hogan turned to a newspaperman and said, "Leonard hasn't got a chance. Middlecoff's pace is so agonizingly slow it can drive a man crazy. Playing with Cary today is worth a good two-stroke penalty—and you just can't afford to give away strokes in this tournament."

This was not meant as a personal knock against Middlecoff. The glum-faced dentist is just naturally a painfully slow player. Middlecoff fusses, fumes, waggles and frets between shots while his exasperated partner grows swiftly older. He was his usual self with Leonard.



Great Moments in Sport

by Howard Cosell

ABC-Radio Sports Commentator

DARK STAR'S DERBY DAY

ON THE FIRST Saturday of every May, sports fans around the world focus their attention on Louisville, Ky. There, a whirlpool of carnival gaiety builds, and reaches an excited peak late in the afternoon, with the running of America's most renowned horse race—the Kentucky Derby. On Derby Day, a horse becomes a world hero.

May 2, 1953, was Derby Day and nearly 100,000 people jammed the stands and the infield of historic Churchill Downs for the 79th annual Run for the Roses. Between sips of their mint juleps, the race-goers cheerfully discussed the warm, sunny weather, the heavily traditioned horse race, and the strong favorite, Native Dancer.

Native Dancer, the speedy gray colt, had won 11 straight races. The track was dry and fast that day, and figured to help him breeze home a winner. The bettors made him less than even money to win the Derby, and most track followers firmly believed that the unbeaten Dancer also would win the Preakness and Belmont Stakes in later weeks. This was a great horse, they said, and certainly he would become the eighth in history to win racing's Triple Crown. The Dancer was placed on the same lofty pedestal as such champions as Whirlaway, Count Fleet and Citation.

The teeming crowd at Churchill Downs hushed as the traditional air, "My Old Kentucky Home," was played. More than 40 million people around the country stared at their television screens, also caught up in the excitement. The 11 entries paraded slowly to the post, and almost all eyes were on the lead horse, Native Dancer, the big gray, and his jockey, Eric Guerin. Behind the Dancer in the single-file procession was Dark Star, a handsome brown colt from New York. Dark Star had won the Derby Trial just four days before, but Derby tradition decreed that few trial winners ever won the big race. Dark Star was a 25-1 longshot.

The jockeys quieted their mounts in the starting gate. They leaned forward, anxiously awaiting the signal from starter Ruby White. Then, after a short pause, the bell rang and 11 horses sprang forward.

Ace Destroyer bumped Correspondent in the first few strides, but the bumped horse's jockey, Eddie Arcaro, recovered quickly without losing too much ground. Dark Star, ridden by squat Henry Moreno, dashed from his tenth stall and took the lead on the rail. The others strung out behind.

Native Dancer, in sixth place after breaking slowly, ran into trouble near the first turn. He was bumped by Money Broker and had to drop back and search for running room on the outside.

The fans were on their feet, screaming, as the horses thundered into the backstretch. Dark Star held onto a length lead over Correspondent. Ace Destroyer was third, followed by Straight Face. Money Broker, Curragh King and Invigorator. Native Dancer, still looking for an opening, was locked in eighth place while Ram O' War, Social Outcast and Royal Bay Gem brought up the rear.

Along the final curve, the riders on Correspondent and Straight Face decided to take their chances. They whipped their horses savagely, trying to catch Dark Star, but they couldn't make it and faded wide as the field pounded around the turn.

Then, to the delight of the roaring crowd, Native Dancer began to catch up. He passed four horses and then shot into second place.

It was the longshot, Dark Star, in first place by a length and a half and the heavily-favored Native Dancer second as the horses galloped to the wire. The Dancer inched closer with a mighty surge but, for the first time in his career, couldn't catch the leader. Dark Star's blue and white silks flashed across the finish line a head in front.

Moreno proudly rode Dark Star to the winner's circle to see a man about some roses, and the loudspeaker announced his Derby time. Dark Star's clocking for the mile and a quarter classic was two minutes and two seconds, just three-fifths of a second off Whirlaway's record, set in 1941. Dark Star had run faster than the Whirlaway mark for the first mile, and still had had enough speed and courage to pour it on in the stretch.

Many people insisted that Native Dancer would have won had the race been two lengths longer. But it wasn't. The Dancer proved his class later on, by winning the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes. Dark Star, on the other hand, pulled up lame in the Preakness and never raced again. But he retired a world hero. Derby Day, 1953, belonged to Dark Star.

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Lagging far behind the players in front, the Leonard-Middlecoff two-some was twice warned by officials to speed it up.

Again Leonard's chances disappeared as he skyrocketed to a round of 75. Middlecoff finished second behind Wall, with Palmer third and Leonard tied for fourth.

Still, in the business of breaks, Leonard is quick to point out the other end of the stick. He thankfully recalls it was a break that helped him win his first major PGA tournament, the Greensboro Open in 1957.

"I was tied in the last round with Mike Souchak, and on the 13th hole I hooked my drive into a thick grove of trees. The ball hit a tree-trunk with a sickening crack—and bounced out into the middle of the fairway. I got my par and went on to win. No doubt about it," Leonard said. "We all need a break now and then, and you just have to hope the majority are for you, not against you."

Although a late, late entry as a tournament pro, the man from Vancouver was certainly no stranger to big-time golf in the years preceding 1955. Twelve years ago, he began a long string of "always the bridesmaid but never the bride" experiences when he had the rich Canadian Open in his pocket and blew it with one careless drive on the 70th hole. The same year, he began a series of brief hit-and-run raids on the winter circuit in California, and immediately recorded another near-miss, this one in the Bing Crosby Pro-Am. He made another quick try the next year and experienced another exasperating "almost," this time a second-place finish in the Long Beach Open.

Then he breezed down to Idaho for the Esmeralda Open at Hayden Lake and fired a startling 20-under-par 260. Unfortunately for Leonard, Ed "Porky" Oliver won it, with a 259. Still a club pro in 1952 and '53, Leonard did little to harm his native reputation as a better than fair-to-middling tradesman in the now-defunct Canada-United States International Matches. In successive years, he handed U.S. PGA and Masters king Doug Ford the worst beating of his career with a ten and nine win over 36 holes, then rudely dispatched a former U.S. Open champion, Julius Boros, six and five, in an 18-hole match.

In 1955, the challenge swelled within him and couldn't be contained. Stan joined the circuit and began to make his place among the top golfers.

A man of moderate habits who always keeps in perfect shape, Leonard headed into this current 1960 campaign with the enthusiasm of a colt at romping time, gunning purposefully for his greatest and certainly busiest year yet. He is pointing specifically for the still elusive Canadian Open title, the U.S. Open, the Centennial British Open at St. Andrew's and the Canada Cup matches in Dublin. Of course, he's also looking to increase the \$7,376 he won last year.

As for retirement, the oldest newcomer on the PGA circuit isn't giving it a thought. "Me retire?" he says. "Not for years, anyway. I feel as though I'm just getting the hang of this business."

Which proves, in a way, that the fellow who said that life begins at 40 was only approximately correct. For Canada's late-blooming golf hero, it may be beginning at 45.

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO DRIVE IN THE "500"

(Continued from page 39)
gash on my left hand. The speed was so great that at the finish, five hours later, the gash was covered with a heavy scab. Doctors said it would have taken a week to heal like that under normal conditions."

Shaw would have been first in the 1935 race if it hadn't been for a bottle of milk. They gave him the milk when he stopped to refuel, but they forgot to take away the bottle. In the split second, while Shaw wondered what to do with the bottle, his engine died and he had to be pushed to a new start. He lost the race by 40.2 seconds.

Men sometimes do wonderful and strange things when they are caught up in the glory of this race. Chet Miller unhesitatingly swerved into a concrete wall and almost killed himself, rather than ride over an injured driver lying on the track. Bob Grim threw up his arms last year, while racing at top speed to warn drivers behind him that he was in trouble. That courteous gesture cost him a broken shoulder blade. Charlie Merz' car caught fire once, but he kept it going for the last five miles and finished third.

And, when Ralph De Palma's motor quit cold when he was only one lap from winning the race, he got out and

pushed it toward the finish line, but was disqualified anyway.

Then there is the tragedy. On the morning of Memorial Day in 1955, Bill Vukovich (who was to die that afternoon) took out his billfold and gave his wife all the money in it with the exception of one dollar.

"I don't want to be broke," he told her as he left for the Speedway.

"I'll see you in Victory Lane," she said.

At about nine that morning, Vukovich telephoned his wife and asked what time she was coming to the track. It was the first time he had ever telephoned her before a race. In the race, Vukovich was claimed by the Southwest Corner.

Somehow, one is certain that if Wilbur Shaw, who lived his greatest moments on the "500" track, had had a choice, he would have wished to succumb the way Vukovich did—before an Indianapolis infield crowd that munched hot dogs, gulped cans of warm beer and thought they were in on one hell of a party. Poor old Vuky had that going for him, anyway.

Poor old Shaw had to settle for death in a plane crash—and not a soul saw that great hero die.

— ■ —

BASILIO'S BACK WHERE HE BELONGS

(Continued from page 19)
sharp enough condition to make up the weight and size he gives away to five-foot, ten-inch, 160-pound middleweights? At five feet, six and a half inches, Basilio is even shorter than many welterweights. At 156 pounds (the most he's ever fought at), he was sluggish against Fullmer, and he was beaten badly.

"I'm as good as a 33-year-old fighter can be if he is a 33-year-old fighter who has kept in condition," Carmen said. "I've still got it. My reflexes are as good or better than the night I fought Fullmer. I just didn't have it that night."

Indeed, he was telling the truth. Against Fullmer, Basilio had been a standing target and only condition and a stout heart had prevented him from being knocked down and counted out. Instead, the fight had been stopped with a weary Basilio still on his feet.

"Remember that night?" Carmen said.

"I do," the visitor said.

"Remember what happened in the dressing room before the fight? My managers, DeJohn and Netro, weren't allowed to work with me. They weren't even allowed in the dressing room before the fight. The California Boxing Commission and Jack Urch, an investigator, said my managers couldn't work because they were under investigation for giving some money to Genovese. About that I know nothing."

"I remember," the visitor said, "you cried after the fight."

"I cried before the fight," Carmen said. He was not shamed by the admission.

"Look," he went on, "there was Joe Netro, a big, fat, happy-go-lucky man barred from working with me, and there he is crying. Ever see a grown

man cry? It ain't nice. I just broke down. I cried. Then I realized I was going in to fight a tough guy like Fullmer. I just didn't have it."

Basilio's face is marked by his trade. There are scars over both eyes, but when he turns his smile on, he casts a warmth, incongruous with his toughness. Now he was unsmiling, almost pensive, and the one with him knew the fighter wanted to keep talking.

"You know boxing's been my life," Basilio said. "That's obvious. Everything I have I have because of it. I came off a job shoveling snow and got rich in boxing. Wouldn't have made it if I went into growing onions, like my father. Boxing is my job and that's why I'm sticking to it."

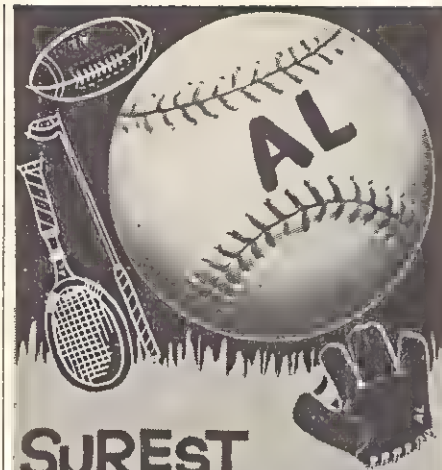
"And your family?"

"They'll have to suffer a little longer," Basilio said. "My wife Kay hates it. She's been after me to quit for a long time. She doesn't understand what it means to me. I love boxing. I like training. Other fellows find training the toughest thing; not me. I love to run and to work in the gym. I'm a guy who loves his trade. It's done nothing but good for me. I can't knock it."

Forgotten was the anguish Basilio had suffered outside the ring as well as within the ropes. He had been a qualified challenger for a long time before he got a shot at Kid Gavilan's welterweight crown in 1953. When he finally got his chance, Carmen knocked down Gavilan, but lost the decision.

For more than 30 months, Basilio waited for another chance. Instead, Gavilan blew the title to Johnny Saxton in a questionable fight in Philadelphia. Then, Saxton refused to fight Basilio. Johnny fought Tony DeMarco in Boston instead, and lost his title.

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and Basilio wound up with a fight for the title. He knocked out DeMarco twice within seven months. Later, he fought Saxton at the Chicago Stadium and Saxton won what most people thought was a poor decision.

At this point, promoter Rothschild hired the aforementioned Mr. Genovese to intercede in his behalf with Blinky Palermo, a Philadelphian with a police record, who was Saxton's manager. For a fee of \$10,000, Genovese delivered the contract for a return bout between Basilio and Saxton. Basilio knocked out Saxton. He was the world welterweight champion again.

He was back on top now, but he was a champion without a challenger. The pickings were slim among the welters and Carmen was looking for the big pay days. So, he started angling for a shot at Sugar Ray Robinson, the middleweight champion. Sportswriters couldn't put the rap on a guy for trying to make a buck, but most of them felt that Carmen was making a mistake. He's a rugged fighter, they said, but he's not big enough to tangle with Robinson and Fullmer. Even if he does win the title, he won't last long as a middleweight.

Carmen got his fight with Sugar Ray—and he won. Robinson earned \$483,666 for his work. Basilio's end was \$215,639. Carmen had the title. He could have stashed it away for a considerable time, but, instead, six months after winning the championship, Basilio fought Robinson again. It was a close fight, with Robinson the winner.

For more than a year Robinson sat around. A rubber match with Basilio would have packed any arena. Slow to anger, the New York State Athletic Commission finally called a hearing on Robinson's inactivity. It was a fiasco and wound up with Robinson trying to promote the fight himself and then calling Basilio yellow when he refused to go along with Sugar Ray's money scheme.

The NBA would not stand by without taking action, although it was an organization known for procrastination in the past. It shucked Robinson of the middleweight championship. Fullmer beat Basilio to win NBA recognition as the 160-pound titleholder while Robinson later lost the New York State and Massachusetts version of the title to Paul Pender.

The defeat by Fullmer, which marked the first knockout on Basilio's record, came in the 74th fight of his career. It was his worst performance as a front-rank fighter. For weeks he was shattered by the experience and stayed away from his favorite hangouts in Chittenango and his hometown of Canastota, and in the big city nearby, Syracuse, where he trains in a gym run by Irving Robbins.

In time the wounds healed. Carmen began to talk about returning to the welterweights, and he came down to New York to testify when his managers were facing expulsion by the boxing board. He said he knew nothing about Netro's and DeJohn's financial dealings with Genovese. Each manager said the other was unaware that Genovese was cutting in on their end of Basilio's purses. The commission construed their answers as lies and disbarred them.

"It hurt me deep when those two fellows were kicked around by the New York commission," Basilio said, "but if they stuck their necks out and did something against the laws of New York, they got what was coming to them."

"Does that mean you will not have them with you if you fight in another state, where they are licensed?"

"They were always honest and above board in their dealings with me," Basilio said. "I have a license to fight in Illinois, for example, and they are not under suspension in Illinois. I understand I would be within my rights to let them be with me in a fight in Illinois and to share in my purse. I think I'm right, but I'm not crossing that bridge until I come to it. Right now I'm worried about my new house."

"Is the house you bought new?"

"New? Hell, no. It's just about as old as I am. It's 32."

"You'll be 33 shortly. Why try to cut down your age?"

"Hell, you get to be my age and you're a fighter, you want to cut as many corners as you can."

"What kind of house is it?"

"Well, it's in Chittenango, over by Route 5. This one we're in now is clapboard. The other house is decorated with natural color shingles. We had to get a bigger house with the boys growing up."

"I thought there were no children in your family."

"The boys are Eddie Thune, who is 12, and Freddie Thune, who is 8. They are Kay's nephews and they live with us. They're like our own kids and it's great having them around. The new house, which isn't really new, like I said, has eight rooms, including three bedrooms. There are only six rooms here."

"How come Kay never got to look upon your fighting as a job, like a man going to work in the morning selling insurance or cars?"

"I think it's because she's been sick, you know, and she liked having me around all the time. If a fellow's a fighter, he doesn't spend as much time home as a guy selling insurance or cars, like you say. And if you're a fighter a lot of people come around and tell your wife you are getting hit too much or your managers are making the wrong matches or other things like that. Makes it tough. She worries."

"Don't you think you have been hit too much in boxing?"

"I think a lot of people think I've been hit a lot. Actually, I've never been hit half as much as people think. Listen, I fought a puncher like Robinson and I came out of it all right. I move a lot under punches, or I slip them, and I bother the guy I'm fighting so that he isn't throwing as much as he should. I've taken care of myself."

"How do you feel about Sugar Ray Robinson now?"

"Sure I'm still sore at him," Carmen said. "He's a greedy guy but it hasn't helped him. They should have taken his title away a long time ago for not fighting. I never trusted him and I don't like the man. With Fullmer, it's different. Gene's a real nice guy. We're good friends."

The visitor looked at Basilio. A great many things had happened to the young man since a night eight years ago, when the visitor saw him for the first time, in a bout with Billy Graham at the Chicago Stadium. Graham had won nine of ten rounds and had given Basilio an artistic lacing.

It was the second straight loss that Carmen had suffered within five weeks. After four years of fistic ups and downs, Basilio would have been excused if he had decided to quit boxing. But he stuck with it.

Some years later, after Carmen had won the welterweight title for the first time, John DeJohn was asked about that night in Chicago.

"You mean the Graham fight," said DeJohn. "I'll tell you about it. That's when I knew I had a real fighter. Carmen took a pretty good licking that night and kept moving in on Graham. We went back to Syracuse by train and Carmen said, 'Get me that fellow again. I learned tonight I know how to fight. Something happened in there and now I know I'm a fighter.' You know what? I believed him."

A personal epoch has been spanned by Basilio since the Chicago revelation. At the beginning of the boxing bridge is a career as first a hungry, and then a successful welterweight fighter. There is, in the middle, the great glory that Carmen fashioned battling against the odds in the middleweight division. And there may be, at the end, if Basilio can get his way, a bruising finish as a welterweight—back where it all began; back where he belongs.

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THE FINEST FIGHTING FISH IN THE WORLD

(Continued from page 67)

tarpon is big, sinister, and formidable.

Tarpon come and go, appear and disappear mysteriously. No one really knows a great deal about their habits. People do know that the tarpon's natural range includes all the fringe waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the coastal waters of such islands as Cuba and Puerto Rico. They start at Key West and follow the coastline northward along the west coast of Florida to Louisiana, to Texas and then south along the Central American coast to the Panama Canal.

Although tarpon have made chumps out of more fishermen than any other species, they're not as hard to fool as brown trout or bonefish. But once a tarpon is hooked, the big fish explodes, somersaulting, spinning, swapping ends, shaking violently in the air and almost climbing trees. At least I know one man who thinks they do.

Gaspar Artego and I were fishing out of La Parguera, a slumbering village on the southwest shore of Puerto Rico, a few years ago. We had been trolling off-shore for billfish, but high winds drove us into the sheltered mangrove bays and shallows in-shore. We found one bay crowded with small tarpon, weighing from five to 20 pounds. Of all varieties of tarpon, this size is the most acrobatic. Their antics sometimes seem absolutely incredible, and we were overjoyed to find so large a concentration of them. I rigged up two plug-casting outfits, one for myself and the other for Gaspar, who had very little experience with such light gear.

A tarpon smashed his very first cast of a large surface plug, jumped and threw the plug right back at him. Even so, the best was yet to come. On the second cast, Gaspar had some real trouble. This fish was well hooked. First it jumped, ripping most of the skin from Gaspar's knuckles before he could get the reel handles under control. Then it jumped again, this time into an overhanging tree where it became lodged long enough to tear out the hook before returning to the water.

"No," Gaspar whispered in amazement. "This is not possible!"

Before that afternoon was over he was ready to believe that anything was possible when you were fishing for tarpon. He'd hooked 14 fish and he hadn't boated a single one. My score—two of ten—wasn't much better.

Hooking a first tarpon is a memorable experience for any angler. George Laycock and I have fished together for years, although always in fresh water. George has taken everything from Dolly Varden trout and jumbo pike to carp and giant Tennessee catfish. A few years ago, he decided he was ready to invade salt water. His first skirmish came under the Bahia Honda Bridge just out of Marathon. We were fishing an afternoon tide aboard Captain John Brantner's boat, the *Fiesta*.

There wasn't any visible evidence this time that any tarpon were within miles of the place. It was hot and nothing stirred in the water. Occasionally, a clump of floating seaweed would become fouled on our mullet baits and it would be necessary to reel in and clear them. But that was the limit of the excitement. I dozed, and I guess George dozed, too. The next thing I knew he was on his feet, hang-

ing onto a rod that was bucking like a trip hammer and onto a reel that was smoking. He had become so fascinated by the tarpon's fight that he forgot to flip the reel into gear. Exit tarpon.

Like a host of fishermen before him, he simply said, "I don't believe it."

Ten minutes later, he had another strike, only this time he remembered to switch the reel into gear. It was a one-in-a-million tarpon that only jumped twice—and then bored deep into the waters below. A tarpon that uses its strength, such as this one, to take a toothed on the bottom rather than to jump is a genuine back-breaker. There's nothing to do but gain and lose line, to reel and pump until your shoulders are sore and your arms begin to ache. George sweated and battled but finally he had that tarpon alongside the boat.

"It would have been easier to raise the Andrea Doria," he said.

Tarpon are top-notch game fish for another reason; they're any man's fish. You can catch them from a skiff or a rowboat, as well as from an expensive charter boat, because the best tarpon fishing occurs in relatively shallow or sheltered places within easy reach of land. Depending on their size, they can be taken on virtually any sort of tackle. Since they're not good to eat, anyway, many anglers simply fish just for the kicks and the jumps with ultra-light tackle. If they lose the fish, they don't care. They just toss in their lines and try to hook another.

An ideal outfit for medium to heavy tarpon is a boat rod or heavy, two-handed casting rod with a star drag reel full of 20 or 30-pound line. Tarpon can be "killed" quicker on heavier line, of course, but this takes some of the aerial tactics out of them, too.

For smaller, "baby" tarpon, a medium casting outfit or a fairly stout spinning outfit is the best bet. You just travel or cruise until you find a school of tarpon—and then cast ahead of them, retrieving in fast, sharp jerks.

In recent years, the flyrod has become an important weapon in tarpon fishing. But it isn't something for raw beginners to use, nor is it wise if you value your gear very highly, for tarpon are the world's finest tackle busters. On the Tamiami Canal near Miami one morning, I watched a bass fisherman fresh out of Wisconsin hook a 20-pound tarpon from a feeding school. The reaction was something like throwing a handful of grenades in the water. The fish took off in several directions at once, but mostly up and away, and, in the process, stripped all the guides from the rod, broke off the tip and disappeared with a brand new tapered line.

That fisherman deserves a tip of the hat, though. He walked back to the car, set up another outfit, and after losing a couple of fish on jumps, proceeded to whip the fourth fish completely. Then, without taking it out of the water, he removed the hook and released the fish alive and unharmed.

"I'd like to catch that one again," he explained, "after he's rested up."

The sport of tarpon fishing has an expert, or a champion, perhaps, who is as outstanding in his field as Willie Mays in baseball or Sam Snead in golf. He's Jerry Coughlan, a New Jersey manufacturer, who has won the casting division of Miami's annual



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Metropolitan Fishing Tournament for nine consecutive years. It's the world's largest fishing contest, and competition in this division is terrific. Even so, Coughlan invariably comes out on top with fish that range from 125 to 150 pounds. In fact, at last count, Coughlan had caught 53 tarpon that weighed more than 100 pounds. He says that his secret is "hard work and experience."

The record tarpon is a 283-pounder taken four years ago by Mario Salazar in Venezuela's Lake Maracaibo. If any larger fish than this 283-pounder does exist somewhere, it's probably in one of the unexplored jungle rivers of Central America, perhaps in Costa Rica or Honduras.

The best bait for tarpon is a live mullet from eight to 12 inches long. Tarpon will hit other small fish, also, but the mullet is the one they can't resist. Anglers who cast artificials for tarpon stick to two specific types—the saltwater jigs or bucktails and darting topwater plugs. It's hard to say which is more effective, but there are few more dramatic moments than when a tarpon savagely attacks a plug retrieved on the surface. On occasions, they'll bat the plugs high in the air and slash at them several times before actually grabbing them. And when they feel the hook, they go completely berserk.

Large-size streamer flies with long hackle wings are best on a flyrod. Sometimes ordinary floating bass bugs are deadly—and expendable. A school

of actively feeding fish will grind them up quickly.

Tarpon have given assorted fishermen some terrible, nearly tragic moments. Several years ago sportsmen were gathering for the annual International Fishing Tournament at Port Isabel, Texas. This is wonderful tarpon country, and the brutes grow almost as big there as the Texans say they do. One of the contestants was getting in some pre-tournament practice by drifting a mullet through nearby Brazos de Santiago Pass. A jumbo tarpon struck, and instead of taking off for Mexico, it streaked toward the boat and jumped in. The fish thrashed wildly until nearly everything aboard was broken. Tackle was tossed overboard, a canvas cover was ripped, the steering wheel was broken off and the mate wound up with a hook buried deep in the calf of his leg. Fortunately, the tarpon jumped out again, or someone might have been killed.

It's interesting to note that the tournament winner that year was a 70-year-old grandmother who boated her tarpon only a few minutes before the final gun.

Jumping into or completely over a boat isn't too unusual for the frisky tarpon. One time, Charlie North was fishing out of Everglades City in Florida's Ten Thousand Islands when he had a couple of close calls. The tide was high and the tarpon, most of them small, seemed to be laying up close to the mangroves and deep in the small

bays. The guide poled the boat back into one small bay, and Charlie delivered his plug perfectly under a mangrove. Without a second's hesitation, a baby tarpon had it and flashed toward open water, past the boat, which partially barred its way. Then the fish jumped, hit Charlie squarely in the back and bounced into the water again, free of the hook which remained in Charlie's shirt.

Charlie should have learned his lesson and stayed out of close quarters, but he didn't. An hour later, he hooked a larger fish in a similar place—and this one came right into the boat. Fortunately, the guide was ready. "Jump!" he hollered, hitting the shallow water. "Let him have it!" Charlie was right behind him.

It was a pathetic sight to watch the fish tear up everything loose in the boat. Plugs were scattered over half an acre of water, an extra rod was pitched overboard and a movie camera was battered. Charlie was shaking when the tarpon finally flopped back into the water. Tired but unhurt, Charlie crawled back into the boat.

The smart thing, Charlie knows, would be to give up tarpon fishing, but he's no different from thousands of other addicted anglers. He's hooked. To this day, though, the minute tarpon are sighted, he automatically stands with one foot on the gunwale. Charlie North plans to be ready for any uninvited guests.

— ■ —

THE CUBS ARE COUNTING ON FRANK THOMAS

(Continued from page 46)

Sammy Taylor. Busy over the winter, the Cubs also made a trade for the Phillies' spray hitter, Richie Ashburn. Ashburn's job is to get on base—so Banks, Thomas and the other sluggers can drive him home.

Of course, nobody in the Cub front office is hanging up World Series bunting at Wrigley Field. A first-division finish will be quite satisfactory, and a good season by Thomas will go a long way toward providing it.

For a righthanded long-ball hitter like Frank, Wrigley Field is the promised land. The Los Angeles Coliseum has been the butt of most jokes about easy homers, but many players will tell you that it is easier to hit at Wrigley Field. True, the Coliseum's left-field fence is only 250 feet from home plate, but many well-hit balls are stopped by the high screen just as they begin taking off. At Wrigley Field, the left-field fence is more than 100 feet farther away from the plate than the Coliseum's, but it is a low fence. Furthermore, in Chicago a righthanded hitter has the "jet stream" going for him.

The jet stream, as the players call it, is a strong out-blowing wind. Its only fault, as far as the hitters are concerned, is that in recent years it has developed a mysterious unreliability. "It used to blow toward left field regularly," says Dale Long, a lefthanded hitter who does not benefit from it, "but the last couple of years the jet stream hasn't been behaving itself. Sometimes it blows out, sometimes it blows in. I've seen it change 360 degrees in ten minutes."

Nevertheless, on days when the jet stream is behaving like a good boy, a sound Frank Thomas figures to cash

in. As a matter of fact, Thomas should be a much happier ballplayer, regardless of how the jet stream is behaving. The Cubs' "no night baseball" policy is tantamount to an Emancipation Proclamation. Playing 77 day games means a lot to ballplayers, especially a model family man like Frank.

"I'm like Jackie Jensen," Frank said. "I want to spend more time with my family. Playing daylight ball will be like working an eight-hour day, like being a normal person."

Frank and his wife, Dolores, have five children, ranging in age from an infant son, Peter Joseph, to a seven-year-old daughter, Joanne. Frank's idea of living it up is playing with his kids. He doesn't tour the night spots and he doesn't drink, smoke, chew tobacco, or cuss. "I keep beer in the refrigerator, at home, for visitors," Frank said, "but I don't drink any. I guess you could say I have no vices."

Thomas brings his mild manner to the ball park, too. He rarely argues with umpires, and he never squawks about the fans who may boo him. "The fans who come every day are not the ones who boo you anyhow," he says. "It's just the ones who come once or twice a week who boo."

In his time, Thomas has been booed—loud and frequently. "He is," one man explained, "the kind of a ballplayer you are either solidly behind or violently against. There is no in-between."

Two reasons account for much of the controversy that has surrounded Frank. For one, even though he drives in many runs when he is physically sound and having a normal year, many people insist that he doesn't deliver in the clutch. For another, Thomas, an

outfielder by trade, has been a third-baseman by team necessity, since 1956, and he isn't exactly a Pie Traynor or Billy Cox in the field.

Frank bristles at the first charge—that he doesn't hit well with men on base. "I don't see how people can say you're not a clutch hitter if you drive in the runs," he said. "In 1958, only two men in the league drove in more than 100 runs—Banks and me." Thomas drove in 109 that year (Banks drove in 129).

Runs-batted-in were a constant contract haggling point between Thomas and Branch Rickey when Rickey ran the Pirate front office. "If you told Mr. Rickey how many runs you drove in," Thomas said, "he would say, 'That's because you're batting fourth or fifth.' My answer would be, 'You work your way up to that position, don't you?'"

In talking to a number of umpires about Thomas' performance at bat, this writer was told by one:

"Look, Frank could drive in more runs. He's a guess-hitter—all good long-ball hitters are guess hitters. That's one reason they hit the long ball. They guess right, and bam—they hit the ball on the nose. The only trouble with Thomas is that when the guessing is easiest, he doesn't realize it. What I mean is, when he comes up with men on base he ought to know they're not going to give him many fast balls."

"All he has to do is to look for the curve, and he's got it made. He could drive in a helluva lot more runs if he just looks for the curve when there are men on base."

Thomas agrees with the second criticism—that he is less than sensational as a third-baseman. "I'm better in the outfield," he says, "because I've played it all my life. An infielder is born an infielder. He has to have

quick reflexes. At third base you have only one chance at the ball, and for a big guy like me it's awkward. How many, big guys do you see at third base?"

Thomas not only has trouble fielding the balls because of his size but he has trouble throwing because of his ingrained outfield habits. Dick Groat, the Pirate who used to play beside Thomas at shortstop, says, "Frank can't throw underhand on balls he charges. He played the outfield so long that he can throw only by straightening up and getting the ball away overhand."

Oddly enough, Thomas the third-baseman regularly authors one of the most exciting plays in baseball—his wild throw into the first-base box seats. When Frank misfires with one of his strong-armed overhand shots, the spectators in the box seats scatter. The ball usually hits the seats with considerable impact. It's a great play to watch from the third-base seats.

Off the baseball field, Frank is never criticized. He is a pleasant, popular fellow, who goes out of his way to do the small favors. "A ballplayer once asked me for half a dozen copies of some pictures I made of him," said Harry Coughanour, a newspaper photographer in Pittsburgh, "and when I gave him the copies he said: 'Is there anything I can do for you in return?'"

"I said: 'Well, if you have an old mitt lying around I can use it for my kid.'"

"He said, 'You bet, pal. See me as soon as the season's over, and I'll have a mitt for your kid.' I never got the mitt."

"Later I did the same favor for Frank Thomas, and when he asked what he could do to thank me I asked him for an old mitt. 'Wait here,' he said. In a minute he was back with a mitt."

Thomas, as Dick Groat puts it, "has a heart as big as a balloon."

"People remember the little things you do for them," Frank says, and he does them. He does big things, too. For one, he is always available for visits to hospital patients. "I like to help people, and by spending time with hospital patients, I help them. They help me, too."

"Last winter, for instance, I went to a leper colony in Baton Rouge, La., and when I saw those poor people, I became ever-so thankful for my good fortune."

"Sure I had a bad baseball year in 1959. But it was the first time in 12 years of baseball that I ever had an injury that seriously handicapped me. Even so, I still had my health. I see crippled kids and lepers and I'm thankful for my health. That's what I base my thinking on."

"And even if I do get injured," Frank Thomas says, resting his case, "I won't complain. It will be the way the good Lord wants it."

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YOU'VE GOT TO BE MEAN TO PITCH

(Continued from page 23)

were right in the thick of things.

It wasn't a personal fight, mind you. I see Johnny now and I say hello and he says hello and we talk. That's the kind of fellow I am. I can fight a guy and the next day I'm not mad at him any more. I fought with Johnny because I had to defend my rights as a pitcher. I've defended them since, and I'm ready to keep on defending them.

Two things, you see, are of prime importance in my baseball life. One is winning, the other is pay day, and the second hinges on the first. To command an ample salary, you have to win. Even if your team wins the pennant, you won't get a raise unless you have a good season, too. And to earn big money for any length of time, you have to produce while you're young. Your playing career is limited in baseball, and it is necessary to develop an overpowering urge to win very early.

I was lucky. I didn't have to develop an appetite for victory. I've always had one. When I was a little kid, my dad, who was a professional ballplayer, used to take me out in the backyard to play catch. Even then, I remember, I wanted to be the best.

This basic drive for perfection probably has a lot to do with my temper. I guess I have as quick a temper as any nine out of ten guys I know. Mostly, it causes momentary blowups. If a pitch doesn't go exactly right, I get mad at myself. But I am learning to calm down quickly. In the past, it wasn't this way. My blowups disturbed my pitching.

I remember a game against the Cubs in 1956. Toward the end, it began to get dark and it was hard to see the ball. I threw a pitch to Don Hoak that didn't seem really close. He fell down anyway and began to yell at me.

Roy Campanella was catching for us and I called him out to the mound. "Campy," I said, "was that darned pitch close?" He said it wasn't.

I began to steam. Hoak has good reflexes and he could have easily jumped away from the pitch. He had no right to be screaming.

On the next pitch, Don looped a little dinker to Gil Hodges at first base. Gil caught the ball and Hoak began to yell at me again. Pretty soon, all the Cubs were yelling. I blew up. I began to holler back at them and the argu-

ment took my mind off my pitching. They began to hit the ball.

When I returned to the dugout between innings, manager Walter Alston took me aside. "Look, Don," he said. "You've just made a big mistake. It's your job to concentrate on the hitters, not the bench jockeys. They're trying to get your goat and you're playing right into their hands." I got the message and have come a long way since.

I suspect that you may be doing a fair amount of headshaking. "Drysdale's temper improved?" you may be thinking. "Wasn't that blowup in Philadelphia last year over the Dodger coaches the worst of his career?" Well, let me tell you the inside story about that blowup.

The day before I had pitched in two games in Pittsburgh and lost both. It helps, after a bad game, to be able to talk with someone, but at the next stop—Philly—Gil Hodges, my roommate, was spending his free time with his wife. Alone, I kept replaying the games in my mind and finally managed to fall asleep very late. Early the next morning, the telephone rang.

It was a writer. "What happened yesterday, Don?" he said. I gave him a few run-of-the-mill answers.

I fell asleep again and the phone rang again. Another writer. Again, I gave some routine answers.

The phone didn't stop ringing, and finally, I decided not to try and sleep any more. I dressed, went downstairs and had some breakfast. Then, I walked into the lobby and a crowd of writers came over.

"Don, I heard from so and so that you're doing this wrong," one said.

"Yeah," said a second, "and I heard that you're doing another thing wrong."

"And I heard something else," another said.

I blew up. "You heard and you heard and you heard," I said. "But I never heard. Nobody tells me what I'm doing wrong."

It had been happening that way all season. When I sat on the bench, I heard certain people second-guessing the pitcher who was working. When I pitched, they second-guessed me. The other pitchers would tell me about it. I had been pretty annoyed at finding out about my pitching faults second hand and the irritation had built up.



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This was the last straw. Coming as it did, the day after losing a double-header, I don't think many people can blame me for losing my temper.

One fellow who did blame me, in a way, was Dodger Vice-President Buzzie Bavasi. Before a game a week later, I was posed with manager Alston and the Los Angeles coaches. Then, Buzzie gave me a plaque. It said: "To be seen, stand up. To be heard, speak up. To be appreciated, shut up."

It was a pleasant peace-making ceremony and I joined in the fun. But I could have had a lot more fun. I could have given the plaque right back to Buzzie.

A while before, you see, I was reading a newspaper story, written in the aftermath of my threat to sue the league. In it, the reporter included an excerpt from a disciplinary letter sent to me by National League President Warren Giles. Immediately, I went looking for the newspaperman.

"Where did you get that?" I said. "I never got any letter."

"Sure you did," he said. "Bavasi had it in his office. I saw it there."

It was a unique experience, I admit, to have read my mail first hand in a newspaper. I laughed about it and thought of using the incident as a way of giving the plaque back to Buzzie. But, of course, I never would have done it. I wouldn't ever want to offend him. Buzzie has been great to me. He has treated me well during my whole career.

When it comes to reading, though, I am more interested in keeping the hitters from reading my pitches. My big side-arm motion helps me disguise the pitches and it helps me psychologically with the batters, too. I'm a righty and right-handed hitters would be able to follow the ball a lot easier if I threw overhand or three-quarters. Throwing as I do, the ball seems to be coming right at them and some are undecided about digging in. They have to stay loose at the plate and that's the way I like them.

My motion comes to me naturally. I've been using it since 1953, when I pitched in a game for the first time. I was playing second base for an American Legion team that day, and our pitcher began to lose his stuff. Our relief pitcher had overslept and wasn't at the field, so my dad, who was managing the club, called me over. "Go in and pitch," he said. "Don't try to get fancy. Just try to put the ball over the plate."

I did pretty well and a Dodger scout, who had seen the game, encouraged me to keep pitching. I began to pitch for my high school team in Van Nuys, Calif., and three years later I was in the big leagues. Because of my success, I have to believe that it is best not to tamper with a boy's natural motion. Let's say a kid is wandering down the street and he happens to pick up a rock and toss it at a can. The way he throws that rock is his natural motion and he should stick with it.

People have warned me that my natural side-arm may cut short my career. "Look what happened to Ewell Blackwell," they say. "He threw side-arm and he burned out his arm very quickly." Well, I'm not worried. First of all, Blackwell snapped his arm differently, and furthermore, I think an operation shortened his career.

The advantages of throwing side-arm are many. I can remember only

one disadvantage. It prevented me from developing a good change-up pitch for quite a while. My curve ball and fast ball came naturally, but I couldn't master the change-up. The Dodgers tried to teach me to throw it like Johnny Podres and Carl Erskine—by keeping the wrist stiff, as if you were pulling down a window shade. But just try and pitch side-arm with a stiff wrist.

Then, Billy Herman tried to teach me the change-up delivery of his old Dodger teammate, Curt Davis. "Roll it off three fingers," Billy said. "It's impossible to throw hard when you're gripping the ball with only three fingers."

It's impossible, I guess, for everyone but me. I still threw it too hard.

In the meantime, Maglie taught me how to throw a slider, and I learned how to exploit my control by watching Sal and Don Newcombe and listening to pitching coach Joe Becker, who has been a tremendous help to me. Then, finally, I taught myself how to throw a change. I throw it now the same way as I throw my fast ball—except that I don't come around with my back foot.

You may think I'm giving away a secret that could help the hitters, but by now, you should know better. Normally, you see, I never move my back foot until the ball is in flight. When the ball is coming up there, the hitter has no time to stand around and study my feet.

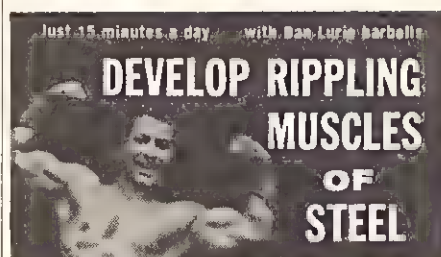
My pitches come up to the hitters in different ways. My fast ball sails in at a righthanded batter and my curve breaks in at a lefty. They come in close and this bothers the hitters. A fellow who has particular trouble with my curve is Carl Sawatski, the lefthand-hitting catcher of the Cardinals. It seems that my curve ball keeps hitting him in the left knee.

We joke about it quite a bit, and before one game last season, Carl said: "Don, please don't hit me in the knee today. It's getting sore."

Wouldn't you know it? The first pitch I threw to Carl that day hit him in the left knee. He ran down to first base and looked at me. I looked at him. Then we both began to laugh. I guess a lot of fellows thought we were nuts.

It would be pleasant, of course, if everyone took the attitude that Sawatski and Cunningham have. But even though they don't, I'm not going to worry, and I'm not going to change my style. That measure of meanness is necessary when you pitch.

— ■ —



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THE RON HOLMBERG RIDDLE

(Continued from page 43)

ment," says one rival, "I figure I've got a good draw. With Ronnie, I know I've got a chance. All the players feel the same way. They're not afraid to play him. They know they can out-fight him. Get him to four-all and something will happen. He'll play like he's on a picnic. Or he'll let a bad call bother him. Or the pressure will get him."

The charge that "the pressure will get him" is a bit unfair because Holmberg has won his share of close matches. There is evidence, though, that the pressure of living up to the big things that were expected of him as a teen-ager retarded Ron's Davis Cup development. "Ronnie was so good so young," says John Nogrady, a free-lance New York pro who discovered and tutored Holmberg, "that it put a lot of pressure on him. At 15, everybody was talking about him as a future champion. It happens with all the talented kids. They (the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association) push 'em a little too early and the kids aren't ready for it. They get frightened."

Nogrady discovered Holmberg in a lineup of some 400 kids stretched across 11 courts at a clinic in Woodside, Queens. "We had 'em all hitting balls," Nogrady recalls, "and there was this little blond kid about 11 or 12. He looked loose. He had the natural action, the arm motion." The little blond kid had been hitting balls with the natural action since he was four years old. He had learned the game, then, on the six cement courts in Brooklyn's Fort Greene Park. "When I was little," Holmberg recalls, "I didn't play with anybody. My mother or father would throw the ball to me and I'd hit it back. I had a special little racket. My father had sawed six inches off the handle."

As happens on the public courts, Holmberg began to play with anyone who came along—no matter how good, no matter how old. At 12, he went to the quarter-finals of the New York City public-parks 18-and-under tournament. At 13 and 14, he was the Brooklyn borough champion. At 15, after studying for three years under Nogrady, Ron became the city champion. "Some people, even Don Budge, told me I was wasting my time," Nogrady said. "Budge thought Ronnie was too pudgy, too slow and not aggressive enough. But Budge is like that. If you don't play like Budge, he doesn't think you're any good. With Ronnie, I tried to leave his natural action alone."

By playing against top professional stars, Holmberg developed quickly. At an age when the kids in Fort Greene Park were waiting for an empty court, Holmberg went with Nogrady to private courts on high-hedged Long Island estates owned by tennis-playing millionaires. He played tennis at the estates with such shrewd old pros as Budge and Riggs.

"All of this surely helped Ronnie's game," says a veteran USLTA official, "but I think he was spoiled by getting too much too soon, especially when he won the Wimbledon Junior championship in 1956. He thought he didn't have to work any more. They put him on the Davis Cup squad when he was 18, and he flopped." That same summer, Chauncey Steele, Jr., then the outspoken chairman of the U.S. Davis

Cup selection committee, growled that "some of our kids are fat, dumb and happy." Looking back, Holmberg now concedes that he might have been "fat" and "happy."

In 1957, Ron made his comeback at 19. An insignificant class-A player at the beginning of the year, he rocketed to the number six slot in the Top Ten, the biggest jump in the 52-year history of the USLTA rankings. He went to Australia with the Davis Cup squad, and there, U.S. captain Billy Talbert bristled at Ron's boyish behavior. When a Challenge Round singles player was needed as a substitute for nerve-shattered Herb Flam, Barry MacKay got the assignment. Barry got headlines, too. All Ron got was a reputation as a kid who didn't care.

"Ronnie was my original choice to replace Flam," Talbert recalls. "I could see Flam was slipping. So a couple weeks before an Interzone match with the Philippines, I had a Flam-Holmberg practice match. MacKay was one of the ballboys. I told Ronnie that the match would determine who would play against the Philippines and maybe against the Aussies. You should've seen him. He played like he was practicing in the park in Brooklyn. No dig. No fight. Flam beat him and I started thinking about MacKay for the Challenge Round."

Talbert wasn't alone. Gardner Mulloy, the old pro of amateur tennis who was a 42-year-old doubles specialist on that Cup squad, recalls Holmberg's "childishness" as a competitor.

"Ronnie seemed to be saying: 'I'm ready. Put me in the Challenge Round.' But he didn't want to fight for it," Mulloy said. "He let MacKay get the jump on him. In the tournaments, Ron would show up ten minutes before his match, ask somebody to get him tickets for a couple of friends outside and rush onto the court with no practice." Mulloy shudders at the memory of Ron's actions in a tournament match against Australian veteran Mervyn Rose. "They had won two sets apiece," Mulloy said, "and at his age, Ron should've beaten Rose easily in the fifth set. But he guzzled seven Cokes in that fifth set, and lost."

Bothered with bursitis in his serving shoulder, and busy with his studies at Tulane University, Holmberg skidded to 20th in the 1958 USLTA rankings. He made another comeback last year, at 21, and rejoined the Top Ten. "I think he's lost his childishness," Mulloy said. "His big trouble has been his weight and his casualness. He's thinner now, he's played enough to get confidence and he's consolidated his game. Mechanically, he's the best. I think this should be his year."

Of all the predictions for Holmberg, perhaps the most realistic comes from Barry MacKay, the three-year veteran of the U.S. Davis Cup squad. "This can be Ronnie's year," MacKay says, "if he wants it bad enough. The way he played last year at Forest Hills was only an indication of how well he can play. He must do it consistently. Talent only goes so far. You've got to want to win. When Ronnie loses, 7-5, in the fifth set, he should be miserable, but it never seems to bother him. You can learn to be competitive, though, and if he learns, it'll sure show in the records."

— ■ —

SPORT TALK

(Continued from page 12)

in front of the Stadium. 'I've made this trip out here many times,' Al said. 'Sorta like old times, only I'm ten pounds heavier and a lot balder.'

'We walked past one of the Stadium guards, and I asked Al who his Black Hawk coach had been. 'Different one every year,' he said. 'Most of the time we were in last place. But even so, I was the league MVP in 1954, and then, Tommy Ivan, who was the general manager and coach, sent me down. Later on, they got Glenn Hall from Detroit to play goal. They say Hall is better than I ever was. Hey, it's me against Hall today, isn't it?' I nodded. 'And Ivan will be watching, too,' I said.

'Al nodded. 'I'd rather beat this club than anybody,' he said. 'To show up the guys who sent me down. Hope it's a shutout, too. Say, I'd better run and get my junk on. See you later.' I slapped him on the back. 'Good luck,' I said.

'While Al dressed for the game, I talked with some of the other Rangers. They said that Rollins had been playing very well, and they hoped he would try to come back next season. 'He's quite a guy,' one player said. 'You know, he's been rooming with the Olympic kid, McCartan, and teaching him everything he knows. And Al knows plenty.'

'In the grudge game, Rollins had an immediate reunion with his old buddies. Chicago's Pierre Pilote took the first shot—a 20-footer from behind a screen. It sailed in low and Rollins missed it. The Hawks scored four more times in the game, and New York didn't score at all. It was a shut-out, all right, but it belonged to Hall.

'Rollins skated off the ice alone, and sat for a long while in a corner of the dressing room. 'I wanted it real bad,' he said. 'I may never get another chance.'

THE DISAPPEARING BENCH JOCKEY

In his rollicking book, *Baseball Is A Funny Game*, Joe Garagiola devotes a part of a chapter to bench jockeys. Now a popular banquet speaker and radio-television announcer, Joe was a major-league catcher from 1946 to 1954, and earned a considerable reputation as one of the quickest bench jockeys in baseball.

'A good bench,' he writes, 'is a noisy one. It's a bench that has a cheerleader. Somebody that is always talking it up.' Rating the cheerleaders, Garagiola gives the No. 1 spot to Henry Schenz, a journeyman infielder, who played with the Pirates, Cubs and Giants. Schenz, according to Garagiola, would spend his baseball day in a continual whirl of action. He would pitch batting practice, warm up the pitchers, ride his teammates and opposing players, and generally keep things lively. One baseball man said of Henry: 'He can do everything but play regular.'

Garagiola explains that a good bench jockey can act, ride, and even be a ventriloquist. 'The Brooklyn Dodgers,' he writes, 'always had the best bench jockeys when I was in the league. Fellows like Dick Williams, Chris Van Cuyk and Gene Hermanski were the regulars.'

'To figure out who the jockeys are

is sometimes a tough job for the umpire. Some umpires go by reputation. Umpire Tom Gorman, for instance, was working in Ebbets Field one day, and was really getting a going-over from the bench jockeys in a Giant-Dodger game. Having taken enough, he went over to the Dodger bench and roared: 'All right Van Cuyk, get out. You're through.'

'Nobody on the bench moved. 'C'mon,' Gorman said, 'get going. Van Cuyk, you're through.'

'And still not one of these angelic faces moved. Gorman then turned to Charlie Dressen, then manager of the Dodgers. 'You'd better get that Van Cuyk out of here,' Tom said.

'If you want to run Van Cuyk,' Dressen told him, 'you better go to St. Paul, because that's where I sent him yesterday.'

BASKETBALL VENDETTA

Many people are waiting anxiously for that day in the very near future when Oscar Robertson graduates from the University of Cincinnati. The most anxious, of course, are the fellows in the professional and industrial basketball leagues. They are bidding frantically now in hopes of cashing in on the Big O's enormous talent (see page 47). Other eager fellows have no mercenary incentive.

Basketball coaches all around the country can't wait for Cincinnati to lose its super-star. Without Robertson, they reason, the Bearcats will be just another basketball team—a team that can be beaten. All of this, of course, figures, but there is more to the story. The word is that the coaches want sweet revenge. Cincinnati coach George Smith, it seems, has developed a reputation as a fellow who lets his team run up scores. This violates a principle rule in the unwritten code of conduct for basketball coaches. When you have a game clinched, the fraternal gospel goes, you take out your starters. Smith hasn't been going along.

Last season, for instance, the Bearcats whipped North Texas, 127-57. They poured it on Seton Hall, 118-54, and on St. Joseph's, 123-79. In New York, the sportswriters began calling the Cincinnati coach, 'Gorging George.'

Smith has worked up a defense. 'I never have run up a score intentionally,' he says. 'When I had a big lead, I put in my second-stringers—except

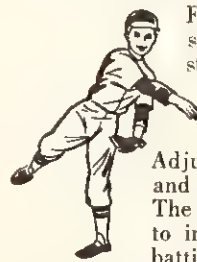
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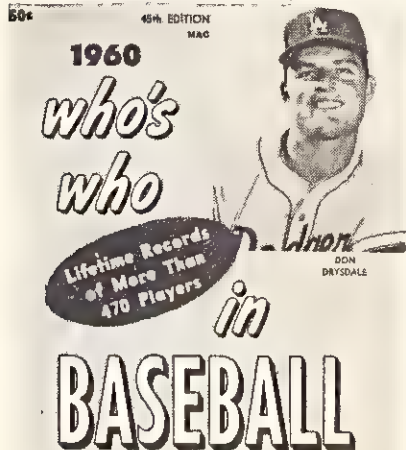
The SPORT Quiz

Answers from page 68

- 1 Gil Hodges (14).
- 2 (a) lacrosse; (b) rowing; (c) swimming.
- 3 (a). 4—White Sox, Philadelphia Athletics, Baltimore Orioles and Reds.
- 5 True.
- 6 (b).
- 7 (a) New Hampshire; (b) Rhode Island; (c) Maryland.
- 8 The Celtics beat Minneapolis, 173-139.
- 9 Seven.
- 10 (a) AA; (b) C; (c) D.
- 11 (a) Elijah; (b) Edward; (c) Duane.
- 12 Emil Zatopek (2 hours, 23 minutes, 3.2 seconds).
- 13 Grover Alexander (90).
- 14 (a) Jack Sharkey; (b) Jess Willard; (c) Jimmy Braddock.
- 15 (a) San Francisco; (b) Washington; (c) California.
- 16 True.

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for Oscar. The fans came to see Oscar. They paid to see Oscar. It was only fair to the people who paid. Why should I have taken Oscar out?"

George, it would seem, has a reasonable argument. But the coaches, we hear, don't see it that way. It will be interesting to see what happens.

FAN CLUB NOTES

When Frank Lane said last spring that Jim Piersall would be better off if he quit clowning and concentrated on playing center field for the Cleveland Indians, the controversial general manager ended up in the middle of an eruption for the umpteenth time. The Cleveland office was swamped with letters, most suggesting that Lane would be better off if he stopped criticizing Piersall and concentrated on keeping his own mouth shut.

Piersall, it seems, is one of the most popular players in baseball, and his light-hearted antics have helped him to the stature. Here at SPORT, we've received more notices of fan clubs that have been formed for Jim over the past year than for any other ball player—almost three times as many. The latest has been started by Saranne Snyder, 10701 E. Woodland, Cleveland 4, Ohio. To join, send twenty-five cents initiation fee.

The Chris von Saltza fan club has a problem. Seems that the mailing list was destroyed. President Harry Smith would like all members to send in their cards as proof of membership, along with their addresses. He will revise the mailing list and send new cards to all. He can be reached at 4233 Old Frederick Rd., Baltimore 29, Md. . . . Robert Fausti, Box 382, Conway, Pa., would like to organize a club for Ted Kluszewski. Anyone who wants information can get it by writing to Robert . . . If you're interested in joining a fan club for Dick Brown, get in touch with Richard Tozzi, 1179 Hillside Ave., Plainfield, N. J. . . . Three of the younger Yankees, Eli Grba, Jim Coates and Fritz Brickell have an organized band of rooters. The president of the three-player club is Robert Dwyer, 1018 Byron Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J. There is a twenty-five cent membership fee.

New Fan Club Department: Gail Harris, Detroit Tigers. To join, send twenty-five cents initiation fee to Sandra Kyte, president, 6544 Banner Street, Taylor, Mich. . . . Bob Pettit, St. Louis Hawks. Jim Whisner, 4160 Chukker Dr., W. Palm Beach, Fla., is the fellow to get in touch with for information . . . Murry Oliver, Detroit Red Wings. A fee of thirty-five cents, sent to Steve Serilla, 282 Jewell, Ferndale 20, Mich., gets you a lifetime membership.

SHEEPLESS NIGHT

The fellows on the sports beat were telling the story a while ago of the punchdrunk fighter who went to a doctor seeking a cure for insomnia. "Try counting sheep when you go to bed," the doctor said. "I will," said the fighter.

The next day, the fighter returned. "You look tired," the doctor said. "Didn't you count sheep?"

"Yep," said the fighter, "but every time I came to nine, I jumped up and started swinging."

See you next month.

—STEVE GELMAN



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LETTERS TO SPORT

(Continued from page 14)
of athletes from the sidewalks of New York. Scholarship, not athletics, is emphasized at Belmont Abbey.
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Belmont, N.C. President

A VOTE FOR GOLA

I've been seeing top-flight basketball players for 12 years now, and I still think that Philadelphia's Tom Gola is the best of them all. No other player has shown me the teamwork, ability, showmanship and ease that make Tom so great. Your article in April really did justice to the Warrior star.
Boulder, Colo. CLIFFORD SAILER

AND ANOTHER OPINION

No matter what you say I still think Tom Gola is an overrated basketball player. He had a fine year, but he still isn't as good a scorer as Paul Arizin or Wilt Chamberlain, or as good a passer as Guy Rodgers. In other words, he's just an average player.
Mattapoisett, Mass. HERMAN FROYMAN

The players, themselves, rate "average" Gola as one of the best ballplayers in the NBA.

DON'T KNOCK THE CHIEF

I'm angered by all those stories that say Alex Olmedo is moody, given to whims at his benefactors' expense and has to be goaded into giving a commendable performance. To those who know Alex, both on and off the tennis court, he is the greatest tennis player that ever lived. He has integrity and self-respect, and he is a fine competitor. Your story on Alex finally treated the Chief as an individual. It's about time he received some of the credit he deserves.
Los Angeles, Calif. DIANE MALTAS

GO AHEAD AND KNOCK HIM

Alex Olmedo is and always has been a spoiled, overly temperamental tennis player. What he needs is a good spanking, not all that pampering.
Brooklyn, N.Y. JAMIE BERZOK

A FAN'S LAMENT

In your story on Bill Veeck and George Weiss, you tried to pass the White Sox owner off as a "Good Joe," whose primary interest is to bring Chicago fans the best in baseball.

As far as I'm concerned, Veeck is just a phony who doesn't give a hoot about the White Sox or the fans. He's just interested in making money.
Kankakee, Ill. JERRY BRUMITT

For a man interested only in money and himself, popular Bill Veeck still manages to put on a good show. Most fans like him and his brand of baseball.

STAY HOME, ROCKY!

That was some story you ran about Rocky Marciano's comeback plans. If he's smart, he'll stay at his home in Florida and leave boxing to the youngsters. Doesn't he know that he wouldn't stand a chance against Ingo's right-handed wallop?
Newark, N.J. STU BERMAN

COME BACK, ROCKY!

I can understand why Rocky Marciano doesn't want to come back. But I don't see how he can sit back and watch this interloper—Ingo Johansson—chase all over and not even stay in shape. I think Marciano could take Ingo today, tomorrow or five years from now. Come back, Rock! We want a champion, not a playboy.
New York, N.Y. AL FRIEND

AND A VOTE FOR FLOYD

With all the talk of Johansson and Marciano, people are forgetting that Floyd Patterson is still the top active American heavyweight. Let's not write Floyd off just yet. Sure, he was knocked out by Johansson. But Patterson's still young and I think he's going to be the first man ever to regain the heavyweight title.
Albany, N.Y. TERRY GREEN

WHO'S THE BEST BALLPLAYER?

How could you overlook Nellie Fox in your story on the best ballplayers? Maybe Willie Mays is No. 1 just as you said, but the White Sox's scrapping second-baseman certainly deserved a little consideration. He's the MVP in the American League.
Chicago MELVIN CALL

You've got some nerve overlooking Johnny Temple in your story on the best ballplayers. He may be small, but he's tough and one of the best hitters in the game.
Port William, Ohio GARY KERSEF

Why is it that everybody always is writing about the great Willie Mays? I've seen him play and I don't think he's that good. As far as I'm concerned, there isn't another ballplayer who can compare with Hank Aaron.
Milwaukee, Wisc. JIM PEDREA

It's about time they stopped knocking Willie Mays. He's the best ballplayer in either league and one of the game's all-time greats.
San Francisco ALEX GREEN

MORE ALL-STARS

I'm a catcher on my team and I think it's about time you ran an all-star team of catchers. You've got to be good to catch, so I'm sure these men would star anywhere:

- 1b-Sherman Lollar
- 2b-Del Crandall
- 3b-Yogi Berra
- ss-Ed Bailey
- lf-Sammy White
- cf-Gus Triandos
- rf-John Roseboro
- c-Smoky Burgess
- p-Sammy Taylor

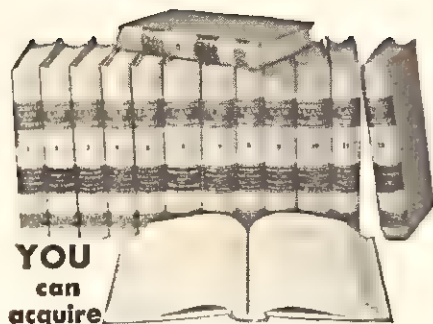
Phoenix, Ariz. CARL JONES

This is one club that might finish behind the Phillies.

A WELL-DRESSED BALLPLAYER

One of my friends told me that Lenny Moore of the Baltimore Colts wears spats. Is this true? Do you have a photo of Lenny wearing them?
Fort Campbell, Ky. T.G. HARVEY

Sorry but no photo available. A sharp dresser, Lenny may wear spats on formal occasions—like the NFL championship game.



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TIME OUT

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LET'S NOT LEAVE ANY OLYMPIC STARS HOME

IT'S HARD enough as it is for America's amateur track and field athletes to compete in the Olympic Games against Russia's synthetic amateurs and we certainly should take every precaution to make certain that the team we send to Rome is the strongest one we can assemble. But if we are to be sure of doing so, we're going to have to make a change in our ground rules right now, before it's too late. We ought to protect ourselves against possible injury to one of our top performers—an injury that would prevent the star from qualifying in the Olympic Trials for a place on the team—by setting up a procedure for selecting qualifiers-at-large.

The idea is simple enough. A special committee of Olympic team officials, including the coach directly involved, should be empowered to add to our team any men whose records clearly entitle them to such consideration but who, through no fault of their own, because of injury or sickness, are unable to qualify in the regular Trials. Suppose, for instance, John Thomas, the great high-jumper from Boston University, hurt himself in training or came down with a temporarily crippling virus just before the Trials. As matters stand now, we would lose him from the United States team if he couldn't compete in the Trials and win his place. And that, we submit, would be a crime. When you have a man like Thomas, clearly the best there is at his specialty, a world record-holder, you have a moral obligation to see to it that he represents his country in the Olympics. The obligation becomes doubly pressing when you consider the single-minded approach the Soviets take to the problem of putting together the best team they can. They aren't bothered by dictionary definitions of amateurism, or by any other rules or regulations. All that matters to them is putting their best foot forward in the Games, winning as many gold medals and scoring as many points as possible. Their aim is simple: They want to beat the pants off us, then tell the whole world about it.

Knowing this, we still cannot compromise our own integrity; we cannot send a team of professionals into the Olympics. But we can make sure that we don't let a procedural technicality deprive us of any of our proved performers.

Unhappily, the U.S. Olympic Committee so far shows no inclination to consider the possibility of appointing emergency qualifiers-at-large. "To my knowledge," says J. Lyman Bingham, executive director of the over-all Olympic Committee, "we have never made an exception and appointed a man to the squad if he did not finish in the top three in the final Trial. We certainly won't commit ourselves on this point now, but I strongly doubt that we will make any exceptions this year."



Dave Sime deserved an at-large berth.

Pincus Sober, chairman of the track selection committee, says, "No, there will definitely be no such thing as at-large selections for our team. It is absolutely the only fair thing, to have trials . . . We are not going to select our team on the basis of press agents' reports or popularity polls."

Mr. Bingham and Mr. Sober unquestionably are sincere in their desire to have the best men, as determined in free and open competition, represent us in the Olympics. But they are, in our opinion, being ridiculously short-sighted when they refuse to acknowledge that an unlucky accident can deprive our team of the services of a man who is far and away the best sprinter or hurdler or pole-vaulter or shot-putter in the business. Certainly, it can happen. Dave Sime, who was no worse than our No. 1 or No. 2 sprinter in 1956, blew a place on the team because of an injury. Gil Dodds, our top miler, and Harrison Dillard, far and away our best hurdler, failed to make the team in their specialties in earlier years. Such mischances may have been all right in times when the Russians weren't quite so aggressive in their challenge to us, but we shouldn't allow them to happen now. If one of our aces has an accident this year, let's appoint him to the team; let's not leave him home.

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- ✓ Protosol, "active ingredient", is not a color, stain, paint or make-up!
- ✓ Man-Tan contains no iodine — greaseless — not a face make-up!
- ✓ The tan won't wash off or rub off like make-up!
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